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*The* PLAYS *of*  
SHAKESPEARE,

*From the* TEXT *of*  
*Dr. S. JOHNSON.*

*With the* Prefaces, Notes, &c. *of*  
ROWE, POPE, THEOBALD, HANMER,  
WARBURTON, JOHNSON,

*And select* Notes *from many other*  
CRITICS.

*Also, the* Introduction *of the last Editor*  
MR. CAPELL;

*And a Table, shewing his* Various Readings.

VOL. I. PART. I.

THOMAS EWING  
DUBLIN, 1771.



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ANON.

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of London, from a Drawing by Mr. Reilly of this City,  
after a Picture now in the possession of David Garrick, Esq;  
and which formerly belonged to Sir William D'Avenant.

# C O N T E N T S

O F

## VOLUME THE FIRST. PART THE FIRST.

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# DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S

## P R E F A C E.

**T**HAT praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients.

While an author is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientifick, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied, than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be stiled excellent, till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square, but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the de-



generacy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The Poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topick of merriment or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity, but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have past through variations of taste and changes of manners, and as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation, of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakesp. are has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be

known to few and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a-while, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakespeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: They are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and æconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and, the tenour of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

## P R E F A C E.

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It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened and retarded. To bring a lover, a lady and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions, and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living

world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristic; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find, any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: Even where the agency is supernatural the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would be probably such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigences, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious extasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rhymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish Usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakespeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurper and a murderer not only odious but despicable, he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakespeare's plays are not in the rigorous or critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind ; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination ; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another ; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend ; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolick of another ; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities ; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences ; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of tragedy and comedy, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatick poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds, by any very exact or definite idea.

, An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate inci-



dents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us, and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, than in the history of Richard the Second. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakespeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakespeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rhymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two sentinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is

seasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakespeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: He therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rhymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comic scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits, are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by

the chance which combined them ; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabricks of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language as to remain settled and unaltered ; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better ; those who wish for distinction, forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right ; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakespeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty ; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation : His characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable ; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakespeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit\*. I shall shew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous, a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

\* In this passage, Dr. Johnson has been charged with asserting, that Shakespeare's faults were sufficient to obscure and overwhelm his Excellencies: But by *other merit*, he certainly means the merit of any *other writer*.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and, in view of his reward, he shortened the labour, to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothick mythology of fairies. Shakespeare, indeed, was not the only violater of chronology; for in the same age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet and security, with those of turbulence, violence and adventure.

In his comic scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contest of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality and reserve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chuse the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetic; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakespeare found it an encumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendour.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded; to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint

the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, that when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakespeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures, it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchainning it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of critics.



For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: But, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature: But his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard, and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have

given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persopolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakespeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes,

that when the play opens the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this, may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in extasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calculture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

• The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that compleat a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre.

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If,

in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus, are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first; if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene. Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted land-

scape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agencourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that encrease or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the stage, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace, but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato.

A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real, and it follows that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakespeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: Nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in

Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakespeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire :

*Non usque adeo permiscuit imis  
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli  
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.*

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama, that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shewn, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play, are to copy nature and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here, not dogmatically, but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frightened at my own

temerity ; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence ; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno head the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakespeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities ; and though to the reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru and Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs ; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron ?

The English nation, in the time of Shakespeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth ; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacer, and More ; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner ; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the princi-

pal schools ; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark ; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity ; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, who has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impression ; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions, and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to skilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels, and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more ; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar.



The fable of *As you like it*, which is supposed to be copied from Chaucer's Gamelyn, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of Hamlet in plain English prose, which the criticks have now to seek in Saxo Grammaticus.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakespeare than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our authour's extravagances are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of Cato. Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakspeare of men. We find in Cato innumerable beauties which enamour us of its authour, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning, but Othello is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. Cato affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addison.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakspeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished unto brightness. Shakspeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether Shakspeare owed his excellencé to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastick education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authours.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakespeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Johnson, his friend, affirms, that *he had small Latin, and no Greek*; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakespeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of, *I præ, sequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, *I cry'd to sleep again*, the authour imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations; but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The Comedy of Errors is confessedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus; from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable, than

that he who copied that, would have copied more, but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes, proves but little : he might easily procure them to be written; and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of *Romeo and Juliet* he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian ; but this on the other part proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authours. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination ; but as no imitations of French or Italian authours have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then in high esteem, I am inclined to believe that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works, is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakespeare, must not be content to study him in the closet ; he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is however proof enough that he was a very diligent reader ; nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authours were translated, and some of the Greek ; the re-

formation had filled the kingdom with theological learning ; most of the topicks of human disquisition had found English writers, and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness ; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakspeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known ; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works ; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for ought I know, says he, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best.* But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakspeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned ; and as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer ; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakspeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners ; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our authour had both matter and form to provide ; for except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which shewed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet ; he that would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakspeare had no such advantage ; he came to London a needy

adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life, that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakespeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, *as dewdrops from a lion's mane*.

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to shew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to

the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakespeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shews plainly, that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are compleat.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any authour, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakespeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. *He seems, says Dennis, to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trissyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroic harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use, makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.*

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critick rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in Gorboduc, which is confessedly before our authour, yet in Hieronymo, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought



because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce, had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critick, a collection of anomalies, which shew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as satisfied the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authours, though more studious of fame than Shakespeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best, will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into

same, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear that Shakespeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakespeare in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the authour, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, their negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shown. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted passages perhaps beyond

recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's unskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the authour published his own works, we should have sat quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many causes. The stile of Shakespeare was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches; and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. Warburton supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of English printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by Rowe, not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for Rowe seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our authour's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and commendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of

corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious expositions of the new reading, and self-congratulations on the happiness of discovering it.

Of Rowe, as of all the editors, I have preserved the preface, and have likewise retained the author's life, though not written with much elegance or spirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true state of Shakespeare's text, shewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received were given by Hemings and Condell, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during Shakespeare's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later writers.

This was a-work which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of *the dull duty of an editor*. He understood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critick would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought, and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge, and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are universal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was so much offended, when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he past the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his authour, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact, that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

Pope was succeeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehension and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendour of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his report of copies and editions he is not to be trusted, without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere réiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the panegyrick in which he celebrated himself for his atchievement. The exuberant effluence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in some places shewn him, as he would have shewn himself, for the reader's diversion, that the inflated emptiness of some notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of hav-

ing Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world support those who solicit favour, against those who command reverence; and so easily is he praised, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for such studies. He had, what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which dispatches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions, seems to have been large; and he is often learned without shew. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to grammar, what he could not be sure that his authour intended to be grammatical. Shakespeare regarded more the series of ideas, than of words; and his language, not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently censured. He found the measures reformed in so many passages, by the silent labours of some editors, with the silent acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little further the license, which had already been carried so far without reprehension; and of his corrections in general, it must be confessed, that they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible violation of the text.

But, by inserting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying

copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence indeed, both in himself and others, was too great; he supposes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald; he seems not to suspect a critick of fallibility, and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful enquiry and diligent consideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wish for more.

Of the last editor it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example, nor very solicitous what is thought of notes, which he ought never to have considered as part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, since the ardour of composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effusions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquiescence in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discernment, and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the authour more profoundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities, where the sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just; and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and sagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected those, against which the general voice of the public has exclaimed, or



which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I suppose, the authour himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though specious; and part I have censured without reserve, but I am sure without bitterness of malice, and, I hope, without wantonness of insult.

It is no pleasure to me, in revising my volumes, to observe how much paper is wasted in confutation. Whoever considers the revolutions of learning, and the various questions of greater or less importance, upon which wit and reason have exercised their powers, must lament the unsuccessfulness of enquiry, and the slow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labour of every writer is only the destruction of those that went before him. The first care of the builder of a new system, is to demolish the fabricks which are standing. The chief desire of him that comments an authour, is to shew how much other commentators have corrupted and obscured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progress. Thus sometimes truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error, take each others place by reciprocal invasion. The tide of seeming knowledge which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the sudden meteors of intelligence which for a while appear to shoot their beams into the regions of obscurity, on a sudden withdraw their lustre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by criticks and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. How canst thou beg for life, says Achilles to his captive, when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by Achilles?

Dr. Warburton had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authours of *the Canons of criticism* and of the *Review of Shakespeare's text*; of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of Coriolanus, who was afraid that *girls with stits, and boys with stones, should slay him in puny battle*; when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in Macbeth,

*An eagle tow'ring in his pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.*

Let me however do them justice. One is a wit, and one a scholar. They have both shewn acuteness sufficient to the discovery of faults, and have both advanced some probable interpretations of obscure passages; but when they aspire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falsely we all esti-

mate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, *Critical observations on Shakespeare* had been published by Mr. Upton, a man skilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who seems to have had no great vigour of genius or nicety of taste. Many of his explanations are curious and useful, but he likewise, though he professed to oppose the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to restrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill seconded by his skill. Every cold empirick, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator at some unlucky moment frolicks in conjecture.

*Critical, historical and explanatory notes* have been likewise published upon Shakespeare by Dr. Grey, whose diligent perusal of the old English writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed; but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavour to imitate his modesty who have not been able to surpass his knowledge.

I can say with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one has left Shakespeare without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them it was my intention to refer to its original authour, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other

commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant, for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute; the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But, whether it be, that *small things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politicks against those whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightness of the matter may conduce to the vehemency of the agency; when the truth to be investigated is so near to inexistence, as to escape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: That to which all would be indifferent in its original state, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial,

by which faults and beauties are remarked ; or emendatory ; by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by acquiescence to confess, that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience ; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many who before were frightened from perusing him, and contributed something to the publick, by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

The complete explanation of an authour not systematick and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual allusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. All personal reflections, when names are suppressed, must be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated ; and customs, too minute to attract the notice of law, such as modes of dress, formalities of conversation, rules of visits, disposition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are so fugitive and unsubstantial, that they are not easily retained or recovered. What can be known, will be collected by chance, from the recesses of obscure and obsolete papers, perused

commonly with some other view. Of this knowledge every man has some, and none has much ; but when an authour has engaged the publick attention, those who can add any thing to his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to resign many passages, which, though I did not understand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained, having, I hope, illustrated some, which others have neglected or mistaken, sometimes by short remarks, or marginal directions, such as every editor has added at his will, and often by comments more laborious than the matter will seem to deserve ; but that which is most difficult is not always most important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his authour is obscured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some plays have more, and some fewer judicial observations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but because I gave this part of my design to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is seldom pleased to find his opinion anticipated ; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions, as the memory grows torpid by the use of a table-book. Some imitation is however necessary ; of all skill, part is infused by precept, and part is obtained by habit : I have therefore shewn so much as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

To the end of most plays, I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence ; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion ; but I have not, by any affectation

of singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined ; and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in those whose which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has laboured with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant ostentation, and excited the keenest acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted passages, to which the publick attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the persecution, which, with a kind of conspiracy, has been since raised against all the publishers of Shakespeare.

That many passages have passed in a state of depravation through all the editions, is indubitably certain : of these the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies or sagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, some from the labours of every publisher I have advanced into the text ; those are to be considered as in my opinion sufficiently supported ; some I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous ; some I have left in the notes without censure or approbation, as resting in equipoise between objection and defence ; and some, which seemed specious but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent animadversion.

Having classed the observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their mistakes, and how I

could supply their omissions. I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindness put into my hands, I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I soon found that the later publishers, with all their boasts of diligence, suffered many passages to stand unauthorised, and contented themselves with Rowe's regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. These corruptions I have often silently rectified; for the history of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preserved by keeping the text of authours free from adulteration. Others, and those very frequent, smoothed the cadence, or regulated the measure; on these I have not exercised the same rigour; if only a word was transposed, or a particle inserted or omitted, I have sometimes suffered the line to stand; for the inconstancy of the copies is such, that some liberties may be easily permitted. But this practice I have not suffered to proceed far, having restored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reason be preferred.

The emendations, which comparison of copies supplied, I have inserted in the text; sometimes where the improvement was slight, without notice, and sometimes with an account of the reasons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiously indulged. It has been my



settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes, were more likely to read it right, than we who only read it by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity.

Such criticism I have attempted to practise, and where any passage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavoured to discover how it may be recalled to sense, with least violence. But my first labour is, always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice, through which light can find its way; nor would Huetius himself condemn me, as refusing the trouble of research, for the ambition of alteration. In this modest industry I have not been unsuccessful. I have rescued many lines from the violations of temerity, and secured many scenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the Roman sentiment, that it is more honourable to save a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preserved the common distribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almost all the plays void of authority. Some of those which are divided in the later editions have no division in the first folio, and some that are divided in the folio have no division in the preceding copies. The settled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play, but few, if any, of our authour's

compositions can be properly distributed in that manner. An act is so much of the drama as passes without intervention of time or change of place. A pause makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the restriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakespeare knew, and this he practised; his plays were written, and at first printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with short pauses, interposed as often as the scene is changed, or any considerable time is required to pass. This method would at once quell a thousand absurdities.

In restoring the authour's works to their integrity, I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences? Whatever could be done by adjusting points is therefore silently performed, in some plays with much diligence, in others with less; it is hard to keep a busy eye steadily fixed upon evanescent atoms, or a discursive mind upon evanescent truth.

The same liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of slight effect. I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without notice. I have done that sometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the state of the text may sufficiently justify.

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for passing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles so much labour is expended, with such importance of debate, and such solemnity of diction. To these I answer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier or wiser.

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less; and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day encreases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I have suffered it to play some freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which are not considered, even by him that offers them, as necessary or safe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, first by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, and shewing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading; then by proposing something, which to superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism.

All this may be done, and perhaps done sometimes without impropriety. But I have always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without so much labour appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticism, *quod dubitas ne feceris*.

To dread the shore which he sees spread with wrecks, is natural to the sailor. I had before my eye so many critical adventures ended in miscarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page Wit struggling with its own sophistry, and Learning confused by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to censure those whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was dispossessing their emendations, how soon the same fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by some other editor defended and established.

Criticks, I saw, that other's names efface,  
And fix their own, with labour, in the place;  
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,  
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.      **P O P E.**

That a conjectural critick should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himself, if it be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates subordinate positions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the passage, a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattention to the parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Yet conjectural criticism has been of great use in the learned world ; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the Bishop of Aleria to English Bentley. The criticks on ancient authours have, in the exercise of their sagacity, many assistances, which the editor of Shakespeare is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and settled languages, whose construction contributes so much to perspicuity, that Homer has fewer passages unintelligible than Chaucer. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuscripts than one ; and they do not often conspire in the same mistakes. Yet Scaliger could confess to Salmafius how little satisfaction his emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ, quarum nos pudes, posteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And Lipsius could complain, that criticks were making faults, by trying to remove them, *Ut olim vitiiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And indeed, where mere conjecture is to be used, the emendations of Scaliger and Lipsius, notwithstanding their wonderful sagacity and erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or Theobald's.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little ; for raising in the publick expectations, which at last I have not answered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no opinion more than my own ; yet I have endeavoured to perform my task with no slight solicitude. Not a single passage in the

whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore; or obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the repulse. I have not passed over, with affected superiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myself; but where I could not instruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning upon easy scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that, where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have said enough, I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.

Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal subject; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and at last throws away the book, which he has too diligently studied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been surveyed; there is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary

for the comprehension of any great work in its full design and its true proportions; a close approach shews the smaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors has added to this authour's power of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could accumulate upon him; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his allusions understood; yet then did Dryden pronounce, "that Shakespeare was the man, who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned: he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him. No man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

*"Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."*

It is to be lamented, that such a writer should want a commentary; that his language should become obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human things; that which must hap-

pen to all, has happened to Shakespeare, by accident and time; and more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that superiority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which the criticks of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.

Among these candidates of inferior fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the publick; and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned,



DEDICATION and PREFACE to the First Edition of  
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, published by HEMINGE and  
CONDELL in 1623.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

AND

INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN,

WILLIAM Earle of PEMBROKE,

Lord Chamberlaine to the *Kings most excellent Majestie*,

AND

PHILIP Earle of MONTGOMERY,

Gentleman of his Majesties Bed-Chamber.

Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the GARTER,

And our singular GOOD LORDS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

**W**HILST we study to be thankfull in our particular,  
for the many favors we have received from your  
L. L. we are false upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the  
most divers things that can be, feare, and rashnesse; rash-  
nesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For,  
when we value the places your H. H. sustaine, wee cannot  
but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the read-  
ing of these trifles: and while we name them trifles, we  
have depriv'd ourselves of the defence of our dedication.  
But since your L. L. have been pleas'd to think these trifles  
something, heretofore; and have prosecuted both them,  
and their author living, with so much favour: we hope,  
(that they out-living him, and he not having the hope, com-  
mon with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you  
will use the same indulgence toward them, you have done

lviii THE PLAYERS DEDICATION.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke choose his patrones, or finde them : This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the volumne ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians ; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame : onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse ; it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot goe beyond our own powers. Countrey hands reach forth milke, creame, fruits, or what they have : and many nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake ; it was no fault to approach their gods, by what meanes they could : and the most, though meanest of things, are made more precious, when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant SHAKESPEARE ; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the fault ours, if any be committed, by a paire so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living and the dead, as is

Your Lordships most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.  
HENRY CONDELL.

T H E  
P R E F A C E  
O F T H E  
P L A Y E R S.

To the great Variety of READERS.

**F**ROM the most able, to him that can but spell : There you are number'd, we had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all bookes depends upon your capacities : and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now publike, and you will stand for your priviledges, we know : to reade, and censure. Doe so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a booke, the stationer sayes. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wifdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not, Judge your fixe-penny'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But whatever you doe, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jacke goe. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Black-Fryers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne playes dayly, know, these playes have had their triall already, and stood out all appeales ; and doe now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court, than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confesse, worthy to have been wished, that the author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and everseene his owne writings. But since it hath been or-

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dain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care, and paine, to have collected and publish'd them ; and so to have publisht them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors, that expos'd them : even those, are now offer'd to your view cured, and perfect of their limbes ; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresse of it. His minde and hand went together : and what he thought he uttered with that easinesse, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his workes, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw and hold you : for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Reade him, therefore ; and againe, and againe : and if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, who, if you need, can be your guides : if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.

M R. P O P E's

P R E F A C E.

**I**T is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author; though to do it effectually and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets Shakespeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a design, which though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramatick writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *Original*, it was Shakespeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature, it proceeded through *Ægyptian* strainers and channels, and came to him not

without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed : he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of nature ; and 'tis not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His *characters* are so much nature herself, that 'tis a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image : each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual, as those in life itself ; it is as impossible to find any two alike ; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it ; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The *power* over our *passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or display'd in so different instances. Yet all along there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them ; no preparation to guide our guests to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it : but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places : we are surpriz'd the moment we weep ; and yet upon reflexion find the passion so just, that we should be surpriz'd if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his com-

mand ! that he is not more a master of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature ; of our noblest tenderneſſes, than of our vainest foibles ; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations !

Nor does he only excel in the passions : in the coolness of reflexion and reasoning he is full as admirable. His *senti-ments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject, but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and publick scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts : so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have look'd through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a new opinion, That the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It must be own'd that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects ; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents ; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlighten'd a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage, seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levell'd to please the *populace*, and its success more immediately depending upon the *common suffrage*. One

cannot therefore wonder, if Shakespeare, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people, and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank : and accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies, have their scene among *tradesmen* and *mechanicks* : and even their historical plays strictly follow the common *old stories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprize* and cause *admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, events and incidents ; the most exaggerated thoughts ; the most verbose and bombast expression ; the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In comedy, nothing was so sure to *please*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these, our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject : his genius in those low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant ; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his high extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqu'd themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way ; till Ben Johnson getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue : and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *grex*, *chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices



and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakspeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *people*, and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the best models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what the poets are pleas'd to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifestly rais'd above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compos'd, and whether writ for the town, or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard

to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they have no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as taylor's are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespeare, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Johnson in his Discoveries, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the comedy of the Merry Wives of Windsor, which he entirely new writ; the History of Henry the VIth, which was first published under the title of the Contention of York and Lancaster; and that of Henry the Vth, extremely improved; that of Hamlet enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly defects, but superfluations: and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, &c. if these

are not to be ascribed to the foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mention'd (to be obliged to please the lowest of the people, and to keep the worst of company) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more : there is certainly a vast difference between *learning and languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine ; but 'tis plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning and mythology : we find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. In Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar, not only the spirit, but manners, of the Romans, are exactly drawn ; and still a nicer distinction is shewn, between the manners of the Romans, in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages ; and the speeches copy'd from Plutarch in Coriolanus may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copy'd from Cicero in Cataline, of Ben Johnson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks

of or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge; his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may constantly observe a justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shewn more learning this way than Shakespeare. We have translations from Ovid published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron the earl of Southampton:) he appears also to have been conversant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another, (although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them.) The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country; from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was, (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been received as genuine.)

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Johnson; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Johnson had much the more learning, it was said on the

one hand that Shakespeare had none at all; and because Shakespeare had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Johnson wanted both. Because Shakespeare borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Johnson borrowed every thing. Because Johnson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakespeare wrote with ease and rapidity, they cry'd, he never once made a blot. Nay the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously, as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason.

— *Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem*  
*Cingito, ne vati noceat* —

But however this contention might be carried on by the partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on good terms, and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Johnson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged, by Shakespeare. And after his death, that author writes, *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakespeare*; which shews as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above

all his cotemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him, and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his Discoveries seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he really ought, between the real merit of the author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Johnson might indeed be sparing in his commendations (though certainly he is not so in this instance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly; I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their *heads* at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakespeare's want of learning, so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines in almost every page; nothing is more common than *Ætus tertia*. *Exit omnes*. *Enter three witches solus*. Their French is as bad as their

Latin, both in construction and spelling; their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hecstor's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root; it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Johnson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some Latin*; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had not so much as read any history, in any language: so could not be Shakespeare's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have arisen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say that not Shakespeare only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it's plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of Henry the IVth and Midsummer Night's Dream might have been so; because I find no other printed

with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variations in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces, to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died: and that the latter was not printed 'till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other; which I should fancy was occasioned by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different play-houses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were first collected) was published by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quartos.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those quartos, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the clowns would speak no more than is set down for them*. (Act III. scene 4.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, there is no hint of a great number of



the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of mobs, plebeians and clowns, are vastly shorter than at present : and I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to the play-house, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this : as it seems without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes : these men (as it was said of Procrustes) either lopping or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *original copies* ; I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the play-house, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piecemeal parts* written out for the use of the actors : for in some places their very (1) names are through carelessness set down instead of the *personæ dramatis* : and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inserted into the text, through the ignorance of the transcribers.

The plays not having been before so much as distinguished by acts and scenes, they are in this edition divided according

(1) Much Ado about Nothing. Act II. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson, instead of Balthazar. And in act IV. Cowley and Kemp, constantly through a whole scene.—Edit. fol. of 1613, and 1632.

as they played them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of music, masques, or monasters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, Shakespeare introduces a kind of master of the revels called Philostrate: all whose part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the subsequent editions: so also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character: or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know; and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that class of people was then far inferior to

what it is in our days. As then the playhouses were inns and taverns (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, &c.) so the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage: they were led into the battery by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy, in the conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say tenderness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakespeare published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage) we should not only be certain which are genuine, but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays, Pericles, Locrine, Sir John Oldcastle, Yorkshire Tragedy, Lord Cromwell, the Puritan, and London Prodigal, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others, (particularly Love's Labour's Lost, the Winter's Tale, and Titus Andronicus) that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasioned some plays to be supposed Shakespeare's was only this, that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor: a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the players themselves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakespeare the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition, though they were

then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause (as we learn from what Ben Johnson says of Pericles in his Ode on the New Inn.) That Titus Andronicus is one of this class, I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same author openly express his contempt of it in the Induction to Bartholomew Fair, in the year 1614, when Shakespeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again, by the impertinence of his first editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one in which it now appears to us.

-This is the state in which Shakespeare's writings lie at present; for since the abovementioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an editor, to my best judg-

ment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will shew itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them; and those I have preferred into the text are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions which Shakespeare himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages which are excessively bad, (and which seem interpolations by being so inserted that one can entirely omit them without any chasm, or deficiency in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page, with an asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The scenes are marked so distinctly, that every removal of place is specified; which is more necessary in this author than any other, since he shifts them more frequently; and sometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by commas in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a star is prefixed to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of criticism (namely the pointing out an author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general applauses*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a catalogue of those first editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are authorised, (most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them.) These editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or restore the corrupted sense of the

author : I can only wish, that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of Shakespeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his drama, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestick piece of Gothick architecture, compared with a neat modern building : the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed, that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments, though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

# Mr. THEOBALD's

## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE attempt to write on Shakespeare is like going into a large, a spacious, and a splendid dome thro' the conveyance of a narrow and obscure entry. A glare of light suddenly breaks upon you beyond what the avenue at first promis'd : and a thousand beauties of genius and character, like so many gaudy apartments pouring at once upon the eye, diffuse and throw themselves out to the mind. The prospect is too wide to come within the compass of a single view : 'Tis a gay confusion of pleasing objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general admiration ; and they must be separated, and ey'd distinctly, in order to give the proper entertainment.

And as in great piles of building, some parts are often finish'd up to hit the taste of the Connoisseur ; others more negligently put together, to strike the fancy of a common and unlearned beholder : Some parts are made stupendously magnificent and grand, to surprize with the vast design and execution of the architect ; others are contracted, to amuse you with his neatness and elegance in little. So, in Shakespeare, we may find *traits* that will stand the test of the severest judgment ; and strokes as carelessly hit off, to the level of the more ordinary capacities : Some descriptions rais'd to that pitch of grandeur, as to astonish you with the compass and elevation of his thought : and others copying nature

his family-arms from the herald's office; by which it appears, that he had been officer and Bailiff of Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire; and that he enjoy'd some hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his great grandfather's faithful and approved service to king Henry VII.

Be this as it will, our Sheakspeare, it seems, was bred for some time at a Free-school; the very Free-school, I presume, founded at Stratford. Where, we are told, he acquired what Latin he was master of: But, that his father being oblig'd, thro' narrowness of circumstance, to withdraw him too soon from thence, he was thereby unhappily prevented from making any proficiency in the dead languages: A point, that will deserve some little discussion in the sequel of this dissertation.

How long he continued in his father's way of business, either as an assistant to him, or on his own proper account; no notices are left to inform us: Nor have I been able to learn precisely at what period of life he quitted his native Stratford; and began his acquaintance with London and the stage.

In order to settle in the world after a family-manner, he thought fit, Mr. Rowe acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain, he did so: For by the monument, in Stratford church, erected to the memory of his daughter Susanna, the wife of John Hall, Gentleman, it appears, that she died on the 2d day of July, in the year 1649; aged 66. So that she was born in 1583, when her father could not be full 19 years old; who was himself born in the year 1564. Nor was she his eldest child, for he had another daughter, Judith, who was born before her, and who was married to one Mr. Thomas Quiney. So that Shakspeare must have entered into wedlock by that time he was turn'd of seventeen years.



Whether the force of inclination merely, or some concurring circumstances of convenience in the match, prompted him to marry so early, is not easy to be determin'd at this distance: But 'tis probable, a view of interest might partly sway his conduct in this point: For he married the daughter of one Hathaway, a substantial yeoman in his neighbourhood, and she had the start of him in age no less than eight years. She surviv'd him notwithstanding, seven seasons, and dy'd that very year in which the players publish'd the first edition of his works in folio, anno dom. 1623, at the age of 67 years, as we likewise learn from her monument in Stratford-church.

How long he continued in this kind of settlement upon his own native spot, is not more easily to be determin'd. But if the tradition be true, of that extravagance which forc'd him both to quit his country and way of living; to wit, his being engag'd, with a knot of young deer-stealers, to rob the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecot near Stratford: The enterprize favours so much of youth and levity, we may reasonably suppose it was before he could write full man. Besides, considering he has left us six and thirty plays, at least, avow'd to be genuine; and considering too, that he had retir'd from the stage, to spend the latter part of his days at his own native Stratford; the interval of time, necessarily required for the finishing so many dramatic pieces, obliges us to suppose he threw himself very early upon the play-house. And as he could, probably, contract no acquaintance with the drama, while he was driving on the affair of wool at home; some time must be lost, even after he had commenc'd player, before he could attain knowledge enough in the science to qualify himself for turning author.

It has been observ'd by Mr. Rowe, that; amongst other extravagancies which our author has given to his Sir John Falstaffe, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, he has made him a deer-stealer; and that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow, he has given him very near the same coat of arms, which Dugdale, in his antiquities of that county, describes for a family there. There are two coats, I observe, in Dugdale, where three silver fishes are borne in the name of Lucy; and another coat, to the monument of Thomas Lucy, son of Sir William Lucy, in which are quarter'd in four several divisions, twelve little fishes, three in each division, probably Luces. This very coat, indeed, seems alluded to in Shallow's giving the *dozen* white Luces, and in Slender saying *be may quarter*. When I consider the exceeding candour and good-nature of our author, (which inclin'd all the gentler part of the world to love him; as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him;) and that he should throw this humorous piece of satire at his prosecutor, at least twenty years after the provocation given; I am confidently persuaded it must be owing to an unforgiving rancour on the prosecutor's side: And if this was the case, it were pity but the disgrace of such an inveteracy should remain as a lasting reproach, and Shallow stand as a mark of ridicule to stigmatize his malice.

It is said our author spent some years before his death, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends, at his native Stratford. I could never pick up any certain intelligence, when he relinquish'd the stage. I know, it has been mistakenly thought by some, that Spenser's Thalia, in his *sears of his Muses*, where she laments the loss of her Willy in the comic scene, has been apply'd to our author's quitting

the stage. But Spenser himself, 'tis well known, quitted the stage of life in the year 1598; and, five years after this, we find Shakespeare's name among the actors in Ben Johnson's *Sejanus*, which first made its appearance in the year 1603. Nor, surely, could he then have any thoughts of retiring, since, that very year, a licence under the privy-seal was granted by K. James I. to him and Fletcher, Burbage, Phillippes, Hemings, Condell, &c. authorizing them to exercise the art of playing comedies, tragedies, &c. as well at their usual house called the Globe on the other side of the water, as in any other parts of the kingdom, during his Majesty's pleasure: (A copy of which licence is preserv'd in Rymer's *Fœdera*.) Again, 'tis certain, that Shakespeare did not exhibit his *Macbeth*, till after the union was brought about, and till after K. James I. had begun to touch for the Evil: For 'tis plain, he has inserted compliments, on both those accounts, upon his royal master in that tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the number of the dramatic pieces, he produced, admit of his retiring near so early as that period. So that what Spenser there says, if it relate at all to Shakespeare, must hint at some occasional recess he made for a time upon a disgust taken: Or the Willy, there mention'd, must relate to some other favourite poet. I believe, we may safely determine that he had not quitted in the year 1610. For in his *Tempest*, our author makes mention of the Bermuda islands, which were unknown to the English, till, in 1609, Sir John Summers made a voyage to North-America, and discover'd them: And afterwards invited some of his countrymen to settle a plantation there. That he became the private Gentleman, at least three years before his decease, is pretty obvious from another circumstance: I mean, from that remarkable and well-known story, which Mr. Rowe has given us of our author's

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intimacy with Mr. John Combe, an old Gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: And upon whom Shakespeare made the following facetious epitaph.

*Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,  
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd;  
If any man ask who lies in this tomb,  
Ob! ob! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

This sarcastical piece of wit was, at the Gentleman's own request, thrown out extemporally in his company. And this Mr. John Combe I take to be the same, who, by Dugdale in his antiquities of Warwickshire, is said to have dy'd in the year 1614, and for whom at the upper end of the quire, of the guild of the Holy Cross at Stratford, a fair monument is erected, having a statue thereon cut in alabaster, and in a gown, with this epitaph. "Here lyeth interr'd the body  
" of John Combe, esq; who dy'd the 10th of July, 1614.  
" who bequeathed several annual charities to the parish of  
" Stratford, and 100*l.* to be lent to fifteen poor tradesmen  
" from three years to three years, changing the parties every  
" third year, at the rate of fifty shillings per annum, the  
" increase to be distributed to the almes-poor there." —  
The donation has all the air of a rich and sagacious usurer.

Shakespeare himself did not survive Mr. Combe long, for he dy'd in the year 1616, the 53d of his age. He lies buried on the north side of the chancel in the great church at Stratford; where a monument, decent enough for the time, is erected to him, and plac'd against the wall. He is represented under an arch in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a serowl of paper. The Latin distich, which is placed under the cushion, has been given us by Mr. Pope, for his graver, in this manner.

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*INGENIO Pylium, Genio Secretum, Artis Maronem,  
Terra tegit, Populus interet, Olympus habet.*

I confess, I don't conceive the difference between *Ingenio* and *Genio* in the first verse. They seem to me intirely synonymous terms; nor was the Pylian Sage Nestor celebrated for his ingenuity, but for an experience and judgment owing to his long age. Dugdale, in his antiquities of Warwickshire, has copied this distich with a distinction which Mr. Rowe has follow'd, and which certainly restores us the true meaning of the epitaph.

*JUDICIO Pylium, Genio Secretum, &c.*

In 1614, the greater part of the town of Stratford was consumed by fire; but our Shakespeare's house, among some others, escap'd the flames. This house was first built by Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood, who took their name from the manor of Clopton. Sir Hugh was Sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III. and Lord Mayor in the reign of king Henry VII. To this Gentleman the town of Stratford is indebted for the fine stone-bridge, consisting of fourteen arches, which at an extraordinary expence he built over the Avon, together with a cause-way running at the west-end thereof; as also for rebuilding the chapel adjoining to his house, and the cross-isle in the church there. It is remarkable of him, that, tho' he liv'd and dy'd a bachelor, among the other extensive charities which he left both to the city of London and town of Stratford, he bequeath'd considerable legacies for the marriage of poor maidens of good name and fame both in London and at Stratford. Notwithstanding which large donations in his life, and bequests at his death, as he had purchased the manor of Clopton, and all the estate

of the family, so he left the same again to his elder brother's son with a very great addition : (A proof, how well beneficence and œconomy may walk hand in hand in wise families :) Good part of which estate is yet in the possession of Edward Clopton, esq ; and Sir Hugh Clopton, knt. lineally descended from the elder brother of the first Sir Hugh : Who particularly bequeathed to his nephew, by his will, his house, by the name of his Great-House in Stratford.

The estate had now been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakespeare became the purchaser : Who, having repair'd and modell'd it to his own mind, chang'd the name to New-place ; which the mansion-house, since erected upon the same spot, at this day retains. The house and lands, which attended it, continued in Shakespeare's descendants to the time of the Restoration : When they were repurchased by the Clopton family, and the mansion now belongs to Sir Hugh Clopton, knt. To the favour of this worthy Gentleman I owe the knowledge of one particular, in honour of our poet's once dwelling-house, of which, I presume, Mr. Rowe never was appriz'd. When the civil war raged in England, and K. Charles the First's queen was driven by the necessity of affairs to make a recess in Warwickshire, she kept her court for three weeks in New-place. We may reasonably suppose it then the best private house in the town ; and her Majesty prefer'd it to the College, which was in the possession of the Combe-family, who did not so strongly favour the King's party.

How much our author employ'd himself in poetry, after his retirement from the stage, does not so evidently appear : Very few posthumous sketches of his pen have been recover'd to ascertain that point. We have been told, indeed, in print, but not till very lately that two large chests

full of this great man's loose papers and manuscripts, in the hands of an ignorant baker of Warwick, (who married one of the descendants from our Shakespeare) were carelessly scatter'd and thrown about, as garret-lumber, and litter, to the particular knowledge of the late Sir William Bishop, till they were all consumed in the general fire and destruction of that town. I cannot help being a little apt to distrust the authority of this tradition; because his wife surviv'd him seven years, and as his favourite daughter Susanna surviv'd her twenty-six years, 'tis very improbable, they should suffer such a treasure to be remov'd, and translated into a remoter branch of the family, without a scrutiny first made into the value of it. This, I say, inclines me to distrust the authority of the relation: But, notwithstanding such an apparent improbability, if we really lost such a treasure, by whatever fatality or caprice of fortune they came into such ignorant and neglectful hands, I agree with the relater, the misfortune is wholly irreparable.

To these particulars, which regard his person and private life, some few more are to be glean'd from Mr. Rowe's account of his life and writings: Let us now take a short view of him in his publick capacity, as a writer: And, from thence, the transition will be easy to the state in which his writings have been handed down to us.

No age perhaps, can produce an author more various from himself, than Shakespeare has been universally acknowledged to be. The diversity in style, and other parts of composition, so obvious in him, is as variously to be accounted for. His education, we find, was at best but begun: And he started early into a science from the force of genius, more equally assisted by acquir'd improvements. His fire, spirit, and exuberance of imagination gave an impetuosity to his pen: His ideas flow'd from him in a stream rapid, but not

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turbulent; copious, but not ever over-bearing its shores. The ease and sweetness of his temper might not a little contribute to his facility in writing: As his employment, as a player, gave him an advantage and habit of fancying himself the very character he meant to delineate. He used the helps of his function in forming himself to create and express that sublime, which other actors can only copy, and throw out, in action and graceful attitude. But *Nulhum sine Venia placet Ingenium*, says Seneca. The genius, that gives us the greatest pleasure, sometimes stands in need of our indulgence. Whenever this happens with regard to Shakespeare I would willingly impute it to a vice of his times. We see complaisance enough, in our days, paid to a bad taste. So that his clinches, false wit, and descending beneath himself, may have proceeded from a deference paid to the then reigning barbarism.

I have not thought it out of my province, whenever occasion offered, to take notice of some of our poet's grand touches of nature: Some, that do not appear superficially such; but in which he seems the most deeply instructed; and to which, no doubt, he has so much ow'd that happy preservation of his characters, for which he is justly celebrated. Great genius's, like his, naturally unambitious, are satisfy'd to conceal their art in these points. 'Tis the feible of your worse poets to make a parade and ostentation of that little science they have; and to throw it out in the most ambitious colours. And whenever a writer of this class shall attempt to copy these artful concealments of our author, and shall either think them easy, or practised by a writer for his ease, he will soon be convinced of his mistake by the difficulty of reaching the imitation of them.



*Speret idem, fudet multum, frustra que laborat,  
Ausus idem :———*

Indeed, to point out, and exclaim upon, all the beauties of Shakespeare, as they come singly in review, would be as insipid, as endless ; as tedious, as unnecessary : But the explanation of those beauties, that are less obvious to common readers, and whose illustration depends on the rules of just criticism, and an exact knowledge of human life, should deservedly have a share in a general critic upon the author. But, to pass over at once to another subject :———

It has been allow'd on all hands, how far our author was indebted to nature ; it is not so well agreed, how much he ow'd to languages and acquir'd learning. The decisions on this subject were certainly set on foot by the hint from Ben. Johnson, that he had small Latin and less Greek : And from this tradition, as it were, Mr. Rowe has thought fit peremptorily to declare, that, " It is without controversy, he  
" had no knowledge of the writings of the ancient poets,  
" for that in his works we find no traces of any thing which  
" looks like an imitation of the ancients. For the delicacy  
" of his taste (*continues he,*) and the natural bent of his  
" own great genius, (equal, if not superior, to some of the  
" best of theirs ; ) would certainly have led him to read and  
" study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine  
" images would naturally have insinuated themselves into,  
" and been mix'd with his own writings : And so his not  
" copying, at least, something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them." I shall leave it to the determination of my learned readers, from the numerous passages, which I have occasionally quoted in my notes, in which our poet seems closely to have imitated the classics, whether Mr. Rowe's assertion be so absolutely to be depend-

ed on. The result of the controversy must certainly, either way, terminate to our authour's honour: How happily he could imitate them, if that point be allowed; or how gloriously he could think like them, without owing any thing to imitation.

Tho' I should be very unwilling to allow Shakespeare so poor a scholar, as many have laboured to represent him, yet I shall be very cautious of declaring too positively on the other side of the question: That is, with regard to my opinion of his knowledge in the dead languages. And therefore the passages, that I occasionally quote from the Classics, shall not be urged as proofs that he knowingly imitated those originals; but brought to shew how happily he has express'd himself upon the same topicks. A very learned critick of our own nation has declar'd, that a sameness of thought and sameness of expression too, in two writers of a different age, can hardly happen, without a violent suspicion of the latter copying from his predecessor. I shall not therefore run any great risque of a censure, tho' I should venture to hint, that the resemblances in thought and expression, of our author and an ancient (which we should allow to be imitation in the one, whose learning was not question'd) may sometimes take its rise from strength of memory, and those impressions which he owed to the school. And if we may allow a possibility of this, considering that, when he quitted the school he gave into his father's profession and way of living, and had, 'tis likely, but a slender library of classical learning; and considering what a number of translations, romances, and legends, started about his time, and a little before; (most of which, 'tis very evident, he read;) I think, it may easily be reconciled why he rather schemed his plots and characters from these more latter informations, than went back to

those fountains, for which he might entertain a sincere veneration, but to which he could not have so ready a recourse.

In touching on another part of his learning, as it relates to the knowledge of history and books, I shall advance something, that, at first sight, will very much wear the appearance of a paradox. For I shall find it no hard matter to prove, that, from the grossest blunders in history, we are not to infer his real ignorance of it: nor from a greater use of Latin words, than ever any other English author used, must we infer his acquaintance with that language.

A reader of taste may easily conceive, that though Shakespeare, almost in every scene of his historical plays, commits the grossest offences against chronology, history, and ancient politicks; yet this was not through ignorance, as is generally supposed, but through the too powerful bias of his imagination, which, when once raised, made all acquired knowledge vanish and disappear before it. But this licence in him, as I have said, must not be imputed to ignorance: since as often we may find him, when occasion serves, reasoning up to the truth of history, and throwing out sentiments as justly adapted to the circumstances of his subject, as to the dignity of his characters, or dictates of nature in general.

Then to come to his knowledge of the Latin tongue, 'tis certain, there is a surprising effusion of Latin words made English, far more than in any one English author I have seen; but we must be cautious to imagine, this was of his own doing. For the English tongue, in his age, began extremely to suffer by an inundation of Latin: and this, to be sure, was occasioned by the pedantry of those two monarchs, Elizabeth and James, both great Latinists. For it

is not to be wondered at, if both the court and schools, equal flatterers of power, should adapt themselves to the royal taste.

But now I am touching the question (which has been so frequently agitated, yet so entirely undecided) of his learning and acquaintance with the languages; an additional word or two naturally falls in here upon the genius of our author, as compared with that of Johnson his contemporary. They are confessedly the greatest writers our nation could boast of in the drama. The first, we say, owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and the other a great deal to his art and learning. This, if attended to, will explain a very remarkable appearance in their writings. Besides those wonderful masterpieces of art and genius, which each has given us, they are the authors of other works, very unworthy of them: but with this difference, that in Johnson's bad pieces we don't discover one trace of the author of the *Poet* and *Alchymist*: but in the wild extravagant notes of Shakespeare, you every now and then encounter strains that recognize the divine composer. This difference may be thus accounted for: Johnson, as we said before, owing all his excellence to his art, by which he sometimes strain'd himself to an uncommon pitch, when at other times he unbent and play'd with his subject, having nothing then to support him, it is no wonder he wrote so far beneath himself. But Shakespeare, indebted more largely to nature, than the other to acquired talents, in his most negligent hours could never so totally divest himself of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with astonishing force and splendor.

As I have never propos'd to dilate farther on the character of my author, than was necessary to explain the na-

ture and use of this edition, I shall proceed to consider him as a genius in possession of an everlasting name. And how great that merit must be, which could gain it against all the disadvantages of the horrid condition in which he has hitherto appeared ! Had Homer, or any other admired author, first started into publick so maimed and deformed, we cannot determine whether they had not sunk for ever under the ignominy of such an ill appearance. The mangled condition of Shakspeare has been acknowledged by Mr. Rowe, who published him indeed, but neither corrected his text, nor collated the old copies. This gentleman had abilities, and sufficient knowledge of his author, had but his industry been equal to his talents. The same mangled condition has been acknowledged too by Mr. Pope, who published him likewise, pretended to have collated the old copies, and yet seldom has corrected the text but to its injury. I congratulate with the *manes* of our poet, that this gentleman has been sparing in indulging his private sense; as he phrases it, for he who tampers with an author whom he does not understand, must do it at the expence of his subject. I have made it evident throughout my remarks, that he has frequently inflicted a wound where he intended a cure. He has acted with regard to our author, as an editor, whom Lælius mentions, did with regard to Martial; *Inventus est nescio quis Pops, qui non vitia ejus, sed ipsum excidit*. He has attacked him like an unhandy slaughterman; and not lopped off the errors, but the poet.

When this is found to be the fact; how absurd must appear the praises of such an editor ? It seems a moot point, whether Mr. Pope has done most injury to Shakspeare as his editor and encomiast, or Mr. Rymer done him service as his rival and censor. They have both shewn themselves

in an equal *impissance* of suspecting, or amending, the corrupted passages: and though it be neither prudence to censure, or commend, what one does not understand, yet if a man must do one when he plays the critick, the latter is the more ridiculous office: and by that Shakespeare suffers most. For the natural veneration which we have for him, makes us apt to swallow whatever is given us as *his*, and set off with encomiums; and hence we quit all suspicions of depravity: on the contrary, the censure of so divine an author sets us upon his defence; and this produces an exact scrutiny and examination, which ends in finding out and discriminating the true from the spurious.

It is not with any secret pleasure that I so frequently animadvert on Mr. Pope as a critick; but there are provocations which a man can never quite forget. His libels have been thrown out with so much inveteracy, that, not to dispute whether they *should* come from a *Christian*, they leave it a question whether they *could* come from a *man*. I should be loth to doubt, as Quintus Sereus did in a like case,

*Sive homo, seu similis turpissima bestia nobis,  
Vulnera dente dedit.*

The indignation, perhaps, for being represented a *black-head*, may be as strong in us as it is in the ladies for a reflexion on their *beauties*. It is certain, I am indebted to him for some *flagrant civilities*; and I shall willingly devote a part of my life to the honest endeavour of quitting scores: with this exception, however, that I will not return those civilities in his *peculiar strain*, but confine myself, at least, to the limits of *common decency*. I shall ever think it better to want wit, than to want *humanity*: and impartial posterity may, perhaps, be of my opinion.

But, to return to my subject, which now calls upon me to enquire into those causes, to which the depravations of my author may readily be assigned. We are to consider him as a writer, of whom no authentic manuscript was left extant; as a writer, whose pieces were disperfedly performed on the several stages then in being. And it was the custom of those days for the poets to take a price of the *players* for the pieces they from time to time furnished; and thereupon it was supposed, they had no farther right to print them without the consent of the *players*. As it was the interest of the *companies* to keep their plays unpublished, when any one succeeded, there was a contest betwixt the curiosity of the town, who desired to see it in print, and the policy of the stagers, who wished to secrete it within their own walls. Hence many pieces were taken down in short-hand, and imperfectly copied by ear, from a *representation*: others were printed from piece-meal parts surreptitiously obtained from the theatres, uncorrect, and without the poet's knowledge. To some of these causes we owe the train of blemishes, that deform those pieces which stole singly into the world in our author's life-time.

There are still other reasons, which may be supposed to have affected the whole set. When the *players* took upon them to publish his works intire, every theatre was ransacked to supply the copy; and *parts* collected, which had gone through as many changes as performers, either from mutilations or additions made to them. Hence we derive many chasms and incoherences in the sense and matter, Scenes were frequently transposed, and shuffled out of their place, to humour the caprice, or supposed convenience, of some particular actor. Hence much confusion and impropriety has attended, and embarrassed the business and fable.

To these obvious causes of corruption, it must be added, that our author has lain under the disadvantage of having his errors propagated and multiplied by time: because, for near a century, his works were published from the faulty copies, without the assistance of any intelligent editor: which has been the case likewise of many a classic writer.

The nature of any distemper once found has generally been the immediate step to a cure. Shakspeare's case has in a great measure resembled that of a corrupt classic; and, consequently, the method of cure was likewise to bear a resemblance. By what means, and with what success, this cure has been effected on ancient writers, is too well known, and needs no formal illustration. The reputation, consequent on tasks of this nature, invited me to attempt the method here; with this view, the hopes of restoring to the publick their greatest poet in his original purity, after having so long lain in a condition that was a disgrace to common sense. To this end I have ventured on a labour, that is the first essay of the kind on any modern author whatsoever. For the late edition of Milton by the learned Dr. Bentley is, in the main, a performance of another species. It is plain, it was the intention of that great man rather to correct and pare off the excrescences of the *Paradise Lost*, in the manner that *Tucca* and *Varius* were employed to criticize the *Æneis* of *Virgil*, than to restore corrupted passages. Hence, therefore, may be seen either the iniquity or ignorance of his censurers, who, from some expressions, would make us believe the Doctor every where gives us his corrections as the original text of the author, whereas the chief turn of his criticism is plainly to shew the world, that if Milton did not write as he would have him, he ought to have wrote so.



I thought proper to premise this observation to the reader, as it will shew that the critic on Shakespeare is of a quite different kind. His genuine text is for the most part religiously adhered to, and the numerous faults and blemishes, purely his own, are left as they were found. Nothing is altered, but what by the clearest reasoning can be proved a corruption of the true text; and the alteration, a real restoration of the genuine reading. Nay, so strictly have I strove to give the true reading, though sometimes not to the advantage of my author, that I have been ridiculously ridiculed for it by those, who either were iniquitously for turning every thing to my disadvantage, or else were totally ignorant of the true duty of an editor.

The science of criticism, as far as it affects an editor, seems to be reduced to these three classes; the emendation of corrupt passages; the explanation of obscure and difficult ones; and an enquiry into the beauties and defects of composition. This work is principally confined to the two former parts; though there are some specimens interspersed of the latter kind; as several of the emendations were best supported, and several of the difficulties best explained, by taking notice of the beauties and defects of the composition peculiar to this immortal poet. But this was but occasional, and for the sake only of perfecting the two other parts, which were the proper objects of the editor's labour. The third lies open for every willing undertaker: and I shall be pleased to see it the employment of a masterly pen.

It must necessarily happen, as I have formerly observed, that where the assistance of manuscripts is wanting to set an author's meaning right, and rescue him from those errors which have been transmitted down through a series of in-

correct editions, and a long intervention of time, many passages must be desperate, and past a cure, and their true sense irretrievable either to care, or the sagacity of conjecture. But is there any reason therefore to say, that because all cannot be retrieved, all ought to be left desperate? We should shew very little honesty or wisdom to play the tyrants with an author's text; to raze, alter, innovate, and overturn, at all adventures, and to the utter detriment of his sense and meaning: but to be so very reserved and cautious, as to interpose no relief or conjecture, where it manifestly labours and cries out for assistance, seems, on the other hand, an indolent absurdity.

As there are very few pages in Shakespeare, upon which some suspicions of depravity do not reasonably arise, I have thought it my duty, in the first place, by a diligent and laborious collation to take in the assistances of all the older copies.

In his *historical plays*, whenever our English chronicles, and in his tragedies, when Greek or Roman story, could give any light, no pains have been omitted to set passages right, by comparing my author with his originals: for, as I have frequently observed, he was a close and accurate copier wherever his *fable* was founded on *history*.

Wherever the author's sense is clear and discoverable, (though perchance low and trivial) I have not by any innovation tampered with his text, out of an ostentation of endeavouring to make him speak better than the old copies have done.

Where, through all the former editions, a passage has laboured under flat nonsense and invincible darkness, if, by the addition of a letter or two, or a transposition in the pointing, I have restored to him both sense and senti-

ment; such corrections, I am persuaded, will need no indulgence.

And whenever I have taken a greater latitude and liberty in amending, I have constantly endeavoured to support my corrections and conjectures, by parallel passages and authorities from himself, the surest means of expounding any author whatsoever. *Cette voie d'interpréter un auteur par lui-même est plus sûre que tous les commentaires*, says a very learned French critick.

As to my *notes*, (from which the common and learned readers of our author, I hope, will derive some satisfaction) I have endeavoured to give a variety in some proportion to their number. Wherever I have ventured at an emendation, a *note* is constantly subjoined to justify and assert the reason of it. Where I only offer a conjecture, and do not disturb the text, I fairly set forth my grounds for such conjecture, and submit it to judgment. Some remarks are spent in explaining passages, where the wit or satire depends on an obscure point of history: others, where allusions are to divinity, philosophy, or other branches of science. Some are added to shew where there is a suspicion of our author having borrowed from the ancients: others to shew where he is rallying his contemporaries, or where he himself is rallied by them: and some are necessarily thrown in, to explain an obscure and obsolete *term*, *phrase*, or *idea*. I once intended to have added a complete and copious *Glossary*; but as I have been importuned, and am prepared, to give a correct edition of our author's *Poems*, (in which many terms occur that are not to be met with in his *Plays*) I thought a *Glossary* to all Shakespeare's Works more proper to attend that volume,

In re-forming an infinite number of passages in the pointing, where the sense was quite lost, I have frequently sub-joined notes to shew the *depraved*, and to prove the *reformed*, pointing: a part of labour, in this work, which I could very willingly have spared myself. May it not be objected, Why then have you burdened us with these notes? The answer is obvious, and, if I mistake not, very material. Without such notes, these passages in subsequent editions would be liable, through the ignorance of printers and correctors, to fall into the old confusion: whereas, a note on every one hinders all possible return to depravity; and for ever secures them in a state of purity and integrity not to be lost or forfeited.

Again, as some notes have been necessary to point out the detection of the corrupted text, and establish the restoration of the genuine readings, some others have been as necessary for the explanation of passages obscure and difficult. To understand the necessity and use of this part of my task, some particulars of my author's character are previously to be explained. There are *obscurities* in him, which are common to him with all poets of the same species; there are others, the issue of the times he lived in; and there are others, again, peculiar to himself. The nature of comic poetry being entirely satirical, it busies itself more in exposing what we call caprice and humour, than vices cognizable to the laws. The English, from the happiness of a free constitution, and a turn of mind peculiarly speculative and inquisitive, are observed to produce more *humourists*, and a greater variety of original *characters*, than any other nation whatsoever: and these owing their immediate birth to the peculiar genius of each age, an infinite number of things alluded to, glanced at, and exposed, must needs become obscure, as the *aba-*

*reflect* themselves are antiquated and disused. An editor, therefore, should be well versed in the history and manners of his author's age, if he aims at doing him a service in this respect.

Besides, wit lying mostly in the assemblage of *ideas*, and in the putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, to make up pleasant pictures, and agreeable visions in the fancy; the writer, who aims at wit, must of course range far and wide for materials. Now the age in which Shakespeare lived, having, above all others, a wonderful affection to appear learned, they declined vulgar images, such as are immediately fetched from nature, and ranged through the circle of the sciences to fetch their ideas from thence. But as the resemblances of such ideas to the subject must necessarily lie very much out of the common way, and every piece of wit appear a riddle to the vulgar; this, that should have taught them the forced, quaint, unnatural tract they were in (and induce them to follow a more natural one) was the very thing that kept them attached to it. The ostentatious affectation of an abstruse learning, peculiar to that time, the love that men naturally have to every thing that looks like mystery, fixed them down to this habit of obscurity. Thus became the poetry of Donne (though the wittiest man of that age) nothing but a continued heap of riddles. And our Shakespeare, with all his easy nature about him, for want of the knowledge of the true rules of art, falls frequently into this vicious manner.

The third species of *obscurities*, which deform our author, as the effects of his own genius and character, are those that proceed from his peculiar manner of *thinking*, and as peculiar a manner of *clothing* those *thoughts*. With regard to

his *thinking*, it is certain, that he had a general knowledge of all the sciences: but his acquaintance was rather that of a traveller than a native. Nothing in philosophy was unknown to him; but every thing in it had the grace and force of novelty. And as novelty is one main source of admiration; we are not to wonder that he has perpetual allusions to the most recondite parts of the sciences: and this was done not so much out of affectation, as the effect of admiration begot by novelty. Then, as to his *style* and *diction*, we may much more justly apply to Shakespeare what a celebrated writer has said of Milton; *Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul which furnished him with such glorious conceptions*. He therefore frequently uses old words, to give his diction an air of solemnity; as he coins others, to express the novelty and variety of his ideas.

Upon every distinct species of these *obscurities* I have thought it my province to employ a note, for the service of my author, and the entertainment of my readers. A few transient remarks too I have not scrupled to intermix, upon the poet's *negligences* and *omissions* in point of art; but I have done it always in such a manner, as will testify my deference and veneration for the immortal author. Some censurers of Shakespeare, and particularly Mr. Rymer, have taught me to distinguish betwixt the *railer* and *critick*. The outrage of his quotations is so remarkably violent, so pushed beyond all bounds of decency and sober reasoning, that it quite carries over the mark at which it was levelled. Extravagant abuse throws off the edge of the intended disparagement, and turns the madman's weapon into his own bosom. In short, as to Rymer, this is my opinion of him from his *criticisms* on the *tragedies* of the last age. He writes with great vivacity, and

appears to have been a scholar; but, as for his knowledge of the art of poetry, I can't perceive it was any deeper than his acquaintance with Bosſu and Dacier, from whom he has tranſcribed many of the beſt reflexions. The late Mr. Gildon was once attached to Rymer by a ſimilar way of thinking and ſtudies. They were both of that ſpecies of criticks, who are deſirous of diſplaying their powers rather in finding faults, than in conſulting the improvements of the world: the *hypercritical* part of the ſcience of *criticiſm*.

I had not mentioned the modeſt liberty I have here and there taken of animadverting on my author, but that I was willing to obviate in time the ſplenetick exaggerations of my adverſaries on this head. From paſt experiments I have reaſon to be conſcious, in what light this attempt may be placed; and that what I call a *modeſt liberty*, will, by a little of their dexterity, be inverted into downright *impudence*. From a hundred mean and diſhoneſt artifices employed to diſcredit this edition, and to cry down its editor, I have all the grounds in nature to beware of attacks. But though the malice of wit, joined to the ſmoothneſs of verſification, may furniſh ſome ridicule, ſure, I hope, will be able to ſtand its ground againſt banter and gaiety.

It has been my fate, it ſeems, as I thought it my duty, to diſcover ſome *anachroniſms* in our author, which might have ſlept in obſcurity but for this *reſtorer*, as Mr. Pope is pleaſed affectionately to ſtile me: as, for inſtance, where Ariſtotle is mentioned by Hector in Troilus and Creſſida; and Galen, Cato, and Alexander the Great, in Coriolanus. Theſe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, are blunders, which the illiteracy of the firſt publiſhers of his works has fathered upon the poet's memory: *It not being at all credible that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt*

*conversation with such as had.* But I have sufficiently proved, in the course of my notes, that such *anachronisms* were the effect of poetic licence, rather than of ignorance in our poet. And if I may be permitted to ask a modest question by the way, Why may not I restore an *anachronism* really made by our author, as well as Mr. Pope take the privilege to fix others upon him, which he never had it in his head to make; as I may venture to affirm he had not, in the instance of Sir Francis Drake, to which I have spoke in the proper place.

But who shall dare make any words about this freedom of Mr. Pope's towards Shakespeare, if it can be proved, that, in his fits of criticism, he makes no more ceremony with good Homer himself? To try, then, a criticism of his own advancing: In the 8th book of the *Odyssæy*, where Demodocus sings the episode of the loves of Mars and Venus, and that upon their being taken in the net by Vulcan,

————— “ The God of Arms,  
“ Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.”

Mr. Pope is so kind gravely to inform us, “ That Homer in this, as in many other places, seems to allude to the laws of Athens, where death was the punishment of adultery.” But how is this significant observation made out? Why, who can possibly object any thing to the contrary?—Does not *Pausanias* relate, that *Draco* the lawgiver to the *Athenians* granted impunity to any person that took revenge upon an adulterer? And was it not also the institution of *Solon*, that if any one took an adulterer in the fact, he might punish him as he pleased? These things are very true: and to see what a good memory, and sound judgment in conjunction can achieve! Though Homer's date is not determined down to a single year, yet 'tis



pretty generally agreed that he lived above 300 years before Draco and Solon : and that, it seems, has made him *seem* to allude to the very laws which these two legislators propounded above 300 years after. If this inference be not something like an *anachronism* or *prolepsis*, I'll look once more into my lexicons for the true meaning of the words. It appears to me, that somebody besides Mars and Venus has been caught in a net by this episode : and I could call in other instances to confirm what treacherous tackle this net-work is, if not cautiously handled.

How just, notwithstanding, I have been in detecting the anachronisms of my author, and in defending him for the use of them, our late editor seems to think, they should rather have slept in obscurity : And the having discovered them is sneer'd at, as a sort of wrong-headed sagacity.

The numerous corrections, which I made of the poet's text in my SHAKESPEARE Restor'd, and which the publick have been so kind to think well of, are, in the appendix of Mr. Pope's last edition, slightly call'd Various Readings, Guesses, &c. He confesses to have inserted as many of them as he judg'd of any the least advantage to the poet; but says, that the whole amounted to about 25 words : and pretends to have annexed a compleat list of the rest, which were not worth his embracing. Whoever has read my book will at one glance see, how in both these points veracity is strain'd, so an injury might but be done. *Malus, etsi obesse non potest, tamen cogitat.*

Another expedient, to make my work appear of a trifling nature, has been an attempt to depreciate *literal criticism*. To this end, and to pay a servile compliment to Mr. Pope, an anonymous writer has, like a Scotch pedlar in wit, unbraced his pack on the subject. But, that his virulence might not seem to be levelled singly at me, he has done me the honour

to join Dr. Bentley in the libel. I was in hopes, we should have been both abused with smartness of satire, at least ; tho' not with solidity or argument : that it might have been worth some reply in defence of the science attacked. But I may fairly say of this author, as Falstaffe does of Poins ;—*Hang him, Baboon ! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard ; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a Mallet.* If it be not prophanation to set the opinion of the divine Longinus against such a scribler, he tells us expressly, “ That to make  
“ a judgment upon words (and writings) is the most consum-  
“ mate fruit of much experience.” ἡ γὰρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἐστὶ πείρας τελευταῖον ἐπιγένημα. Whenever words are depraved, the sense of course must be corrupted ; and thence the reader's betray'd into a false meaning.

If the Latin and Greek languages have receiv'd the greatest advantages imaginable from the labours of the editors and critics of the two last ages ; by whose aid and assistance the grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that art than even the preceding grammarians, who wrote when these tongues flourish'd as living languages : I should account it a peculiar happiness, that, by the faint assay I have made in this work, a path might be chalk'd out, for abler hands, by which to derive the same advantages to our own tongue : A tongue, which, tho' it wants none of the fundamental qualities of an universal language, yet, as a noble writer says, lisps and stammers as in its cradle ; and has produced little more towards its polishing than complaints of its barbarity.

Having now run thro' all those points, which I intended should make any part of this dissertation, and having in my former edition made publick acknowledgments of the assistances lent me, I shall conclude with a brief account of the methods taken in this.

It was thought proper, in order to reduce the bulk and price of the impression, that the notes, wherever they would admit of it, might be abridg'd : for which reason I have curtail'd a great quantity of such, in which explanations were too prolix, or authorities in support of an emendation too numerous : and many I have intirely expung'd, which were judg'd rather verbose and declamatory, (and, so, notes merely of ostentation ;) than necessary, or instructive.

The few literal errors, which had escap'd notice, for want of revisals, in the former edition, are here reform'd : And the pointing of innumerable passages is regulated, with all the accuracy I am capable of.

I shall decline making any farther declaration of the pains I have taken upon my author, because it was my duty, as his editor, to publish him with my best care and judgment : and because I am sensible, all such declarations are construed to be laying a sort of debt on the publick. As the former edition has been received with much indulgence, I ought to make my acknowledgements to the town for their favourable opinion of it : and I shall always be proud to think that encouragement the best payment I can hope to receive from my poor studies.

Sir T. HANMER's

P R E F A C E.

**W**HAT the publick is here to expect is a true and correct edition of Sheakepeare's works cleared from the corruptions with which they have hitherto abounded. One of the great admirers of this incomparable author hath made it the amusement of his leisure hours for many years past to look over his writings with a careful eye, to note the obscurities and absurdities introduced into the text, and according to the best of his judgment to restore the genuine sense and purity of it. In this he proposed nothing to himself but his private satisfaction in making his own copy as perfect as he could: but as the emendations multiplied upon his hands, other Gentlemen equally fond of the author desired to see them, and some were so kind as to give their assistance by communicating their observations and conjectures upon difficult passages which had occurred to them. Thus by degrees the work growing more considerable than was at first expected, they who had the opportunity of looking into it, too partial perhaps in their judgment, thought it worth being made publick; and he, who hath with difficulty yielded to their persuasions, is far from desiring to reflect upon the late editors for the omissions and defects which they left to be supplied by others who should follow them in the same province. On the contrary, he thinks the world much obliged to them for the progress they made in weeding

but so great a number of blunders and mistakes as they have done, and probably he who hath carried on the work might never have thought of such an undertaking if he had not found a considerable part so done to his hands.

From what causes it proceeded that the works of this author in the first publication of them were more injured and abused than perhaps any that ever pass'd the press, hath been sufficiently explained in the preface to Mr. Pope's edition which is here subjoined, and there needs no more to be said upon that subject. This only the reader is desired to bear in mind, that as the corruptions are more numerous and of a grosser kind than can well be conceived but by those who have looked nearly into them; so in the correcting them this rule hath been most strictly observed, not to give a loose to fancy, or indulge a licentious spirit of criticism, as if it were fit for any one to presume to judge what Shakespear ought to have written, instead of endeavouring to discover truly and retrieve what he did write: And so great caution hath been used in this respect, that no alterations have been made but what the sense necessarily required, what the measure of the verse often helped to point out, and what the similitude of words in the false reading and in the true, generally speaking, appeared very well to justify.

Most of those passages are here thrown to the bottom of the page and rejected as spurious, which were stigmatized as such in Mr. Pope's edition; and it were to be wished that more had then undergone the same sentence. The promoter of the present edition hath ventured to discard but few more upon his own judgment, the most considerable of which is that wretched piece of ribaldry in King Henry V. put into the mouths of the French Princess and an old gentlewoman, improper enough as it is all in French and not intelligible to an English audience, and yet that perhaps is the best thing

that can be said of it. There can be no doubt but a great deal more of that low stuff which disgraces the works of this great author, was foisted in by the players after his death, to please the vulgar audiences by which they subsisted: And though some of the poor witticisms and conceits must be supposed to have fallen from his pen, yet as he hath put them generally into the mouths of low and ignorant people, so it is to be remember'd that he wrote for the stage, rude and unpolished as it then was; and the vicious taste of the age must stand condemned for them, since he hath left upon record a signal proof how much he despised them. In the play of *The Merchant of Venice* a clown is introduced quibbling in a miserable manner, upon which one who bears the character of a man of sense makes the following reflection; *How every fool can play upon a word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots.* He could hardly have found stronger words to express his indignation at those false pretences to wit then in vogue; and therefore though such trash is frequently interspersed in his writings, it would be unjust to cast it as an imputation upon his taste and judgment and character as a writer.

There being many words in Shakespeare which are grown out of use and obsolete, and many borrowed from other languages which are not enough naturaliz'd or known among us, a glossary is added at the end of the work, for the explanation of all those terms which have hitherto been so many stumbling blocks to the generality of readers; and where there is any obscurity in the text not arising from the words but from a reference to some antiquated customs now forgotten, or other causes of that kind, a note is put at the bottom of the page to clear up the difficulty.

With these several helps if that rich vein of sense which runs through the works of this author can be retrieved in every part and brought to appear in its true light, and if it may be hoped without presumption that this is here affected; they who love and admire him will receive a new pleasure, and all probably will be more ready to join in doing him justice, who does great honour to his country as a rare and perhaps a singular genius: one who hath attained an high degree of perfection in those two great branches of poetry, tragedy and comedy, different as they are in their natures from each other; and who may be said without partiality to have equalled, if not excelled, in both kinds, the best writers of any age or country who have thought it glory enough to distinguish themselves in either.

Since therefore other nations have taken care to dignify the works of their most celebrated poets with the fairest impressions beautified with the ornaments of sculpture, well may our Shakespeare be thought to deserve no less consideration: and as a fresh acknowledgement hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his statue at a publick expence; so it is desired that this new edition of his works, which hath cost some attention and care, may be looked upon as another small monument designed and dedicated to his honour.

Dr. W A R B U R T O N's  
P R E F A C E.

**I**T hath been no unusual thing for writers, when dissatisfied with the patronage or judgment of their own times, to appeal to posterity for a fair hearing. Some have even thought fit to apply to it in the first instance; and to decline acquaintance with the public till envy and prejudice had quite subsided. But, of all the trustees to futurity, commend me to the author of the following poems, who not only left it to time to do him justice as it would, but to find him out as it could. For, what between too great attention to his profit as a player, and too little to his reputation as a poet, his works, left to the care of door-keepers and prompters, hardly escaped the common fate of those writings, how good soever, which are abandoned to their own fortune, and unprotected by party or cabal. At length, indeed, they struggled into light; but so disguised and travestied, that no classic author, after having run ten secular stages thro' the blind Cloisters of Monks and Canons, ever came out in half so maimed and mangled a condition. But for a full account of his disorders, I refer the reader to Mr. Pope's excellent Preface, and turn myself to consider the remedies that have been applied to them.

Shakespeare's works, when they escaped the players, did not fall into much better hands when they came amongst printers and booksellers: who, to say the truth, had, at first,



but small encouragement for putting him into a better condition. The stubborn nonsense, with which he was incrust-ed, occasioned his lying long neglected amongst the common lumber of the stage. And when that resistless splendor, which now shoots all around him, had, by degrees, broke thro' the shell of those impurities, his dazzled admirers became as suddenly insensible to the extraneous scurf that still stuck upon him, as they had been before to the native beauties that lay under it. So that, as then, he was thought not to deserve a cure, he was now supposed not to need any.

His growing eminence, however, required that he should be used with ceremony : And he soon had his appointment, of an editor in form. But the bookseller, whose dealing was with wits, having learnt of them, I know not what silly maxim, that *none but a poet should presume to meddle with a poet*, engaged the ingenious Mr. Rowe to undertake this employment. A wit indeed he was ; but so utterly unacquainted with the whole business of criticism, that he did not even collate or consult the first editions of the work he undertook to publish ; but contented himself with giving us a meagre account of the author's life, interlarded with some common-place scraps from his writings. The truth is, Shakespeare's condition was yet but ill understood. The nonsense, now, by consent, received for his own, was held in a kind of reverence for its age and author : And thus it continued, till another great poet broke the charm ; by shewing us, that the higher we went, the less of it was still to be found.

For the proprietors, not discouraged by their first unsuccessful effort, in due time, made a second ; and, tho' they still stuck to their poets, with infinitely more success in their choice of Mr. POPE. Who by the mere force of an un-

common genius, without any particular study or profession of this art, discharged the great parts of it so well as to make his edition the best foundation for all further improvements. He separated the genuine from the spurious plays: And, with equal judgment, tho' not always with the same success, attempted to clear the genuine plays from the interpolated scenes: He then consulted the old editions; and, by a careful collation of them, rectified the faulty, and supplied the imperfect reading, in a great number of places: And lastly, in an admirable preface, hath drawn a general, but very lively, sketch of Shakespeare's poetic character; and, in the corrected text, marked out those peculiar strokes of genius which were most proper to support and illustrate that character. Thus far Mr. POPE. And altho' much more was to be done before Shakespeare could be restored to himself, (such as amending the corrupted text where the printed books afford no assistance; explaining his licentious phraseology and obscure allusions; and illustrating the beauties of his poetry;) yet, with great modesty and prudence, our illustrious editor left this to the critic by profession.

But nothing will give the common reader a better idea of the value of Mr. Pope's edition, than the two attempts which have been since made, by Mr. Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer, in opposition to it. Who, altho' they concerned themselves only in the *first* of these three parts of criticism, the *restoring the text*, (without any conception of the *second*, or venturing even to touch upon the *third*) yet succeeded so very ill in it, that they left their author in ten times a worse condition than they found him. But, as it was my ill fortune to have some accidental connexions with these two gentlemen, it will be incumbent on me to be a little more particular concerning them.

The one was recommended to me as a poor man ; the other as a poor critic : and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of observations, which they managed, as they saw fit, to the relief of their several distresses. As to Mr. Theobald, who wanted money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own advantage : and he allowed himself in the liberty of taking one part for his own, and sequestering another for the benefit, as I supposed, of some future edition. But, as to the Oxford Editor, who wanted nothing, but what he might very well be without, the reputation of a critic, I could not so easily forgive him for trafficking with my papers without my knowledge ; and, when that project failed, for employing a number of my conjectures in his edition, against my express desire not to have that honour done unto me.

Mr. Theobald was naturally turned to industry and labour. What he read he could transcribe : but, as what he thought, if ever he did think, he could but ill express, so he read on ; and, by that means got a character of learning, without risking, to every observer, the imputation of wanting a better talent. By a punctilious collation of the old books, he corrected what was manifestly wrong in the *latter* editions, by what was manifestly right in the *earlier*. And this is his real merit ; and the whole of it. For where the phrase was very obsolete or licentious in the *common* books, or only slightly corrupted in the *other*, he wanted sufficient knowledge of the progress and various stages of the English tongue, as well as acquaintance with the peculiarity of Shakespeare's language to understand what was right ; nor had he either common judgment to see, or critical sagacity to amend, what was manifestly faulty. Hence he generally exerts his conjectural talent in the wrong place : He tampers with what is found in the *common* books ; and, in the old ones, omits

all notice of variations, the sense of which he did not understand.

How the Oxford editor came to think himself qualified for this office; from which his whole course of life had been so remote, is still more difficult to conceive. For whatever parts he might have either of genius or erudition, he was absolutely ignorant of the art of criticism, as well as of the poetry of that time, and the language of his author. And so far from a thought of examining the first editions, that he even neglected to compare Mr. Pope's, from which he printed his own, with Mr. Theobald's; whereby he lost the advantage of many fine lines which the other had recovered from the old quartos. Where he trusts to his own sagacity, in what affects the sense, his conjectures are generally absurd and extravagant, and violating every rule of criticism. Tho', in this rage of correcting, he was not absolutely destitute of all *art*. For, having a number of my conjectures before him, he took as many of them as he saw fit, to work upon; and by changing them to something, he thought, synonymous or similar, he made them his own; and so became a critic at a cheap expence. But how well he hath succeeded in this, as likewise in his conjectures which are properly his own, will be seen in the course of my remarks: Tho', as he hath declined to give the reasons for his interpolations, he hath not afforded me so fair a hold of him as Mr. Theobald hath done, who was less cautious. But his principal object was to reform his author's numbers; and this, which he hath done, on every occasion, by the insertion or omission of a set of harmless unconcerning expletives, makes up the gross body of his innocent corrections. And so, in spite of that extreme negligence in numbers, which distinguishes the first dramatic writers, he hath tricked up

the old bard, from head to foot, in all the finical exactness of a modern measurer of syllables.

For the rest, all the corrections which these two editors have made on any *reasonable* foundation, are here admitted into the text; and carefully assigned to their respective authors. A piece of justice which the Oxford Editor never did; and which the *other* was not always scrupulous in observing towards me. To conclude with them in a word, They separately possessed those two qualities which, more than any other, have contributed to bring the art of criticism into disrepute, *dulness of apprehension*, and *extravagance of conjecture*.

I am now to give some account of the present undertaking. For as to all those things, which have been published under the titles of *Essays, Remarks, Observations, &c.* on Shakespeare, (if you except some critical notes on Macbeth, given as a specimen of a projected edition, and written, as appears, by a man of parts and genius) the rest are absolutely below a serious notice.

The whole a critic can do for an author who deserves his service, is to correct the faulty text; to remark the peculiarities of language; to illustrate the obscure allusions; and to explain the beauties and defects of sentiment or composition. And surely, if ever author had a claim to this service, it was our Shakespeare: Who, widely excelling in the knowledge of human nature; hath given to his infinitely varied pictures of it, such truth of design, such force of drawing, such beauty of colouring, as was hardly ever equalled by any writer, whether his aim was the use, or only the entertainment of mankind. The notes in this edition, therefore, take in the whole compass of criticism.

I. The first sort is employed in restoring the poet's genuine text; but in those places only where it labours with inextricable nonsense. In which, how much I may have given

scope to critical conjecture, where the old copies failed me, I have indulged nothing to fancy or imagination; but have religiously observed the severe Canons of literal criticism; as may be seen from the reasons accompanying every alteration of the common text. Nor would a different conduct have become a critic, whose greatest attention, in this part, was to vindicate the established reading from interpolations occasioned by the fanciful extravagancies of others. I once intended to have given the reader a *body of Canons*, for literal criticism, drawn out in form; as well such as concern the art in general, as those that arise from the nature and circumstances of our author's works in particular. And this for two reasons. First, To give the *unlearned reader* a just idea, and consequently a better opinion of the art of criticism, now sunk very low in the popular esteem, by the attempts of some who would needs exercise it without either natural or acquired talents; and by the ill success of others, who seemed to have lost both, when they came to try them upon English authors. Secondly, To deter the *unlearned writer* from wantonly trifling with an art he is a stranger to, at the expence of his own reputation, and the integrity of the text of established authors. But these uses may be well supplied by what is occasionally said upon the subject, in the course of the following remarks.

II. The second sort of notes consists in the explanation of the author's meaning, when, by one or more of these causes, it becomes obscure; either from a *licentious use of terms*; or a *hard or ungrammatical construction*; or lastly, from *far-fetch'd or quaint allusions*.

I. This licentious use of words is almost peculiar to the language of Shakespeare. To common terms he hath affixed meanings of his own, unauthoris'd by use, and not to be justified by analogy. And this liberty he hath taken with

the noblest parts of speech, such as *mixed-modes* ; which, as they are most susceptible of abuse, so their abuse most hurts the clearness of the discourse. The critics (to whom Shakespeare's licence was still as much a secret as his meaning, which that licence had obscured) fell into two contrary mistakes ; but equally injurious to his reputation and his writings. For some of them observing a darkness, that pervaded his whole expression, have censured him for confusion of ideas and inaccuracy of reasoning. *In the neighing of a horse, (says Rymer) or in the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning, there is a lively expression, and, may I say, more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of Shakespeare.* The ignorance of which censure is of a piece with its brutality. The truth is, no one thought clearer, or argued more closely than this immortal bard. But his superiority of genius less needing the intervention of words in the act of thinking, when he came to draw out his contemplations into discourse, he took up (as he was hurried on by the torrent of his matter) with the first words that lay in his way ; and if, amongst these, there were two *mixed-modes* that had but a principal idea in common, it was enough for him ; he regarded them as synonymous, and would use the one for the other without fear or scruple.—Again, there have been others, such as the two last editors, who have fallen into a contrary extreme ; and regarded Shakespeare's anomalies (as we may call them) amongst the corruptions of his text ; which, therefore, they have cashiered in great numbers, to make room for a jargon of their own. This hath put me to additional trouble ; for I had not only their interpolations to throw out again, but the genuine text to replace, and establish in its stead ; which, in many cases, could not be done without shewing the peculiar sense of the terms, and explaining the causes which led the poet to so perverse an use of

favourite poet, without drawing out his character, as was once intended, in a continued discourse.

These, such as they are, were amongst my younger amusements, when many years ago, I used to turn over these sort of writers to unbend myself from more serious applications: And what, certainly, the public, at this time of day, had never been troubled with, but for the conduct of the two last editors, and the persuasions of dear Mr. Pope; whose memory and name,

—————*semper acerbum,*  
*Semper bonoratum (sic Dī voluistis) babebo.*

He was desirous I should give a new edition of this poet, as he thought it might contribute to put a stop to a prevailing folly of altering the text of celebrated authors without talents or judgment. And he was willing that *his* edition should be melted down into *mine*, as it would, he said, afford him (so great is the modesty of an ingenuous temper) a fit opportunity of confessing his mistakes\*. In memory of our friendship, I have therefore, made it our joint edition. His admirable preface is here added; all his notes are given, with his name annexed; the scenes are divided according to his regulation; and the most beautiful passages distinguished, as in his book, with inverted commas. In imitation of him, I have done the same by as many others as I thought most deserving of the reader's attention, and have marked them with *double* commas.

If, from all this, Sheakespeare or good letters have received any advantage, and the public any benefit, or entertainment, the thanks are due to the *proprietors*, who have been at the expence of procuring this edition. And I should be

\* See his Letters to me.



unjust to several deserving men of a reputable and useful profession, if I did not, on this occasion, acknowledge the fair dealing I have always found amongst them; and profess my sense of the unjust prejudice which lies against them; whereby they have been, hitherto, unable to procure that security for their property, which they see, the rest of their fellow-citizens enjoy. A prejudice in part arising from the frequent *Piracies*, (as they are called) committed by members of their own body. But such kind of members no body is without. And it would be hard that this should be turned to the discredit of the honest part of the profession, who suffer more from such injuries than any other men. It hath, in part too, arisen from the clamours of profligate scriblers, ever ready, for a piece of money, to prostitute their bad sense for or against any cause prophane or sacred; or in any scandal public or private: These meeting with little encouragement from men of account in the trade (who even in this enlightened age are not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit) apply themselves to people of condition; and support their importunities by false complaints against bookfellers.

But I should now, perhaps, rather think of my own apology, than busy myself in the defence of others. I shall have some *Tartuffe* ready, on the first appearance of this edition, to call out again, and tell me, that *I suffer myself to be wholly diverted from my purpose, by these matters less suitable to my clerical profession.* "Well, but says a friend, why not take so candid an intimation in good part? Withdraw yourself, again, as you are bid, into the clerical pale; examine the records of sacred and prophane antiquity; and, on them, erect a work to the confusion of infidelity." Why, I have done all this, and more: And hear now what the same men have said to it. They tell me, I

have wrote to the wrong and injury of religion, and furnished out more bundles for unbelievers. "Oh, now the secret's out; "and you may have your pardon, I find upon easier terms, " 'tis only, to write no more."——Good Gentlemen! and shall I not oblige them? They would gladly *obstruct* my way to those things which every man, who *endeavours well* in his profession, must needs think he has some claim to, when he sees them given to those who never did *endeavour*; at the same time that they would *deter* me from taking those advantages which letters enable me procure for myself. If then I am to write no more; (tho' as much out of my profession as they may please to represent this work, I suspect their modesty would not insist on a scrutiny of our several applications of this prophane profit and their purer gains) if, I say, I am to write no more, let me at least give the public, who have a better pretence to demand it of me, some reason for my presenting them with these amusements. Which, if I am not much mistaken, may be excused by the best and fairest *examples*; and, what is more, may be justified on the surer *reason of things*.

The great saint CHRYSOSTOM, a name consecrated to immortality by his virtue and eloquence, is known to have been so fond of Aristophanes as to wake with him at his studies, and to sleep with him under his pillow: and I never heard that this was objected either to his piety or his preaching, not even in those times of pure zeal and primitive religion. Yet, in respect of Shakespeare's great sense, Aristophanes's best wit is but buffoonry; and, in comparison of Aristophanes's freedoms, Shakespeare writes with the purity of a vestal. But they will say, St. Chrysostom contracted a fondness for the comic poet *for the sake of his Greek*. To this, indeed, I have nothing to reply. Far be it from me to insinuate so unscholarlike a thing, as if we had the same

use for good English that a Greek had for his *Attic* elegance. Critic Kuster, in a taste and language peculiar to grammarians of a certain order, hath decreed, that *the History and Chronology of Greek words is the most solid entertainment of a Man of Letters.*

I fly, then, to a higher example, much nearer home and still more in point, the famous university of OXFORD. This illustrious body, which hath long so justly held, and, with such equity, dispensed, the chief honours of the learned world, thought good letters so much interested in correct editions of the best English writers, that they, very lately, in their public capacity, undertook *one*, of this very author, by subscription. And if the editor hath not discharged his task with suitable abilities for one so much honoured by them, this was not their fault but his, who thrust himself into the employment. After such an example, it would be weakening any defence to seek further for authorities. All that can be now decently urged is the *reason of the thing*; and this I shall do, more for the sake of that truly venerable body than my own.

Of all the literary exertions of speculative men, whether designed for the use or entertainment of the world, there are none of so much importance, or what are more our immediate concern, than those which let us into the knowledge of our nature. Others may exercise the reason or amuse the imagination; but these only can improve the heart, and form the human mind to wisdom. Now, in this science, our Shakespeare is confessed to occupy the foremost place; whether we consider the amazing sagacity with which he investigates every hidden spring and wheel of human action; or his happy manner of communicating this knowledge, in the just and living paintings which he has given us of all our passions, appetites and pursuits. These afford a lesson which

can never be too often repeated, or too constantly inculcated: And, to engage the reader's due attention to it, hath been one of the principal objects of this edition.

As this science (whatever profound philosophers may think) is, to the rest, *in things*; so, *in words*, (whatever supercilious pedants may talk) every one's mother-tongue is to all other languages. This hath still been the sentiment of nature and true wisdom. Hence, the greatest men of antiquity never thought themselves better employed than in cultivating their own country idiom. So Lyncurgus did honour to Sparta, in giving the first compleat edition of Homer; and Cicero, to Rome, in correcting the works of Lucretius. Nor do we want examples of the same good sense in modern times, even amidst the cruel inroads that art and fashion have made upon nature and the simplicity of wisdom. Menage, the greatest name in France for all kinds of philologic learning, prided himself in writing critical notes on their best lyric poet, Malherbe: And our greater Selden, when he thought it might reflect credit on his country, did not disdain even to comment a very ordinary poet, one Michael Drayton. But the English tongue, at this juncture, deserves and demands our particular regard. It hath, by means of the many excellent works of different kinds composed in it, engaged the notice, and become the study, of almost every curious and learned foreigner, so as to be thought even a part of literary accomplishment. This must needs make it deserving of a critical attention: And its being yet destitute of a test or standard to apply to, in cases of doubt or difficulty, shews how much it wants that attention. For we have neither GRAMMAR nor DICTIONARY, neither chart nor compass, to guide us through this wide sea of words. And indeed how should we? Since both are to be composed and finished on the authority of our best established writers. But their

authority can be of little use till the text hath been correctly settled, and the phraseology critically examined. As, then, by these aids, a Grammar and Dictionary, planned upon the best rules of logic and philosophy, (and none but such will deserve the name) are to be procured; the forwarding of this will be a general concern: For, as Quintilian observes, "*Verborum proprietas ac differentia omnibus, qui sermonem ~~esse~~ habent, debet esse communis.*" By this way, the Italians have brought their tongue to a degree of purity and stability which no living language ever attained unto before. It is with pleasure I observe, that these things now begin to be understood amongst ourselves; and that I can acquaint the public, we may soon expect elegant editions of Fletcher and Milton's *Paradise Lost* from gentlemen of distinguished abilities and learning. But this interval of good sense, as it may be short, is indsed but new. For I remember to have heard of a learned man, who, not long since, formed a design of giving a more correct edition of Spenser; and, without doubt, would have performed it well; but he was dissuaded from his purpose by his friends, as beneath the dignity of a professor of the occult sciences. Yet these very friends, I suppose, would have thought it had added lustre to his high station, to have new-furbished out some dull northern Chronicle, or dark Sibylline *Ænigma*. But let it not be thought that what is here said insinuates any thing to the discredit of Greek and Latin criticism. If the follies of particular men were sufficient to bring any branch of learning into disrepute, I don't know any that would stand in a worse situation than that for which I now apologize. For I hardly think there ever appeared, in any *learned* language, so execrable a heap of nonsense, under the name of commen-

taries, as hath been lately given us on a certain satiric poet, of the last age, by his editor and coadjutor.

I am sensible how unjustly the very best *classical* critics have been treated. It is said, that our great philosopher spoke with much contempt of the two finest scholars of this age, Dr. Bentley and Bishop Hare, for squabbling, as he expressed it, about an old play-book ; meaning, I suppose, 'Terence's comedies. But this story is unworthy of him ; tho' well enough suiting the fanatic turn of the wild writer that related it ; such censures are amongst the follies of men immoderately given over to one science, and ignorantly undervaluing all the rest. Those learned critics might, and perhaps did, laugh in their turn, (tho' still, sure, with the same indecency and indiscretion) at that incomparable man, for wearing out a long life in poring through the telescope. Indeed, the weaknesses of such are to be mentioned with reverence. But who can bear, without indignation, the fashionable cant of every trifling writer, whose insipidity passes, with himself, for politeness, for pretending to be shocked, forsooth, with the rude and savage air of *vulgar* critics ; meaning such as Muretus, Scaliger, Casaubon, Salmasius, Spanheim, Bentley. When, had it not been for the deathless labours of such as these, the western world, at the revival of letters, had soon fallen back again into a state of ignorance and barbarity as deplorable as that from which providence had just redeemed it.

To conclude with an observation of a fine writer and great philosopher of our own ; which I would gladly bind, tho' with all honour, as a phylactery, on the brow of every awful grammarian, to teach him at once, the *use*, and *limits* of his art : **WORDS ARE THE MONEY OF FOOLS, AND THE COUNTERS OF WISE MEN.**

# MR. EDWARD CAPELL'S

## INTRODUCTION.

**I**T is said of the ostrich, that she drops her egg at random, to be dispos'd of as chance pleases; either brought to maturity by the sun's kindly warmth, or else crush'd by beasts and the feet of passers-by: such, at least, is the account which naturalists have given us of this extraordinary bird; and admitting it for a truth, she is in this a fit emblem of almost every great genius: they conceive and produce with ease those noble issues of human understanding; but incubation, the dull work of putting them correctly upon paper, and afterwards publishing, is a task they cannot away with. If the original state of all such authors writings, even from Homer downward, could be enquired into and known, they would yield proof in abundance of the justness of what is here asserted: but the author now before us shall suffice for them all; being at once the greatest instance of genius in producing noble things, and of negligence in providing for them afterwards. This negligence indeed was so great, and the condition in which his works are come down to us, so very deformed, that it has, of late years, induced several gentlemen to make a revision of them: but the publick seems not to be satisfied with any of their endeavours: and the reason of its discontent will be manifest, when the state of his old editions, and the methods that they have taken to amend them, are fully lay'd open, which is the first business of this Introduction.

Of thirty-six plays which Shakespeare has left us, and which compose the collection that was afterwards set out in folio, thirteen only were published in his life-time, that have much resemblance to those in the folio; these thirteen are—"Hamlet, First and Second Henry IV, Love's Labour's Lost, Merchant of Venice, Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado about Nothing, Richard II and III, Romeo and Juliet, Titus Andronicus, and Troilus and Cressida." Some others, that came out in the same period, bear indeed the titles of—"Henry V, King John, Merry Wives of Windsor, and (1) Taming of the Shrew;" but are no other than either first draughts, or mutilated and perhaps surreptitious impressions of those plays, but whether of the two is not easy to determine: "King John" is certainly a first draught, and in two parts; and so much another play, that only one line of it is retained in the second: there is also a first draught of the "Second and Third Parts of Henry VI," published in his life-time, under the following title—"The whole Contention betweene the two famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke:" and to these plays, six in number, may be added—the first impression of "Romeo and Juliet," being a play of the same stamp: the date of all these quartos, and that of their several re-impressions, may be seen in a table that follows the introduction. "Othello" came out only one year before the folio; and is, in the main, the same play that we have there: and this too is the case of the first-mentioned thirteen; notwithstanding there are in many of them great variations, and particularly in "Hamlet, King Lear, Richard III, and Romeo and Juliet."

N O T E.

(1) This is meant of the first quarto edition of "The Taming of the Shrew;" for the second was printed from the folio. But the play in this first edition appears certainly to have been a spurious one, from



As for the plays, which, we say, are either the poet's first draughts, or else imperfect and stolen copies, it will be thought, perhaps, they might as well have been left out of the account: but they are not wholly useless: some *lacunæ*, that are in all the other editions, have been judiciously filled up in modern impressions by the authority of these copies; and in some particular passages of them, where there happens to be a greater conformity than usual between them and the more perfect editions, there is here and there a various reading that does honour to the poet's judgment, and should upon that account be presumed the true one; in other respects, they have neither use nor merit, but are merely curiosities.

Proceed we then to a description of the other fourteen. They all abound in faults, though not in equal degree; and those faults are so numerous, and of so many different natures, that nothing but a perusal of the pieces themselves can give an adequate conception of them; but amongst them are these that follow. Division of acts and scenes they have none; "Othello" only excepted, which is divided into acts: entries of persons are extremely imperfect in them, (sometimes more, sometimes fewer than the scene requires) and their exits are very often omitted; or, when marked, not always in the right place; and few scenical directions are to be met with throughout the whole: speeches are frequently confounded, and given to wrong persons, either whole, or in part; and sometimes, instead of the person speaking, you have the actor who presented him: and in two of the plays, ("Love's Labour's Lost, and Troilus and

# NOT E.

Mr. Pope's account of it, who seems to have been the only editor whom it was ever seen by: great pains has been taken to trace who he had it of (for it was not in his collection) but without success.

Cressida") the same matter, and in nearly the same words, is set down twice in some passages; which, who sees not to be only a negligence of the poet, and that but one of them ought to have been printed? But the reigning fault of all is in the measure; prose is very often printed as verse, and verse as prose; or, where rightly printed verse, that verse is not always right divided: and in all these pieces, the songs are in every particular still more corrupt than the other parts of them. These are the general and principal defects: to which if you add—transposition of words, sentences, lines, and even speeches; words omitted, and others added without reason; and a punctuation so deficient, and so often wrong, that it hardly deserves regard; you have, upon the whole, a true but melancholy picture of the condition of these first-printed plays; which, bad as it is, is yet better than that of those which came after; or than that of the subsequent folio impression of some of these which we are now speaking of.

This folio impression was sent into the world seven years after the author's death, by two of his fellow-players; and contains, besides the last-mentioned fourteen, the true and genuine copies of the other six plays, and sixteen that were never published before. (2) The editors make great professions of fidelity, and some complaint of injury done to them and the author by stolen and maimed copies; giving withal an advantageous, if just, idea of the copies which they have followed: but see the terms they make use of. "It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished,

#### N O T E.

(2) There is yet extant, in the books of the stationers company, an entry bearing date—Febr. 12, 1624, to Messrs. Jaggard and Blount, the proprietors of this first folio, which is thus worded; "*Mr. Wm. Shakespeares Comedys Historys & Tragedys so many of the said Copyes as bee not enter'd to other men:*" and this entry is followed by the titles

“ that the author himfelfe had liv'd to have fet forth, and  
 “ overfeen his own writings; but fince it hath bin ordain'd  
 “ otherwife, and he by death departed from that right, we  
 “ pray you do not envie his friends, the office of their care,  
 “ and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and  
 “ fo to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were  
 “ abus'd with diverfe stolne, and furreptitious copies, maim-  
 “ ed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious  
 “ impoftors, that expos'd them: even thofe, are now of-  
 “ fer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and  
 “ all the reft, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived  
 “ them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of nature, was  
 “ a moft gentle exprefler of it. His minde and hand went  
 “ together: and what he thought, he uttered with that eafie-  
 “ nefle, that wee have fcarce received from him a blot in  
 “ his papers.” Who now does not feel himfelf inclined to  
 expect an accurate and good performance in the edition of  
 thefe prefacers? But, alas, it is nothing lefs: for (if we ex-  
 cept the fix fpurious ones, whofe places were then fupply'd  
 by true and genuine copies) the editions of plays preceding  
 the folio, are the very bafe of thofe we have thefe; which  
 are either printed from thofe editions, or from the copies  
 which they made ufe of: and this is principally evident  
 in—“ *First and Second Henry IV, Love's Labour's Loft,  
 Merchant of Venice, Midfummer Night's Dream. Much  
 Ado about Nothing, Richard II, Titus Andronicus, and  
 Troilus and Creflida;*” for in the others we fee fomething a  
 greater latitude, as was obferv'd a little above: but in thefe

#### N O T E.

“ All thofe fixteen plays that were firft printed in the folio: the  
 other twenty plays (“*Othello and King John,*” excepted, which the  
 perfon who furnifh'd this tranfcript, thinks he might have overlook'd)  
 are enter'd too in thefe books, under their refpective years; but to  
 whom the tranfcript fays not.

plays, there is an almost strict conformity between the two impressions: some additions are in the second, and some omissions: but the faults and errors of the quartos are all preserved in the folio, and others added to them; and what difference there is, is generally for the worse on the side of the folio editors: which should give us but faint hopes of meeting with greater accuracy in the plays which they first published; and, accordingly, we find them subject to all the imperfections that have been noted in the former: nor is their edition in general distinguished by any mark of preference above all the earliest quartos, but that some of their plays are divided into acts, and some others into acts and scenes; and that with due precision, and agreeable to the author's idea of the nature of such divisions. The order of printing these plays, the way in which they are classed, and the titles given them, being matters of some curiosity, the table that is before the first folio is here reprinted: and to it are added marks, shewing the plays that are divided; *s* signifying—acts; *a & f*—acts and scenes.

TABLE of Plays in the folios. (3)

COMEDIES.	
The Tempest. <i>a &amp; f</i> .	Loves Labour lost.
The two Gentlemen of Verona. * <i>a &amp; f</i> .	Midsummer Nights Dreame * <i>a</i> .
The Merry Wives of Windsor. <i>a &amp; f</i> .	The Merchant of Venice. * <i>a</i> .
Measure for Measure. <i>a &amp; f</i> .	As you Like it. <i>a &amp; f</i> .
The Comedy of Errors. * <i>a</i> .	The Taming of the Shrew.
Much adoo about Nothing. <i>a</i> .	All is well, that Ends well. <i>a</i> .
	Twelfth-Night, or what you will. <i>a &amp; f</i> .
	The Winters Tale. <i>a &amp; f</i> .

N O T E.

(3) The plays, mark'd with asterisks, are spoken of by name, in a book, call'd—*Wirs Treasury, being the second Part of Wirs Commonwealth*," written by Francis MERES; at p. 282: who, in the same paragraph, mentions another play as being SHAKESPEARE'S, under the title of—*Loves labours wonne*;" a title that seems well adapted

HISTORIES.

- The Life and Death of King John. \* *a & f.*  
 The Life and Death of Richard the second. \* *a & f.*  
 The First part of King Henry the fourth. \* *a & f.*  
 The Second part of K. Henry the fourth. \* *a & f.*  
 The Life of K. Henry the Fifth.  
 The First part of King Henry the Sixth.  
 The Second part of King Hen. the Sixth.  
 The Third part of King Henry the Sixth.  
 The Life & Death of Richard the Third. \* *a & f.*  
 The Life of King Henry the Eighth. *a & f.*

TRAGEDIES.

- [Troilus and Cressida] from the second folio; omitted in the first.  
 The Tragedy of Coriolanus. *a.*  
 Titus Andronicus. \* *a.*  
 Romeo and Juliet. \*  
 Timon of Athens.  
 The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar. *a.*  
 The Tragedy of Macbeth. *a & f.*  
 The Tragedy of Hamlet.  
 King Lear. *a & f.*  
 Othello, the Moore of Venice. *a & f.*  
 Antony and Cleopater.  
 Cymbeline King of Britaine. *a & f.*

Having premised thus much about the state and condition of these first copies, it may not be improper, nor will it be absolutely a digression, to add something concerning their authenticity: in doing which, it will be greatly for the reader's ease,—and our own, to confine ourselves to the quartos: which, it is hoped, he will allow of; especially, as our intended vindication of them will also include in it (to the eye of a good observer) that of the plays that appeared first in the folio: which therefore omitting, we now turn ourselves to the quartos.

N O T E.

to "*All's well, that ends well*," and under which it might be first added. In the paragraph immediately preceding, he speaks of his "*Venus and Adonis*," his "*Lucrece*," and his "*Sonnets*." This book was printed in 1598, by P. Short, for Cuthbert Burble; octavo, small. The same author, at p. 283, mentions too a "*Richard the third*,"

We have seen the slur that is endeavoured to be thrown upon them indiscriminately by the player editors, and we see it too wiped off by their having themselves followed the copies that they condemn. A modern editor, who is not without his followers, is pleased to assert confidently in his preface, that they are printed from "piece-meal parts, and copies of prompters:" but his arguments for it are some of them without foundation, and the others not decisive; and it is to be doubted, that the opinion is only thrown out to countenance an abuse that has been carried to much too great lengths by himself and another editor,--that of putting out of the text passages that they did not like. These censures then and this opinion being set aside, is it criminal to try another conjecture, and see what can be made of it? It is known, that SHAKESPEARE lived to no great age, being taken off in his fifty-third year; and yet his works are so numerous, that, when we take a survey of them, they seem the productions of a life of twice that length: for to the thirty-six plays in this collection, we must add seven, (one of which is in two parts) perhaps written over again; (4) seven others that were published, some of them in his life-time, and all with his name; and another seven, that are upon good grounds ascribed to him; making in all, fifty-eight plays; besides the part that he may reasonably be thought to have had in other men's labours, being himself a player and manager of theatres: what his productions were,

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written by doctor LEG, author of another play, call'd "The Destruction of Jerusalem." And there is in the Museum, a manuscript Latin play upon the same subject, written by one Henry LACY in 1586: which Latin play is but a weak performance; and yet seemeth to be the play spoken of by Sir John HARRINGTON, (for the author was a Cambridge man, and of Saint John's) in this passage of his "Apologie of Poetrie," prefix'd to his translation of ARIOSTO's Orlando," edit. 1591, fol. "and for Tragedies, to omit other famous

we know not: but it can hardly be supposed, that he, who had so considerable a share in the confidence of the earls of Essex and Southampton, could be a mute spectator only of controversies in which they were so much interested; and his other poetical works, that are known, will fill a volume the size of these that we have here. When the number and bulk of these pieces, the shortness of his life, and the other busy employments of it are reflected upon duly, can it be a wonder that he should be so loose a transcriber of them? or why should we refuse to give credit to what his companions tell us, of the state of those transcriptions, and of the facility with which they were pen'd? Let it then be granted, that these quartos are the poet's own copies, however they were come by; hastily written at first, and issuing from presses most of them as corrupt and licentious as can any where be produced, and not overseen by himself, nor by any of his friends: and there can be no stronger reason for subscribing to any opinion, than may be drawn in favour of this from the condition of all the other plays that were first printed in the folio: for, in method of publication, they have the greatest likeness possible to those which preceded them, and carry all the same marks of haste and negligence; yet the genuineness of the latter is attested by those who publish'd them, and no proof brought to invalidate their testimony. If it be still ask'd, what then becomes of the accusation brought against the quartos by the player editors?

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"tragedies; that, that was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of  
 "Richard the 3. would move (I thinke) Phalaris the tyrant, and  
 "terrifie all tyranous minded men, fro following their foolish am-  
 "bitious humors, seeing how his ambition made him kill his bro-  
 "ther, his dephews, his wife, beside infinit others; and last of all  
 "after a short and troublesome raigne, to end his miserable life, and  
 "to have his body harried after his death."

(4) Vide this Introduction, p. 132, and the table of editions at the end.

the answer is not so far off as may perhaps be expected: It may be true that they were "stoln;" but stoln from the author's copies, by transcribers who found means to get at them; (5) and "maim'd" they must needs be, in respect of their many alterations after the first performance: and who knows, if the difference that is between them, in some of the plays that are common to them both, has not been studiously heighten'd by the player editors,—who had the means in their power of being masters of all the alterations,—to give at once a greater currency to their own lame edition, and support the charge which they bring against the quartos? this, at least, is a probable opinion, and no bad way of accounting for those differences. (6)

It were easy to add abundance of other arguments in favour of these quartos;—such as their exact affinity to almost all the publications of this sort that came out about that time; of which it will hardly be asserted by any reasoning man, that they are all clandestine copies, and publish'd without their author's consent: next, the high improbability of supposing that none of these plays were of the poet's own setting-out: whose case is rendered singular by such a supposition; it being certain, that every other author of the time, without exception, who wrote any thing largely, published some of his plays himself, and BEN JONSON all of

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(5) But see a note at p. 134, which seems to infer that they were fairly come by: which is, in truth, the editor's opinion, at least of some of them; though, in way of argument, and for the sake of clearness, he has here admitted the charge in that full extent in which they bring it.

(6) Some of these alterations are in the quartos themselves; (another proof this, of their being authentick) as in "Richard II.:" where a large scene, that of the king's deposing, appears first in the copy of 1608, the third quarto impression, being wanting in the two former: and in one copy of "2. Hen. IV.," there is a scene too that is not in the other, though of the same year; it is the first of



them: nay, the very errors and faults of these quartos,—some of them at least, and those such as are brought against them by other arguers,—are, with the editor, proofs of their genuineness; for from what hand, but that of the author himself, could come those seemingly-strange repetitions which are spoken of at p. 133? those imperfect entries, and entries of persons who have no concern in the play at all, neither in the scene where they are made to enter, nor in any other part of it? yet such there are in several of these quartos; and such might well be expected in the hasty draughts of so negligent an author, who neither saw at once all he might want, nor, in some instances, gave himself sufficient time to consider the fitness of what he was then penning. These and other like arguments might, as is said before, be collected, and urged for the plays that were first publish'd in the quartos; that is, for fourteen of them, for the other six are out of the question: but what has been enlarged upon above, of their being followed by the folio, and their apparent general likeness to all the other plays that are in that collection, is so very forcible as to be sufficient of itself to satisfy the unprejudiced, that the plays of both impressions spring all from the same stock, and owe their numerous imperfections to one common original and cause,—the too-great negligence and haste of their over-careless producer.

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as the third. And "Hamlet" has some still more considerable; for the copy of 1605 has these words,—“Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie.” Now though no prior copy has been yet produced, it is certain there was such by the testimony of the title-page: and that the play was in being at least nine years before, is proved by a book of doctor LODGE's, printed in 1596; which play was perhaps an imperfect one; and not unlike that we have now of "Romeo and Juliet," printed the year after; a fourth instance too of what the note advances.

But to return to the thing immediately treated,—the state of the old editions. The quartos went through many impressions, as may be seen in the table: and, in each play, the last is generally taken from the impression next before it, and so onward to the first; the few that come not within this rule, are taken notice of in the table: and this further is to be observed of them, that, generally speaking, the more distant they are from the original, the more they abound in faults; 'till, in the end, the corruptions of the last copies become so excessive, as to make them of hardly any worth. The folio too had its re-impressions, the dates and notices of which are likewise in the table, and they tread the same round as did the quartos: only that the third of them has seven plays more, (see their titles below (7) in which it is followed by the last: and that again by the first of the modern impressions, which come now to be spoken of.

If the stage be a mirror of the times, as undoubtedly it is, and we judge of the age's temper by what we see prevailing there, what must we think of the times that succeeded Shakespeare? Jonson, favoured by a court that delighted only in masques, had been gaining ground upon him even in his life-time; and his death put him in full possession of a post he had long aspired to, the empire of the drama: the

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(7) "*Loorine*; *The London Prodigal*; *Pericles Prince of Tyre*; *The Puritan, or, the Widow of Watling Street*; *Sir John Oldcastle*; *Thomas Lord Cromwell*; and the *Yorkshire Tragedy*." And the imputed ones, mentioned a little above, are three;—"*The Arraignment of Paris*; *Birth of Merlin*; *Fair Em*; *Edward III*; *Merry Devil of Edmonton*; *Mucedorus*; and the two noble Kinsmen." But in the "*Merry Devil of Edmonton*," Rowley is called his partner in the title-page; and Fletcher, in "*The two noble Kinsmen*." What external proofs there are of their coming from Shakespeare, are gathered all together, and put down in the table; and further it not concerns us to engage: but let those who are inclined to dispute it, carry this

poets of this new king's throne were—Fletcher, Shirley, Middleton, Massinger, Broome, and others; and how unequal they all were, the monarch and his subjects too, to the poet they came after, let their works testify: yet they had the vogue on their side, during all those blessed times that preceded the civil war, and Shakespeare was held in disesteem. The war, and medley government that followed, swept all these things away: but they were restored with the king; and another stage took place, in which Shakespeare had little share. Dryden had then the lead, and maintain'd it for half a century: though his government was sometimes disputed by Lee, Tate, Shadwell, Wycherley, and others; weakened much by "The Rehearsal;" and quite overthrown in the end by Otway and Rowe: what the cast of their plays was, is known to every one: but that Shakespeare, the true and genuine Shakespeare, was not much relish'd, is plain from the many alterations of him, that were brought upon the stage by some of those gentlemen, and by others within that period.

But, from what has been said, we are not to conclude—that the poet had no admirers: for the contrary is true; and he had in this interval no inconsiderable party amongst men of the greatest understanding, who both saw his merit, in spite of the darkness it was then wrapt up in, and spoke

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along with them;—that London, in Shakespeare's time, had a multitude of play-houses; erected some in inn-yards, and such like places, and frequented by the lowest of the people; such audiences as might have been seen some years ago in Southwark and Bartholomew, and may be seen at this day in the country; to which it was also a custom for players to make excursion, at wake times and festivals: and for such places, and such occasions, might these pieces be composed in the author's early time; the worth of them suiting well enough to the parties they might be made for:—And this, or something nearly of this sort, may have been the case too of some plays in his great collection, which shall be spoken of in their place.

loudly in his praise; but the stream of the publick favour ran the other way. But this too coming at the time we are speaking of, there was a demand for his works, and in a form that was more convenient than the folios: in consequence of which, the gentleman last mentioned was set to work by the booksellers; and, in 1709, he put out an edition in six volumes octavo, which, unhappily, is the basis of all the other moderns: for this editor went no further than to the edition nearest to him in time, which was the folio of 1685, the last and worst of those impressions: this he republish'd with great exactness; correcting here and there some of its grossest mistakes, and dividing into acts and scenes the plays that were not divided before.

But no sooner was this edition in the hands of the publick, than they saw in part its deficiencies, and one of another sort began to be required of them; which accordingly was set about some years after by two gentlemen at once, Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald. The labours of the first came out in 1725, in six volumes quarto: and he has the merit of having first improved his author, by the insertion of many large passages, speeches, and single lines, taken from the quartos, and of amending him in other places, by readings fetched from the same: but his materials were few, and his collation of them not the most careful; which, joined to other faults, and to that main one—of making his predecessor's the copy himself follow'd, brought his labours into disrepute, and has finally sunk them in neglect.

His publication retarded the other gentleman, and he did not appear 'till the year 1733, when his work too came out in seven volumes octavo. The opposition that was between them seems to have enflamed him, which was heightened by other motives, and he declaims vehemently against the work

of his antagonist : which yet served him for a model ; and his own is made only a little better, by his having a few more materials, of which he was not a better collator than the other, nor did he excel him in use of them ; for, in this article, both their judgments may be equally called in question : in what he has done that is conjectural, he is rather more happy ; but in this he had large assistances.

But the gentleman that came next, is a critick of another stamp ; and pursues a track, in which it is greatly to be hoped he will never be followed in the publication of any authors whatsoever : for this were, in effect, to annihilate them, if carry'd a little further ; by destroying all marks of peculiarity and notes of time, all easiness of expression and numbers, all justness of thought, and the nobility of not a few of their conceptions. The manner in which his author is treated, excites an indignation that will be thought by some to vent itself too strongly ; but terms weaker would do injustice to my feelings, and the censure shall be hazarded. Mr. Pope's edition was the ground-work of this overbold one ; splendidly printed at Oxford in six quarto volumes, and published in the year 1744 : The publisher disdains all collation of folio or quarto ; and fetches all from his great self, and the moderns his predecessors : wantoning in very licence of conjecture ; and sweeping all before him, (without notice, or reason given) that not suits his taste, or lies level to his conceptions. But this justice should be done him :—as his conjectures are numerous, they are oftentimes not unhappy ; and some of them are of that excellence, that one is struck with amazement to see a person of so much judgment as he shews himself in them, adopt a method of publishing that runs counter to all the ideas that

wife men have hitherto entertain'd of an editor's province and duty.

The year 1747 produced a fifth edition, in eight octavo volumes, publish'd by Mr. Warburton; which though it is said in the title-page to be the joint work of himself and the second editor, the third ought rather to have been mention'd, for it is printed from his text. The merits of this performance have been so thoroughly discuss'd in two very ingenious books, "The Canons of Criticism," and "Revival of Shakespeare's Text," that it is needless to say any more of it: this only shall be added to what may be there met with,—that the edition is not much benefitted by fresh acquisitions from the old ones, which this gentleman seems to have neglected. (8)

Other charges there are, that might be brought against these modern impressions, without infringing the laws of truth or candour either: but what is said, will be sufficient, and may satisfy their greatest favourers,—that the superstructure cannot be a sound one, which is built upon so bad a foundation as that of Mr. Rowe's; which all of them, as we see, in succession, have yet made their cornerstone: the truth is, it was impossible that such a beginning should end better than it has done: the fault was in the setting-out; and all the diligence that could be used, joined to the discernment of a Pearce or a Bentley, could never purge

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(8) It will perhaps be thought strange, that nothing should be said in this place of another edition that came out about a twelvemonth ago, in eight volumes, octavo; but the reasons for it, are these:—There is no use made of it, nor could be; for the present was finish'd, within a day or two, and printed too in great part, before that appear'd: the first sheet of this work (being the first of volume 2.) went to the press in September 1762: and this volume was follow'd by volumes 3, 4, 9, 1, 6, and 7; the last of which was printed off in August 1765. In the next place, the merits and demerits of it are unknown to the

their author of all his defects by their method of proceeding.

The editor now before you was apprized in time of this truth; saw the wretched condition his author was reduced to by these late tamperings, and thought seriously of a cure for it, and that so long ago as the year 1745; for the attempt was first suggested by that gentleman's performance, which came out at Oxford the year before: which when he had perused with no little astonishment, and consider'd the fatal consequences that must inevitably follow the imitation of so much licence, he resolv'd himself to be the champion; and to exert to the uttermost such abilities as he was master of, to save from further ruin an edifice of this dignity, which England must for ever glory in. Hereupon he possess'd himself of the other modern editions, the folios, and as many quartos as could presently be procured; and, within a few years after, fortune and industry helped him to all the rest, six only excepted: (9) adding to them withal twelve more, which the compilers of former tables had no knowledge of. Thus furnish'd, he fell immediately to collation,—which is the first step in works of this nature; and, without it, nothing is done to purpose,—first of moderns with moderns, then of moderns with ancients, and afterwards of ancients with others more ancient: 'till, at the last, a ray of light broke forth upon him, by which he

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present editor even at this hour: this only he has perceived in it, having looked it but slightly over, that the text it follows is that of its nearest predecessor, and from that copy it was printed.

(9) But of one of these six, (a "1. Henry IV," edition 1604) the editor thinks he is possess'd of a very large fragment, imperfect only in the first and last sheet; which has been collated, as far as it goes, along with the others: and of the twelve quarto editions, which he has had the fortune to add to those that were known before, some of them are of great value; as may be seen by looking into the table.

he hoped to find his way through the wilderness of these editions into that fair country the poet's real habitation. He had not proceeded far in his collation, before he saw cause to come to this resolution;—to stick invariably to the old editions, (that is, the best of them) which hold now the place of manuscripts, no scrap of the author's writing having the luck to come down to us; and never to depart from them, but in cases where reason, and the uniform practice of men of the greatest note in this art, tell him—they may be quitted; nor yet in those without notice. But it will be necessary, that the general method of this edition should now be laid open; that the publick may be put in a capacity not only of comparing it with those they already have, but of judging whether any thing remains to be done towards the fixing this author's text in the manner himself gave it.

It is said a little before,—that we have nothing of his in writing; that the printed copies are all that is left to guide us; and that those copies are subject to numberless imperfections, but not all in like degree: our first business then was—to examine their merit, and see on which side the scale of goodness preponderated; which we have generally found, to be on that of the most ancient: it may be seen in the table, what editions are judged to have the preference among those plays that were printed singly in quarto; and for those plays, the text of those editions is chiefly adher'd to: in all the rest, the first folio is followed; the text of which is by far the most faultless of the editions in that form; and has also the advantage in three quarto plays, in “2. Henry IV, Othello, and Richard III.” Had the editions thus follow'd been printed with carefulness, from correct copies, and copies not added to or otherwise altered after



those impressions, there had been no occasion for going any further : but this was not all the case, even in the best of them ; and it therefore became proper and necessary to look into the other old editions, and to select from thence whatever improves the author, or contributes to his advancement in perfectness, the point in view throughout all this performance : that they do improve him, was with the editor an argument in their favour ; and a presumption of genuineness for what is thus selected, whether additions, or differences of any other nature ; and the causes of their appearing in some copies, and being wanting in others, cannot now be discovered, by reason of the time's distance, and defect of fit materials for making the discovery. Did the limits of his Introduction allow of it, the editor would gladly have dilated and treated more at large this article of his plan : as that which is of greatest importance, and most likely to be contested of any thing in it : but this doubt, or this dissent (if any be) must come from those persons only who are not yet possessed of the idea they ought to entertain of these ancient impressions ; for of those who are, he fully persuades himself he shall have both the approval and the applause. But without entering further in this place into the reasonableness, or even necessity, of so doing, he does for the present acknowledge,—that he has every-where made use of such materials as he met with from the old copies, which he thought improved the editions that are made the ground-work of the present text : and whether they do so, or no, the judicious part of the world may certainly know, by turning to a collection that will be publish'd ; where all discarded readings are entered, all additions noted, and variations of every kind ; and the editions specified to which they severally belong.

But, when these helps were administered, there was yet behind a very great number of passages, labouring under various defects and those of various degrees, that had their cure to seek from other sources, that of copies affording it no more: for these he had recourse, in the first place, to the assistance of modern copies: and, where that was incompetent, or else absolutely deficient, which was very often the case, there he sought the remedy in himself, using judgment and conjecture; which, he is bold to say, he will not be found to have exercised wantonly, but to follow the establish'd rules of critique with soberness and temperance. These emendations, (whether of his own, or other gentlemen (10) carrying in themselves a face of certainty, and coming in aid of places that were apparently corrupt, are admitted into the text, and the rejected reading is always put below; some others,—that have neither that certainty, nor are of that necessity, but are specious and plausible, and may be thought by some to mend the passage they belong to, —will have a place in the collection that is spoken of above. But where it is said, that the rejected reading is always put below, this must be taken with some restriction: for some of the emendations, and of course the ancient readings upon which they are grounded, being of a complicated nature, the general method was there inconvenient; and, for these few, you are referred to a note which will be found among the rest: and another sort there are, that are simply insertions; these are effectually pointed out by being printed in the gothick or black character.

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(10) In the manuscripts from which all these plays are printed, the emendations are given to their proper owner by initials and other marks that are in the margin of those manuscripts; but they are suppressed in the print for two reasons: First, their number, in some pages, makes them a little unsightly; and the editor professes him-

Hitherto, the defects and errors of these old editions have been of such a nature, that we could lay them before the reader, and submit to his judgment the remedies that are applied to them; which is accordingly done, either in the page itself where they occur, or in some note that is to follow: but there are some behind that would not be so manag'd: either by reason of their frequency, or difficulty of subjecting them to the rules under which the others are brought: they have been spoken of before at p. 133, where the corruptions are all enumerated, and are as follows;—a want of proper exits and entrances, and of many scenical directions, throughout the work in general, and, in some of the plays, a want of division; and the errors are those of measure, and punctuation: all these are mended, and supplied, without notice and silently: but the reasons for so doing, and the method observed in doing it, shall be a little enlarged upon, that the fidelity of the editor, and that which is chiefly to distinguish him from those who have gone before, may stand sacred and unimpeachable; and, first, of the division.

The thing chiefly intended in reprinting the list of titles that may be seen at p. 136, was—to shew which plays were divided into acts, which into acts and scenes, and which of them were not divided at all; and the number of the first class is—eight, of the third—eleven; for though in “Henry V, 1. Henry VI, Love's Labour's lost, and The Taming of the Shrew,” there is some division aimed at; yet it is so lame and erroneous, that it was thought best to

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Self weak enough to like a well-printed book: in the next place, he does declare—that his only object has been, to do service to his great author; which provided it be done, he thinks it of small importance by what hand the service was administer'd: if the partisans of former editors shall chance to think them injur'd by this suppres-

consider them as totally undivided, and to rank them accordingly: now when these plays were to be divided, as well those of the first class as those of the third, the plays of the second class were studiously attended to; and a rule was picked out from them, by which to regulate this division: which rule might easily have been discovered before, had but any the least pains been bestow'd upon it; and certainly it was very well worth it, since neither can the representation be managed, nor the order and thread of the fable be properly conceived by the reader, till this article is adjusted. The plays that are come down to us divided, must be looked upon as of the author's own settling; and in them, with regard to acts, we find him following established precepts, or, rather, conforming himself to the practice of some other dramatick writers of his time; for they, it is likely, and nature, were the books he was acquainted with: his scene divisions he certainly did not fetch from writers upon the drama; for, in them, he observes a method in which perhaps he is singular, and he is invariable in the use of it: with him a change of scene implies generally a change of place, though not always; but always an entire evacuation of it, and a succession of new persons: the *liaison* of the scenes, which Jonson seems to have attempted, and upon which the French stage prides itself, he does not appear to have had any idea of; of the other unities he was perfectly well apprized; and has followed them, in one of his plays, with as great strictness and greater happiness than can perhaps be met with in any other writer: the play meant is,

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son, he must upon this occasion violate the rules of modesty, by declaring—that he himself is the most injured by it; whose emendations are equal, at least in number, to all theirs if put together; to say nothing of his recover'd readings, which are more considerable still.

"The Comedy of Errors;" in which the action is one, the place one, and the time such as even Aristotle himself would allow of—the revolution of half a day: but even in this play, the change of scene arises from change of persons, and by that it is regulated; as are also all the other plays that are not divided in the folio: for whoever will take the trouble to examine those that are divided, (and they are pointed out for him in the list) will see them conform exactly to the rule above-mentioned; and can then have but little doubt, that it should be applied to all the rest. (11) To have distinguished these divisions,—made (indeed) without the authority, but following the example of the folio,—had been useless and troublesome; and the editor fully persuades himself, that what he has said will be sufficient, and that he shall be excused by the ingenious and candid for overpassing them without further notice: whose pardon he hopes also to have for some other unnoticed matters that are related to this in hand, such as—marking the place of action, both general and particular; supplying scenical directions; and due regulating of exits and entrances: for of the first, there is no tittle in the old editions; and in both the latter, they are so deficient and faulty throughout, that it would not be much amiss if we looked upon them as wanting too; and then all these several articles might be considered as additions, that needed no other pointing out than a declaration that they are so: the light they throw upon the plays in general, and particularly upon some parts of them,—such as, the battle scenes throughout; Cæsar's passage to the senate-

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(11) The divisions that are in the folio are religiously adher'd to, except in two or three instances, which will be spoken of in their place; so that, as is said before, a perusal of those old-divided plays will put every one in a capacity of judging whether the present edi-

house, and subsequent assassination; Antony's death; the surprisal and death of Cleopatra; that of Titus Andronicus; and a multitude of others, which are all directed new in this edition,—will justify these insertions; and may, possibly, merit the reader's thanks, for the great aids which they afford to his conception.

It remains now to speak of errors of the old copies which are here amended without notice, to wit—the pointing and wrong division of much of them respecting the numbers. And as to the first, it is so extremely erroneous, throughout all the plays, and in every old copy, that small regard is due to it; and it becomes an editor's duty (instead of being influenced by such a punctuation, or even casting his eyes upon it) to attend closely to the meaning of what is before him, and to new-point it accordingly: was it the business of this edition—to make parade of discoveries, this article alone would have afforded ample field for it; for a very great number of passages are now first set to rights by this only, which before had either no sense at all, or one unsuited the context, and unworthy the noble penner of it; but all the emendations of this sort, though inferior in merit to no others whatsoever, are confined to silence; some few only excepted, of passages that have been much contested, and whose present adjustment might possibly be called in question again; these will be spoken of in some note, and a reason given for embracing them: all the other parts of the work have been examined with equal diligence, and equal attention; and the editor flatters himself, that the punctuation

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✧ The editor has proceeded rightly or no: the current editions are divided in such a manner, that nothing like a rule can be collected from any of them.

he has followed, (into which he has admitted some novel-  
ties (12) will be found of so much benefit to his author,  
that those who run may read, and that with profit and un-  
derstanding. The other great mistake in these old editions,  
and which is very insufficiently rectified in any of the new  
ones, relates to the poet's numbers; his verse being often  
wrong divided, or printed wholly as prose, and his prose as  
often printed like verse: this, though not so universal as  
their wrong pointing, is yet so extensive an error in the old  
copies, and so impossible to be pointed out otherwise than by  
a note, that an editor's silent amendment of it is surely, par-  
donable at least: for who would not be disgusted with that  
perpetual sameness which must necessarily have been in all  
the notes of this sort? Neither are they, in truth, emen-  
dations that require proving; every good ear does immedi-  
ately adopt them, and every lover of the poet will be pleased  
with that accession of beauty which results to him from  
them: it is perhaps to be lamented, that there is yet stand-  
ing in his works much unpleasing mixture of prosaic and  
metrical dialogue, and sometimes in places seemingly im-  
proper, as—in "Othello," p. 21: and some others which  
men of judgment will be able to pick out for themselves:  
but these blemishes are not now to be wiped away, at least  
not by an editor, whose province it far exceeds to make a  
change of this nature; but must remain as marks of the  
poet's negligence, and of the haste with which his pieces  
were composed: what he manifestly intended prose, (and  
we can judge of his intentions only from what appears in  
the editions that are come down to us) should be printed as

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(12) If the use of these new pointings, and also of certain marks  
that he will meet with in this edition, do not occur immediately to  
the reader, (as we think it will) he may find it explain'd to him at

prose, what verse as verse ; which, it is hoped, is now done, with an accuracy that leaves no great room for any further considerable improvements in that way.

Thus have we run through, in as brief a manner as possible, all the several heads, of which it was thought proper and even necessary that the publick should be apprized ; as well those that concern preceding editions, both old and new ; as the other which we have just quitted,—the method observed in the edition that is now before them : which though not so entertaining, it is confessed, not affording so much room to display the parts and talents of a writer, as some other topicks that have generally supplied the place of them ; such as,—criticisms or panegyricks upon the author, historical anecdotes, essays, and *florilegia* ; yet there will be found some odd people, who may be apt to pronounce of them—that they are all suitable to the place they stand in, and convey all the instruction that should be looked for in a preface. Here, therefore, we might take our leave of the reader, bidding him welcome to the banquet that is set before him, were it not apprehended, and reasonably, that he will expect some account why it is not served up to him at present with its accustomed and laudable garniture, of “ Notes, Glossaries.” &c. Now though it might be replied, as a reason for what is done,—that a very great part of the world, amongst whom is the editor himself, profess much dislike to this paginary intermixture of text and comment ; in works merely of entertainment, and written in the language of the country : as also—that he, the editor,

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large in the preface to a little octavo volume, intitled—“ Prolusions, or, select Pieces of ancient Poetry,” publish’d in 1760 by this editor, and printed for Mr. Tonson.



does not possess the secret of dealing out notes by measure, and distributing them amongst his volumes so nicely that the equality of their bulk shall not be broke in upon, the thickness of a sheet of paper; yet, having other matter at hand which he thinks may excuse him better, he will not have recourse to these above-mentioned: which matter is no other than his very strong desire of approving himself to the publick a man of integrity; and of making his future present more perfect, and as worthy of their acceptance as his abilities will let him. For the explaining of what is a little wrapped up in mystery at present, we must inform the publick—that another work is prepared, and in great forwardness, having been wrought upon many years; nearly indeed as long as the work which is now before them, for they have gone hand in hand almost from the first: this work, to which we have given for title “The School of Shakspeare,” consists wholly of extracts, (with observations upon some of them, interspersed occasionally) from books that may properly be called—his school; as they are indeed the sources from which he drew the greater part of his knowledge in mythology and classical matters, (13) his fable, his history, and even the seeming peculiarities of his language: to furnish out these materials, all the plays have been perused, within a very small number, that were in print in his time, or some short time after; the chronicles his contemporaries, or that a little preceded him; many original poets of that age, and many translators: with essayists, novelists, and story-mongers in great abundance: every book, in short, has been consulted that it was possible to procure,

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(13) Though our expressions, as we think, are sufficiently guarded in this place, yet, being fearful of misconstruction, we desire to be heard further as to this affair of his learning. It is our firm belief

with which it could be thought he was acquainted, or that seemed likely to contribute any thing towards his illustration. To what degree they illustrate him, and in how new a light they set the character of this great poet himself, can never be conceived as it should be, till these extracts come forth to publick view, in their just magnitude, and properly digested: for besides the various passages that he has either made use of or alluded to, many other matters have been selected and will be found in this work, tending all to the same end,—our better knowlege of him and his writings; and one class of them there is, for which we shall perhaps be censured as being too profuse in them, namely—the almost innumerable examples, drawn from these ancient writers, of words and modes of expression which many have thought peculiar to Shakespeare, and have been too apt to impute to him as a blemish: but the quotations of this class do effectually purge him from such a charge, which is one reason of their profusion; though another main inducement to it has been, a desire of shewing the true force and meaning of the aforesaid unusual words and expressions; which can no way be better ascertained, than by a proper variety of well-chosen examples. Now,—to bring this matter home to the subject for which it has been alledged, and upon whose account this affair is now laid before the publick somewhat

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then,—that Shakespeare was very well grounded, at least in Latin, at school: it appears from the clearest evidence possible, that his father was a man of no little substance, and very well able to give him such education; which, perhaps, he might be inclined to carry further, by sending him to a university; but was prevented in this design (if he had it) by his son's early marriage, which, from monuments and other like evidence, it appears with no less certainty, must have happened before he was seventeen, or very soon after: the displeasure of his father, which was the consequence of this marriage, or else some excesses which he is said to have been guilty of, it is probable, drove him up to town; where he engaged early in some

before its time,—who is so short-sighted as not to perceive upon first reflection, that, without manifest injustice, the notes upon this author could not precede the publication of the work we have been describing; whose choicest materials would unavoidably and certainly have found a place in those notes, and so been twice retailed upon the world; a practice which the editor has often condemned in others, and could therefore not resolve to be guilty of in himself? By postponing these notes a while, things will be as they ought: they will then be confined to that which is their proper subject, explanation alone, intermixed with some little criticism; and instead of long quotations, which would otherwise have appeared in them, the “School of Shakespeare” will be referred to occasionally; and one of the many indexes with which this same “School” will be provided, will afford an ampler and truer Glossary than can be made out of any other matter. In the mean while, and till such time as the whole can be got ready, and their way cleared for them by publication of the book above-mentioned, the reader will please to take in good part some few of these notes with which he will be presented by and by: they were written at least four years ago, with intention of placing them at the head of the several notes that are designed for each play; but are now detached from their fel-

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of the theatres, and was honour'd with the patronage of the earl of Southampton: his “Venus and Adonis” is addressed to that earl in a very pretty and modest dedication, in which he calls it—“the first heire of his invention;” and ushers it to the world with this singular motto,—

*Vilia miretur vulgus, mibi flavus Apollo*

*Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua;*

and the whole poem, as well as his “Lucrece,” which follow'd it soon after, together with his choice of those subjects, are plain marks of his acquaintance with some of the Latin classics, at least at that time: the dissipation of youth, and, when that was over, the busy scene in which he instantly plunged himself, may very well be sup-

lows, and made parcel of the Introduction \*, in compliance with some friends' opinion; who having given them a perusal, will needs have it, that 'tis expedient the world should be made acquainted forthwith—in what sort of reading the poor poet himself, and his editor after him, have been unfortunately immersed.

This discourse is run out, we know not how, into greater heap of leaves than was any ways thought of, and has perhaps fatigued the reader equally with the penner of it: yet can we not dismiss him, nor lay down our pen, till one article more has been enquired into, which seems no less proper for the discussion of this place, than one which we have inserted before, beginning at p. 137; as we there ventured to stand up in the behalf of some quartos and maintain their authenticity, so mean we to have the hardiness here to defend some certain plays in this collection from the attacks of a number of writers who have thought fit to call in question their genuineness: the plays contested are—"The three Parts of Henry VI; Love's Labour's lost; The Taming of the Shrew; and Titus Andronicus;" and the sum of what is brought against them, so far at least as is hitherto come to knowledge, may be all ultimately resolved into the sole opinion of their unworthiness, exclusive of some weak

\* In this edition these notes are placed among the notes to each play at the end of the volume, and marked E. CAPELL.

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posed to have hinder'd his making any great progress in them; but that such a mind as his should quite lose the tincture of any knowledge it had once been imbued with, cannot be imagined: accordingly we see, that this school-learning (for it was no more) stuck with him to the last; and it was the recollections, as we may call it, of that learning which produced the Latin that is in many of his plays, and most plentifully in those that are most early: every several piece of it is aptly introduced, given to a proper character, and uttered upon some proper occasion; and so well cemented, as it were, and join'd to the passage it stands in, as to deal conviction to the ju-

surmises which do not deserve a notice : it is therefore fair and allowable, by all laws of duelling, to oppose opinion to opinion ; which if we can strengthen with reasons, and something like proofs, which are totally wanting on the other side, the last opinion may chance to carry the day.

To begin then with the first of them, " the Henry VI, in three Parts." We are quite in the dark as to when the first part was written ; but should be apt to conjecture, that it was some considerable time after the other two ; and, perhaps, when those two were re-touched, and made a little fitter than they are in their first draught to rank with the author's other plays which he has fetched from our English history : and those two parts, even with all their re-touchings, being still much inferior to the other plays of that class, he may reasonably be supposed to have underwrit himself on purpose in the first, that it might the better match with those it belonged to : now that these two plays (the first draught of them, at least) are among his early performances, we know certainly from their date ; which is further confirmed by the two concluding lines of his " Henry V," spoken by the Chorus ; and (possibly) it were not going too far, to imagine—that they are his second attempt in history, and near in time to his original " King John" which is also in two parts : and, if this be so, we may safely pro-

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icious—that the whole was wrought up together, and fetched from his own little store, upon the sudden and without study.

The other languages which he has sometimes made use of, that is—the Italian and French, are not of such difficult conquest that we should think them beyond his reach : an acquaintance with the first of them was a sort of fashion in his time ; Surrey and the sonnet-writers set it on foot, and it was continued by Sidney and Spencer : all our poetry issued from that school ; and it would be wonderful indeed, if he, whom we saw a little before putting himself with so much zeal under the banner of the Muses, should not have been

nounce them his, and even highly worthy of him ; it being certain, that there was no English play upon the stage, at that time, which can come at all in competition with them ; and this probably it was, which procured them the good reception that is mentioned too in the chorus. The plays we are now speaking of have been inconceivably mangled either in the copy or the press, or perhaps both : yet this may be discovered in them,—that the alterations made afterwards by the author, are nothing near so considerable as those in some other plays ; the incidents, the characters, every principal out-line, in short, being the same in both draughts ; so that what we shall have occasion to say of the second, may, in some degree, and without much violence, be applied also to the first : and this we presume to say of it ;—that, low as it must be set in comparison of his other plays, it has beauties in it, and grandeurs, of which no author was capable but Shakespeare only ; that extremely affecting scene of the death of young Rutland, that of his father which comes next it, and of Clifford the murderer of them both ; Beaufort's dreadful exit, the exit of king Henry, and a scene of wondrous simplicity and wondrous tenderness united, in which that Henry is made a speaker while his last decisive battle is fighting,—are so many stamps upon these plays, by which his property is marked, and himself declared the owner

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tempted to taste at least of that fountain to which of all his other brethren there was such continual resort : let us conclude then, that he did taste of it ; but, happily for himself, and more happily for the world that enjoys him now, he did not find it to his relish, and threw away the cup : metaphor apart, it is evident—that he had some little knowledge of the Italian : perhaps, just as much as enabled him to read a novel or a poem ; and to put some few fragments of it, with which his memory furnished him, into the mouth of a pedant, or fine gentleman.

How or when he acquired it, we must be content to be ignorant, but of the French language he was somewhat a greater master than

of them, beyond controversy, as we think : and though we have selected these passages only, and recommended them to observation, it had been easy to name abundance of others which bear his mark as strongly : and one circumstance there is that runs through all the three plays, by which he is as surely to be known as by any other that can be thought of ; and that is,—the preservation of character : all the personages in them are distinctly and truly delineated, and the character given them sustained uniformly throughout : the enormous Richard's particularly, which in the third of these plays is seen rising towards its zenith : and who sees not the future monster, and acknowledges at the same time the pen that drew it, in these two lines only, spoken over a king who lies stab'd before him,——

What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sink in the ground ? I thought it would have mounted.

let him never pretend discernment hereafter in any case of this nature.

It is hard to persuade one's self, that the objectors to the play which comes next are indeed serious in their opinion ; for if he is not visible in " Love's Labour's lost," we know not in which of his comedies he can be said to be so : the ease and sprightliness of the dialogue in very many parts of

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of the two that have gone before ; yet, unless we except their novelists, he does not appear to have had much acquaintance with any of their writers ; what he has given us of it is merely colloquial, flows with great ease from him, and is reasonably pure : should it be said—he had travelled for it, we know not who can confute us : in his days indeed, and with people of his station, the custom of doing so was rather rarer than in ours ; yet we have met with an example, and in his own band of players, in the person of the very famous Mr. Kempe ; of whose travels there is mention in a silly old play, called—" The Return from Parnassus," printed in 1606, but written much earlier, in the time of queen Elizabeth ; add to this—the ex-

it; and (chiefly) in those truly comick characters, the pedant and his companion, the page, the constable, Costard, and Armado,—seem more than sufficient to prove Shakespear the author of it: and for the blemishes of this play, we must seek their true cause in its antiquity; which we may venture to carry higher than 1598, the date of its first impression: rime, when this play appeared, was thought a beauty of the drama, and heard with singular pleasure by an audience who but a few years before had been accustomed to all rime; and the measure we call dogrel, and are so much offended with, had no such effect upon the ears of that time: but whether blemishes or no, or however this matter be which we have brought to exculpate him, neither of these articles can with any face of justice be alledged against “*Love’s Labour’s lost*,” seeing they are both to be met with in several other plays, the genuineness of which has not been questioned by any one. And one thing more shall be observed in the behalf of this play;—that the author himself was so little displeased at least with some parts of it, that he has brought them a second time upon the stage; for who may not perceive that his famous Benedick and Beatrice are but little more than the counter parts of Biron and Rosaline? All which circumstances considered, and that especially of the writer’s childhood (as it may be termed)

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ceeding great liveliness and justness that is seen in many descriptions of the sea and promontories, which, if examined, shew another sort of knowledge of them than is to be gotten in books or relations; and if these be laid together, this conjecture of his travelling may not be thought void of probability.

One opinion, we are sure, which is advanced somewhere or other, is utterly so;—that this Latin, and this Italian, and the language that was last mentioned, are insertions; and the work of some other hand: there has been started now and then in philological matters a proposition so strange as to carry its own condemnation in it, and this is of the number; it has been honoured already with more no-



when this comedy was produced, we may confidently pronounce it his true off-spring, and replace it amongst its brethren.

That the "Taming of the Shrew" should ever have been put into this class of plays, and adjudged a spurious one, may justly be reckoned wonderful, when we consider its merit, and the reception it has generally met with in the world: its success at first, and the esteem it was then held in, induced Fletcher to enter the lists with it in another play, in which Petruchio is humbled, and Catharine triumphant; and we have it in his works, under the title of "The Woman's Prize, or, the Tamer tamed:" but, by an unhappy mistake of buffoonry for humour and obscenity for wit, which was not uncommon in that author, his production came lamely off, and was soon consigned to the oblivion in which it is now buried; whereas this of his antagonist flourishes still, and has maintained its place upon the stage (in some shape or other) from its very first appearance down to the present hour: and this success it has merited, by true wit and true humour; a fable of very artful construction, much business, and highly interesting; and by natural and well-sustained characters, which no pen but Shakespeare's was capable of drawing. What defects it has, are chiefly in the diction; the same (indeed) with those of the play that

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tice than it is any ways entitled to, where the poet's Latin is spoke of a little while before; to which answer it must be left, and we shall pass on—to profess our entire belief of the genuineness of every several part of this work, and that he only was the author of it: he might write beneath himself at particular times, and certainly does in some places; but is not always without excuse; and it frequently happens that a weak scene happens to very good purpose, as will be made appear at one time or other. It may be thought that there is one argument still unanswered, which has been brought against his acquaintance with the Latin and other languages; and that is,—that had he been so acquainted, it could not have happened but that some

was last-mentioned, and to be accounted, for the same way — for we are strongly inclined to believe it a neighbour in time to “ Love’s Labour’s lost,” though we want the proofs of it which we have luckily for that. (14)

But the plays which we have already spoke of are but slightly attacked, and by few writers, in comparison of this which we are now come to, of “ Titus Andronicus :” commentators, editors, every one (in short) who has had to do with Shakespeare, unite all in condemning it,—as a very bundle of horrors, totally unfit for the stage, and unlike the poet’s manner, and even the style of his other pieces; all which allegations are extremely true, and we readily admit of them, but cannot admit the conclusion—that, therefore, it is not his; and shall now proceed to give the reasons of our dissent, but (first) the play’s age must be enquired into. In the Induction to Jonson’s “ Bartholomew Fair,” which was written in the year 1614; the audience is thus accosted:—“ Hee that will sweare, Jeronimo or Andronicus are “ the best playes, yet shall passe unexcepted at, heere, as a “ man whose judgement shewes it is constant, and hath stood “ still, these five and twentie or thirtie yeares. Though it “ be an *ignorance*, it is a vertuous and stay’d ignorance; and “ next to *truth*, a confirmed errorour does well; such a one “ the *author* knowes where to finde him.” We have here

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imitations would have crept into his writings, of which certainly there are none: but this argument has been answer’d in effect; when it was said—that his knowledge in these languages was but slender, and his conversation with the writers in them slender too of course: but, had it been otherwise, and he as deeply read in them as some people have thought him, his works (it is probable) had been as little deformed with imitations as we now see them: Shakespeare was far above such a practice; he had the stores in himself and wanted not the assistance of a foreign hand to dress him up in things of their lending.

the great Ben himself joining this play with "Jeronimo, or, the Spanish Tragedy," and bearing expresse testimony to the credit they were both in with the publick at the time they were written; but this is by the by; to ascertain that time, was the chief reason for inserting the quotation, and there we see it fixed to twenty-five or thirty years prior to this Induction. Now it is necessary to suppose, that Jonson speaks in this place with exact precision; but allowing that he does, the first of these periods carries us back to 1589, a date not very repugnant to what is afterwards advanced: Langbaine, in his "Account of the English dramatick poets," under the article—Shakespeare, does expressly tell us,—that "Andronicus was first printed in 1594, quarto, "and acted by the earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, "their servants;" and though the edition is not now to be met with, and he who mentions it be no exact writer, nor greatly to be relied on in many of his articles, yet in this we have quoted he is so very particular, that one can hardly withhold assent to it; especially as this account of its printing coincides well enough with Jonson's æra of writing this play; to which therefore we subscribe, and go on upon that ground. The books of that time afford strange examples of the barbarism of the publick taste both upon the stage and elsewhere: a conceited one of John Lilly's set a nation a madding; and, for a while, every pretender to politeness "parl'd

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(14) The authenticity of this play stands further confirmed by the testimony of Sir Aston Cockayne; a writer who came near to Shakespeare's time, and does expressly ascribe it to him, in an epigram addressed to Mr. Clement Fisher of Wincot; but it is (perhaps) superfluous, and of but little weight neither, as it will be said—that Sir Aston proceeds only upon the evidence of its being in print in his name: we do therefore lay no great stress upon it, nor shall insert the epigram here; it will be found in "The School of Shakespeare," which is the proper place for things of that sort.

Euphuism," as it was phrased, and no writings would go down with them but such as were pen'd in that fantastical manner: the setter-up of this fashion tried it also in comedy; but seems to have miscarried in that, and that for this plain reason: the people who govern theatres are the middle and lower orders of the world; and these expected laughter in comedies, which this stuff of Lilly's was incapable of exciting: but some other writers, who rose exactly at that time, succeeded better in certain tragical performances, though as outrageous to the full in their way, and as remote from nature, as these comick ones of Lilly's: for falling in with that innate love of blood which has been often objected to British audiences, and choosing fables of horror, which they made horrider still by their manner of handling them, they produced a set of monsters that are not to be parallel'd in all the annals of play-writing; yet they were received with applause, and were the favourites of the publick for almost ten years together, ending at 1595: many plays of this stamp, it is probable, have perished; but those that are come down to us are as follows;—"The Wars of Cyrus; Tamburlaine the Great, in two Parts; The Spanish Tragedy, likewise in two Parts; Soliman and Perseda; and Selimus a tragedy;" (15) which, whoever has means of coming at, and can have the patience to examine, will see evident tokens of a fashion then prevailing, which occasioned all these plays to be cast in the same mold. Now Shakespeare, whatever motives he might have in some other parts

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(15) No evidence has occurred to prove exactly the time these plays were written, except that passage of Jonson's which relates to "Jeronimo;" but the editions we have read them in, are as follows: "Tamburlaine" in 1593; "Selimus," and "The Wars of Cyrus," in 1594; and "Soliman and Perseda" in 1599; the other without a date, but as early as the earliest: they are all without name of au-

of it, at this period of his life wrote certainly for profit; and seeing it was to be had in this way (and in this way only, perhaps) he fell in with the current, and gave his sorry auditors a piece to their tooth in this contested play of "Titus Andronicus" which, as it came out at the same time with the plays above-mentioned, is most exactly like them in almost every particular; their very numbers, consisting all of ten syllables with hardly any redundant, are copied by this Proteus, who could put on any shape that either served his interest or suited his inclination: and this, we hope, is a fair and unforced way of accounting for "Andronicus;" and may convince the most prejudiced—that Shakespeare might be the writer of it, as he might also of "Lochrine," which is ascribed to him, a ninth tragedy, in form and time agreeing perfectly with the others. But to conclude this article,—however he may be censured, as rash or ill-judging, the editor ventures to declare—that he himself wanted not the conviction of the foregoing argument to be satisfied who the play belongs to; for though a work of imitation, and conforming itself to models truly execrable throughout, yet the genius of its author breaks forth in some places, and, to the editor's eye, Shakespeare stands confessed: the third act in particular may be read with admiration even by the most delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themselves touched by with such passions as tragedy should excite, that is,—terror and pity. The reader will please to observe—that all these con-

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thor; nor has any book been met with to instruct us in that particular, except only for "Jeronimo;" which we are told by Heywood, in his "Apology for Actors," was written by Thomas Kyd; author, or translator rather, (for it is taken from the French of Robert Garnier) of another play, intitled—"Cornelia," printed likewise in 1594. Which of these extravagant plays had the honour to lead the

tested plays are in the folio, which is dedicated to the poet's patrons and friends, the earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, by editors who are seemingly honest men, and profess themselves dependant upon those noblemen; to whom therefore they would hardly have had the confidence to present forgeries, and pieces supposititious; in which too they were liable to be detected by those identical noble persons themselves, as well as by a very great part of their other readers and auditors: which argument, though of no little strength in itself, we omitted to bring before, as having better (as we thought) and more forcible to offer; but it had behoved those gentlemen who have questioned the plays to have got rid of it in the first instance, as it lies full in their way in the very entrance upon this dispute.

We shall close this part of the Introduction with some observations, that were reserved for this place, upon that paragraph of the player-editors preface which is quoted at p. 134; and then taking this further liberty with the reader,—to call back his attention to some particulars that concern the present edition, dismiss him, to be entertained (as we hope) by a sort of appendix, consisting of those notes that have been mentioned, in which the true and undoubted originals of almost all the poet's fables are clearly pointed out. But first of the preface. Besides the authenticity of all the several pieces that make up this collection, and their care in publishing them, both solemnly affirmed in the paragraph referred to, we there find these honest editors acknowledging, in terms

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way, we cannot certainly tell, but "Jeronymo" seems to have the best pretensions to it; as "Selimus" has above all his other brethren, to bearing away the palm for blood and murder: this curious piece has these lines for a conclusion;—

If this first part, gentles, do like you well,  
The second part shall greater murders tell.

equally solemn, the author's right in his copies, and lamenting that he had not exercised that right by a publication of them during his life-time; and from the manner in which they express themselves, we are strongly inclined to think—that he had really formed such a design, but towards his last days, and too late to put it in execution: a collection of Jonson's was at that instant in the press, and upon the point of coming forth; which might probably inspire such a thought into him and his companions, and produce conferences between them—about a similar publication from him, and the pieces that should compose it, which the poet might make a list of. It is true; this is only a supposition; but a supposition arising naturally, as we think, from the incident that has been mentioned, and the expressions of his fellow-players and editors: and, if suffered to pass for truth, here is a good and sound reason for the exclusion of all those other plays that have been attributed to him upon some grounds or other;—he himself has proscribed them; and we cannot forbear hoping, that they will in no future time rise up against him, and be thrust into his works: a disavowal of weak and idle pieces, the productions of green years, wantonness, or inattention, is a right that all authors are vested with; and should be exerted by all, if their reputations are dear to them; had Jonson used it, his character had stood higher than it does: but, after all, they who have paid attention to this truth are not always secure; the indiscreet zeal of an admirer, or avarice of a publisher, has frequently added

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But whether the audience had enough of it, or how it happened we cannot tell, but no such second part is to be found. All their plays were the constant butt of the poets who came immediately after them, and of Shakespeare amongst the rest; and by their ridicule the town at last was made sensible of their ill judgment, and the theatre was purg'd of these monsters.

things that dishonour them; and where realities have been wanting, forgeries supply the place; thus has Homer his "Hymns," and the poor Mantuan his "Ciris" and his "Culex." Noble and great authors demand all our veneration: where their wills can be discovered, they ought sacredly to be complied with; and that editor ill discharges his duty, who presumes to load them with things they have renounced. It happens but too often, that we have other ways to shew our regard to them; their own great want of care in their copies, and the still greater want of it that is commonly in their impressions, will find sufficient exercise for any one's friendship, who may wish to see their works set forth in that perfection which was intended by the author. And this friendship we have endeavoured to shew to Shakespeare in the present edition: the plan of it has been laid before the reader; upon whom it rests to judge finally of its goodness, as well as how it is executed: but as several matters have intervened, that may have driven it from his memory; and we are desirous above all things to leave a strong impression upon him of one merit which it may certainly pretend to; that is—its fidelity; we shall take leave to remind him, at parting, that—Throughout all this work, what is added without the authority of some ancient edition, is printed in a black letter: what altered, and what thrown out, constantly taken notice of; some few times in a note, where the matter was long, or of a complex nature; (16) but, more generally, at the bottom of the page; where

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(16) The particulars that could not well be pointed out below, according to the general method, or otherwise than by a note, are of three sorts;—omissions, or any thing large; transpositions; and such differences of punctuation as produce great changes in the sense of a passage: instances of the first, occur in "Love's Labour's lost," p. 56,



what is put out of the text, how minute and insignificant soever, is always to be met with ; what altered, as constantly set down, and in the proper words of that edition upon which the alteration is formed : and, even in authorized readings, whoever is desirous of knowing further, what edition is followed preferably to the others, may be gratified too in that, by consulting the Various Readings ; which are now finished, and will be published, together with the Notes, in some other volume, with all the speed that is convenient \*.

Such are the materials out of which this great poet has raised a structure, which no time shall efface, nor any envy be strong enough to lessen the admiration that is so justly due to it ; which if it was great before, cannot fail to receive increase with the judicious, when the account that has been now given them is reflected upon duly : other originals have, indeed, been pretended ; and much extraordinary criticism has, at different times, and by different people, been spun out of those conceits ; but, except some few articles in which the writer professes openly his ignorance of the sources they are drawn from, and some others in which he delivers himself doubtfully, what is said in the preceding leaves concerning these fables may, with all certainty, be relied upon.

\* Here Mr. Capell inserts his account of the origin of the Fables of Shakespeare's Plays ; to find which, see note marked \*, p. cli.

#### N O T E.

57, and in "Troilus and Cressida," p. 363 and 371 ; of the second, in "The Comedy of Errors," p. 539, and in "Richard III.," p. 514 and 515 ; and "The Tempest," p. 72, and "King Lear," p. 169, afford instances of the last ; as may be seen by looking into any modern edition, where all those passages stand nearly as in the old ones.

How much is it to be wished, that something equally certain, and indeed worthy to be intitled—A Life of Shakespeare, could accompany this relation, and complete the tale of those pieces which the publick is apt to expect before new editions? But that nothing of this sort is at present in being, may be said without breach of candour, as we think, or suspicion of over much niceness: an imperfect and loose account of his father, and family; his own marriage, and the issue of it; some traditional stories,—many of them trifling in themselves, supported by small authority, and seemingly ill grounded; together with his life's final period, as gathered from his monument, is the full and whole amount of historical matter that is in any of these writings; in which the critick and essayist swallow up the biographer, who yet ought to take the lead in them. The truth is, the occurrences of this most interesting life (we mean the private ones) are irrecoverably lost to us; the friendly office of registering them was overlooked by those who alone had it in their power; and our enquiries about them now must prove vain and thrown away. But there is another sort of them that is not quite so hopeless; which besides affording us the prospect of some good issue to our endeavours, do also invite us to them by the promise of a much better reward for them: the knowledge of his private life had done little more than gratify our curiosity, but his publick one as a writer would have consequences more important; a discovery there would throw a new light upon many of his pieces: and where rashness only is shewed in the opinions that are now current about them, a judgment might then be formed, which perhaps would do credit to the giver of it. When he commenced a writer for the stage, and in which play; what the order of the rest of them, and (if that be

discoverable) what the occasion; and, lastly, for which of the numerous theatres that were then subsisting they were severally written at first,—are the particulars that should chiefly engage the attention of a writer of Shakespeare's life, and be the principal subjects of his enquiry: to assist him in which, the first impressions of these plays will do something, and their title-pages at large, which, upon that account, we mean to give in another work that will accompany the "School of Shakespeare;" and something the "School" itself will afford, that may contribute to the same service: but the corner-stone of all, must be—the works of the poet himself, from which much may be extracted by a heedful peruser of them; and, for the sake of such a peruser, and by way of putting him into the train when the plays are before him, we shall instance in one of them;—the time in which "Henry V" was written, is determined almost precisely by a passage in the chorus to the fifth act, and the concluding chorus of it contains matter relative to "Henry VI:" other plays might be mentioned, as "Henry VIII and Macbeth;" but this one may be sufficient to answer our intention in producing it, which was—to spirit some one up to this task in some future time, by shewing the possibility of it; which he may be further convinced of, if he reflects what great things have been done, by criticks amongst ourselves, upon subjects of this sort, and of a more removed antiquity than he is concerned in. A life thus constructed, interspersed with such anecdotes of common notoriety as the writer's judgment shall tell him—are worth regard; together with some memorials of this poet that are happily come down to us; such as, an instrument in the Heralds Office, confirming arms to his father; a patent, preserved in Rymer, granted by James

the first; his last will and testament, extant now at Doctors-Commons; his Stratford monument, and a monument of his daughter, which is said to be there also;—such a life would rise quickly into a volume; especially, with the addition of one proper and even necessary episode—a brief history of our drama, from its origin down to the poet's death: even the stage he appeared upon, its form, dressings, actors should be enquired into, as every one of those circumstances had some considerable effect upon what he composed for it. The subject is certainly a good one, and will fall (we hope) ere it be long, into the hands of some good writer, by whose abilities this great want may at length be made up to us, and the world of letters enriched by the happy acquisition of a masterly “Life of Shakespeare.”

# T A B L E

## O F

### QUARTO EDITIONS OF PLAYS

WRITTEN BY

### SHAKESPEARE.

I. Hamlet. 1605. J. R. for Thomas Creede, for Thomas N. L. (best Edit.) 2. 1611. for Pavier. (ADD.) 3. 1608. for John Smethwicke. 3. no date. T. P.] W.S. for Do. (ADD.) 4. 1637. R. Young for do.

II. Henry IV, 1st. p. 1598. Valentine Simmes for Thomas P. S. for Andrew Wife. (best Millington. (ADD & IMP.) edit. ADD.) 2. 1599. S. S. 2. 1600. W.W. for Tho. Millington. (\*DES.) 3. no date. for Do. 3. 1604. (DES. 4.) 1608. for T. P.] v. B.  
for Mathew Law. (DES.) 5. 1613. W.W. for Do. (ADD.) VII. King John. [1591: for 6. 1622. T. P. Sold by Do. 7. Sampson Clarke. b. l. 2. 1611. Valentine Simmes for John 1632. John Norton. Sold by Helme. 3. 1622. Aug. Ma- William Sheares. (ADD.) 8. thewes for Tho. Dewe.] v. C. 1639. John Norton. Sold by Hugh Perry.

III. Henry IV, 2d. p. 1600. Nathaniel Butter. (best edit.) V. S. for Andrew Wife, and 2. 1608. for Do. (ADD. v. D.) William Aspley. 2. 1600. Do. 3. 1655. Jane Bell. (DES.) v. A.

IV. Henry V. [1600. Thomas Love's Labour's lost. 1598. W.W. for Cuthbert Bur- mas Creede, for Tho. Millington. (best edit.) 2. 1631. W.S. by. John Busby. 2. 1602. for John Smethwicke.

VOL. I.

m

X. Merchant of Venice. 1600. J. R. for Thomas Heyes. (best edit.) 2. 1600. J. Roberts. 3. 1637. M. P. for Laurence Hayes. 4. 1652. for William Leake. (ADD.)

XI. Merry Wives of Windsor. [1602. T. C. for Arthur Johnson. 2. 1619. for Do.] 3. 1630. T. H. for R. Meighen. (a & f.)

XII. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. for Thomas Fisher. (best edit.). 2. 1600. James Roberts.

XIII. Much Ado about Nothing. 1600. V. S. for Andrew Wife and William Aspley. (best edit.)

XIV. Othello. 1622. N. O. for Thomas Walkley. (a) 2. no date. (Preface by Tho. Walkely. \* DES.) 3. 1630. A. M. for Richard Hawkins. (a.) 4. 1655. for William Leak. (ADD. a.)

XV. Richard II. 1597. Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wife. (best edit. ADD.) 2. 1598. Valentine Simmes for Do. 3. 1608. W. W. for Mathew Law. (DES.) 4. 1615.

for Do. 5. 1634. John Norton. a & f.)

XVI. Richard III. 1597. Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wife. (\*DES.) 2. 1598. Thomas Creede, for Do. 3. 1602. Do. 4. 1612. Thomas Creede. Sold by Mathew Lawe. 5. 1622. Thomas Purfoot. Sold by Do. 6. 1629. John Norton. Sold by Do. 7. 1634. John Norton.

XVII. Romeo and Juliet. [1597. John Danter.] 2. 1599. Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby. (DES.) 3. 1609. for John Smethwick. (best edit. ADD.) 4. no date. for John Smethwicke. (ADD.) 5. 1637. R. Young for Do.

XVIII. Taming of the Shrew. [1607. V. S. for Nich. Ling. \* DES.] 2. 1631. W. S. for John Smethwicke.

XIX. Titus Andronicus. 1611. for Edward White. (best edit.)

XX. Troilus and Cressida. 1609. G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Whalley. (best edit.) 2. no date. G. Eld for do. (\*DES.)

# TABLE OF HIS EDITIONS. cxxxix

## NOTES.

A.] Signature E, in this copy, contains six leaves; a scene being there added, the first act of the third.

B.] These editions contain only the second and third parts of "Henry the sixth," and are thus i-titled,—The whole Contention betwene the two famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke.

C.] In all these editions the play is in two parts.

D.] The first of these "Lears" is printed upon eleven sheets; the second, but upon ten and a quarter: signature, next the title-page, of the first, A. 2; of the second, B.

N. B.] ADD. signifies—additions, or copies added by the compiler; (v. "Introduction," p. 140.) IMP.—imperfect; and DES.—desideratum, or wanting in his collection; and a star before DES. implies—never seen by him: the notices of these are from the tables of former editors.

## Ditto of PLAYS ascribed to him.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>I. Arraignment of Paris. O. C. 1584. Henrie Marsh. (<i>a &amp; f.</i>)</p> <p>II. Birth of Merlin. ** 1662. Tho. Johnson for Francis Kirkman and Henry Marsh. (<i>a</i>).</p> <p>III. Edward III. O. C. 1596. for Cuthbert Burby. 2. 1599. Simon Stafford for Do.</p> <p>IV. Fair Em. † 1631. for John Wright.</p> <p>V. Locrine. * 1595. Thomas Creede. (<i>a &amp; f.</i>)</p> <p>VI. London Prodigal. * 1605. T. C. for Nathaniel Butter.</p> <p>VII. Merry Devil of Edmonton. † 1608. Henry Ballard for Arthur Johnson. 2. 1617. G. Eld. for Do. 3. 1626. A. M. for Francis Falkner. 4. 1631. T. P. for do. 5. 1655. for William Gilbertson.</p> | <p>VIII. Mucedorus. † 1598. for William Jones. (DES.) 2. 1610. for Do. 1615. N. O. for Do. (DES.) 4. 1639. for John Wright. 5. no date. for Francis Coles. 6. 1668. E. O. for Do.</p> <p>IX. Pericles. * 1609. for Henry Goffon. 2. 1619. for T. P. 3. 1630. J. N. for R. B. 4. 1635. Thomas Cotes.</p> <p>X. Puritan. * 1607. G. Eld. (<i>a</i>).</p> <p>XI. Sir John Oldcastle. * 1600. for T. P.</p> <p>XII. Thomas lord Cromwel. * 1683. Thomas Snodham.</p> <p>XIII. Two noble Kinsmen. ** 1634. Tho. Cotes, for John Waterfon. (<i>a &amp; f.</i>)</p> <p>XIV. Yorkshire Tragedy. * 1619. for T. P.</p> |
|---|---|

## N O T E.

The two plays, marked with double asterisks, are said in the title-page to have been written, the first by Shakespeare and Rowley, the other by Fletcher and Shakespeare: and the seven, with single asterisks, are published with his other plays in a folio edition printed in 1664, and in some editions since. O. C. signifies old catalogues; in some of which these two plays are ascribed to Shakespeare: and the remaining three, distinguished by crosses, are in a volume, now in Mr. Garrick's possession, that did belong to king Charles the first, which is titled upon the back, "Shakespeare, vol. I." and these likewise are given to him by old catalogues, "Fair Em" excepted, which is therefore differenced by having but one cross-bar. It may be just observed too, that to the plays marked—O. C. and with crosses, there is no name of author, either in the title-page, or other part: of the double asterisks, see the account above; and, for the single ones, in the title-pages of "Lochrine, Puritan, and Thomas lord Cromwel," are the initial letters, W. S. and, in the others, the name at length.

## F O L I O E D I T I O N S.

I. Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. Published according to the true originall Copies. 1623. fol. Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount.

II. Do, 1632, fol. Tho. Cotes. for Robert Allot.

III. Do, 1664, fol. for P. C.

IV. Do, 1685, fol. for H. Herringman, E. Brewster, and R. Bentley.

## E D I T I O N S O F H I S P O E M S.

I. Shakespear's Poems. 1609. quarto. (\*DES.)

II. Do, no date, octavo, for Bernard Lintott. (v. note.)

III. Do. 1640, octavo. Tho. Cotes. Sold by John Benfon.

IV. Passionate Pilgrim, poems by do. 1559, octavo, small. for W. Jaggard. Sold by W. Leake.

V. Pape of Lucrece, a poem. 1594, quarto. Richard Field, for John Harrison. (DES.)

VI. Do, 1598, octavo. P. S. for do.

VII. Do, 1607, octavo, N. O. for do.

VIII. Venus and Adonis, a poem. 8620, octavo. for J. P.

## N O T E.

This is said in the title-page to be an exact copy of the edition that goes before; and has the appearance of being what it professes.



S O M E  
ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, &c.

O F

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Written by Mr. ROWE.

**I**T seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features, have been the subject of critical enquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described, even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book: and though the Works of Mr. Shakespeare may seem not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. John Sheakspeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and publick writings

relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for some time at a free-school, where 'tis probable he acquired what Latin he was master of : but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great genius, (equal, if not superior to some of the best of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with, his own writings : so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him, or no, may admit of a dispute : for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakespeare : and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of, forced him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up: and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatick poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name

is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the ghost in his own Hamlet. I should have been much more pleased, to have learned from some certain authority, which was the first play he wrote\*; it would be, without doubt, a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakespeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the more vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment, but that what he thought was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an universal judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the chorus at the end of the fourth act of Henry V. by a compliment very handsomely turned to the earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his elogy upon queen

\* The highest date of any I can yet find, is *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, when the author was 33 years old, and *Richard the 2d* and *3d*, in the next year, viz. the 34th of his age.

Elizabeth, and her suecessor king James, in the latter end of his Henry VIII. is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a genius arise amongst them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion ; so that it is no wonder if with so many good qualities he made himself acquainted with the best conversation of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour : it is that maiden plainly, whom he intends by

— A fair vestal, throned by the West.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of Henry the Fourth, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing the *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of \* *Oldcastle* ; some of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleased to command him to alter it ; upon which he

\* See the epilogue to Henry IVth.

made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice; since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the fifth's and Henry the sixth's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted, that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to French dancers and Italian fingers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; Mr. Johnson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Johnson and his writings to the publick. Johnson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakespeare; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what nature gave the latter was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eaton, and Ben Johnson; Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakespeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Johnson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, "That if Mr. Shakespeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the subject at least as well written by Shakespeare."

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion; and, in that, to his wish: and is said to have spent some years before his death

at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit, and good-nature, engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately. Upon which Shakespeare gave him these four verses.

Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,  
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:  
If any man ask, Who lyes in this tomb?  
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument, as engraved in the plate, is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust inclosed here.  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quincy, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Su-



fannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nash, esq; and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbingdon, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family : the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Johnson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his Discoveries, I will give it in his words.

“ I remember the players have often mentioned it as an  
 “ honour to Shakespeare, that in writing (whatsoever he  
 “ penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath  
 “ been, Would he had blotted a thousand! which they  
 “ thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity  
 “ this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance  
 “ to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted :  
 “ and to justifie mine own candour, for I lov’d the man, and  
 “ do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as  
 “ any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free  
 “ nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle  
 “ expressions; wherein he flow’d with that facility, that  
 “ sometimes it was necessary he should be stopp’d : *Suffla-*  
 “ *minandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit  
 “ was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so  
 “ too. Many times he fell into those things which could  
 not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar,  
 “ one speaking to him,

“ Cæsar thou dost me wrong.

“ He reply’d :

“ Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.

“ and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeem’d  
 “ his vices with his virtues : there was ever more in him to  
 “ be prais’d than to be pardon’d.”

As for the passages which he mentions out of Shakespeare, there is somewhat like it in Julius Cæsar, but without the absurdity ; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. Johnson. Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbain, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise Venus and Adonis, and Tarquin and Lucrece, in stanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Johnson, there is a good deal true in it : but I believe it may be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first Romans, who wröte tragedy upon the Greek models, (or indeed translated them) in his epistle to Augustus.

———*Naturâ sublimis & acer,  
 Nam spirat tragicum satis & feliciter audet,  
 Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.*

As I have not propos’d to myself to enter into a large and complete collection of Shakespeare’s works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleas’d with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragic-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of

our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. The Merry Wives of Windsor, the Comedy of Errors, and the Taming of the Shrew, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. 'Tis not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falstaff is allowed by every body to be a master-piece; the character is always well sustained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the first act of Henry V. though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I don't know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of the second part of Henry the fourth. Amongst other extravagancies, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, he has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his antiquities of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very pleasantly upon them. The whole play is ad-

mirable; the humours are various and well opposed; the main design, which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward Malvolio. The parasite and the vain-glorious Parolles, in *All's well that Ends well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in Plautus or Terence. Petruchio, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of Benedick and Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Rosalind, in *As you like it*, have much wit and sprightliness all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Ther-sites in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be master-pieces of ill-nature, and satyrical snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew in the *Merchant of Venice*: but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it a so deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to be one of the most finished of any of Shakespeare's. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability: but taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said,

the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick. The melancholy of Jaques in *As you like it*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace says,

*Difficile est proprie communia dicere,*

'twill be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

———— All the world is a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players ;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. First the infant  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :  
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,  
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice  
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;

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His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk thanks ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again tow'rd childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and meer oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

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His images are indeed every where so very lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw ; 'tis an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

————— She never told her love,  
 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
 Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought,  
 And sat like Patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at Grief.

What an image is here given ! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by this sketch of statuary ! The style of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself ; and the wit, most commonly, sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in : and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines

of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing: that was what I suppose he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magick has something in it very solemn and very poetical: and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that was ever seen. The observation, which I have been informed \* three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just; "That Shakespeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character."

\* Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

It is the same magick that raises the fairies in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the witches in *Macbeth*, and the ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talents of the writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice among the tragedies of Mr. Shakespeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults: but as Shakespeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatick poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first, among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragick or heroick poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered, the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the drama that the strength and mastery of Shakespeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true history, or no-



vels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: and in his Antony and Cleopatra, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, *The manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shown by the poet,* he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, 'tis The Life of King John, King Richard, &c. What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of Henry the Sixth, than the picture Shakespeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in the second part of Henry VI. which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying

over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his Henry VIII. that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king; and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of cardinal Wolsey. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of queen Catharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened king Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish, the queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observed, in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage, and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by

Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakespeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play : but, as I hinted before, his design seems to be, most commonly, rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet*, is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra* of Sophocles. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the Greek tragedy something very moving in the grief of *Electra* ; but as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that princess and *Orestes* in the latter part. *Orestes* embrues his hands in the blood of his own mother ; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Ægysthus* for help, and to her son for mercy : while *Electra* her daughter, and a princess (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency) stands upon the stage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raise ! *Clytemnestra* was a wicked wo-

man, and had deserved to die ; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son ; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakespeare. Hamlet is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as Orestes ; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest : but 'tis with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's ghost forbid that part of his vengeance.

But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother ought ; leave her to heav'n,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her.

This is to distinguish rightly between horror and terror. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatic writer ever succeeded better in raising terror in the minds of an audience than he has done. The whole tragedy of Macbeth, but more especially the scene where the king is murdered in the second act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ ; and both shew how powerful he was in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave Hamlet, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this master-piece of Shakespeare distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part. A man, who though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem

of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakspeare's manner of expression, and indeed he has studied him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of Shakspeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a veneration.

The following Instrument was transmitted to us by **JOHN ANSTIS**, Esq; Garter King at Arms. It is marked G. 13. p. 349.

[There is also a Manuscript in the Heralds Office, marked W. 2. p. 276; where notice is taken of this Coat, and that the person to whom it was granted, had borne magistracy at Stratford upon Avon.]

**T**O all and singular noble and gentlemen of all estates and degrees, bearing arms, to whom these presents shall come; William Dethick, garter principal king of arms of England, and William Camden, alias Clariencieulx, king of arms for the south, east, and west parts of this realm, send Greetings. Know ye, that in all nations and kingdoms the record and remembrance of the valiant facts and virtuous dispositions of worthy men have been made known and divulged by certain shields of arms and tokens of chivalrie; the grant or testimony whereof appertaineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the queen's most excellent majesty, and her highness's most noble and victorious progenitors: Wherefore being solicited, and by credible report informed, that John Shakespeare, now of Stratford upon Avon in the county of Warwick, gentleman, whose great-grandfather, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince, king Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit; and for that the said John Shakespeare having married the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wellincote in the said county, and also produced this his ancient coat of arms, heretofore assigned to him whilst he was her majesty's officer and

bailiff of that town. In consideration of the premises, and for the encouragement of his posterity, unto whom such blazon of arms and atchievements of inheritance from their said mother, by the ancient custom and laws of arms, may lawfully descend; we the said Garter and Clarencieux have assigned, granted, and confirmed, and by these presents exemplified unto the said John Shakespeare, and to his posterity, that shield and coat of arms, *viz.* In a field of gold upon a bend fables a spear of the first, the point upward, headed argent; and for his crest or cognisance, A falcon, Or, with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear armed headed, or steeled silver, fixed upon an helmet with mantles and tassels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this margin; and we have likewise impaled the same with the ancient arms of the said Arden of Wellincote; signifying thereby, that it may and shall be lawful for the said John Shakespeare, gent. to bear use the same shield of arms, single or impaled, as aforesaid, during his natural life; and that it shall be lawful for his children, issue, and posterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, use, and quarter, and shew forth the same, with their due differences, in all lawful warlike feats and civil use or exercises, according to the laws of arms, and custom that to gentlemen belongeth, without let or interruption of any person or persons, for use or bearing the same. In witness and testimony whereof we have subscribed our names, and fastened the seals of our office. Given at the office of arms, London, the            day of            in the forty-second year of the reign of our most gracious sovereign lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. 1599.

# SHAKESPEARE's WILL,

Extracted from the Registry of the Archbishop of  
CANTERBURY.

*Vicesimo quinto die Martis anno regni domini nostri Jacobi nunc regis  
Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto & Scotiæ quadragesimo nono, anno  
domini 1616.*

**I**N the name of God, Amen. I William Shakespeare of  
Stratford upon Avon in the county of Warwick, gent. in  
perfect health and memory, God be praised, do make and or-  
dain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form  
following; that is to say:

FIRST, I commend my soul into the hands of God my  
creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only  
merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of  
life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof that  
is made.

ITEM, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one  
hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be  
paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say,  
One hundred pounds, in discharge of her marriage portion,  
within one year after my decease, with considerations after  
the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the  
same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the  
fifty pounds residue thereof upon her surrendering of or giving  
of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will  
shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right  
that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that  
she now hath, of, in, or to one copyhold tenement, with the



appurtenances lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcell or holden of the Manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Sufannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

ITEM, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the date of this my Will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Harte, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at and after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, land answerable to the portion by this my Will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hun-

dred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

ITEM, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house with the appurtenances in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence.

ITEM, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, ——— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

ITEM, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate that I now have, except my broad silver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my Will.

ITEM, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds, to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword, to Thomas Russel, esq; five pounds, and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

ITEM, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler twenty-six shillings eight pence to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight pence to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent. twenty-six shillings eight pence; and to Mr. John Nash twenty-six shillings eight pence; and to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eight pence apiece to buy the rings.

ITEM, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my Will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances in Strat-

ford aforesaid, called the New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying and being in Henley-street within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying and being, or to be had, reserved, preserved or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Bushaxton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying and being in the Black-friers in London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter

Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakespeare for ever.

ITEM, I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture.

ITEM, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susanna his wife, who I ordain and make executors of this my last Will and Testament. And I do intreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq; and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former Wills, and publish this to be my last Will and Testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written, by me

**William Shakespeare.**

Witness to the publishing hereof,

FRA. COLLINS,  
JULIUS SHAW,  
JOHN ROBINSON,  
HAMLETT SADLER,  
ROBERT WHATTCOTT.

*Probatum coram magistro William Byrde legum doctore commissario Ec. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii anno domini 1616. Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui Ec. de bene et jurat reservata potestate et Susannæ Hall alt. ex. Ec. cui vendit Ec. petitur.*

To the foregoing Accounts of SHAKESPEARE'S Life, we have only one Passage to add, which Mr. POPE related, as communicated to him by Mr. ROWE.

**I**N the time of Elisabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when Shakespeare fled to London, from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will. Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will. Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will. Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, "I am Shakespeare's boy, sir" In time Shakespeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakespeare's Boys.

P O E M S  
U P O N T H E  
A U T H O R.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author,  
Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and his Works.

**S**pectator, this life's shadow is;—to see  
The truer image, and a livelier he,  
Turn, reader: but observe his comick vein,  
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragick strain,  
Then weep: So, when thou find'st two contraries,  
Two different passions, from thy rapt soul rise,—  
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)  
Rare Shakespeare, to the life thou dost behold.

T O T H E R E A D E R.

THIS figure, that thou here see'st put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
Wherein the graver had a strife  
With nature, to out-do the life:  
O, could he but have drawn his wit  
As well in brass, as he hath hit  
His face; the print would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brass:  
But, since he cannot, reader, look  
Not on his picture, but his book.

B. J.

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author Mr. WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE, and what he hath left us.

TO draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;  
While I confess thy writings to be such,  
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much:  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage: but these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:  
For feeblest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urngeth all by chance;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise:  
These are as some infamous bawd, or whore,  
Should praise a matron; What could hurt her more?  
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,  
Above the fortune of them, or the need:  
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,  
Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,  
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lye  
A little further, to make thee a room:  
Thou art a monument, without a tomb;  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;  
I mean with great but disproportion'd muses:  
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;

And tell—how far thou didst our Lily outshine,  
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.  
 And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,—  
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seek  
 For names; but call forth thundring Æschylus,  
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us;  
 Pacuvius, Accius; him of Cordova dead;—  
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread  
 And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,  
 Leave thee alone; for the comparison  
 Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,  
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
 Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,  
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
 He was not of an age, but for all time;  
 And all the muses still were in their prime,  
 When like Apollo he came forth to warm  
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.  
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;  
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:  
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;  
 But antiquated and deserted lye,  
 As they were not of Nature's family.  
 Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,  
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:—  
 For, though the poet's matter nature be,  
 His art doth give the fashion: and that he,  
 Who casts to write a living line must sweat,  
 (Such as thine are) and strike a second heat



Upon the muses' anvil ; turn the same,  
 (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;  
 Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—  
 For a good poet's made, as well as born :  
 And such wert thou :—Look, how the father's face  
 Lives in his issue ; even so the race  
 Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines  
 In his well-turned and true-filed lines ;  
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
 As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.  
 Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were,—  
 To see thee in our waters yet appear ;  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
 That so did take Eliza, and our James !  
 But stay ; I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there :—  
 Shine forth, thou star of poets ; and with rage,  
 Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage ;  
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
 And despairs day, but by thy volume's light !

BEN. JONSON.

Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous scenick Poet,  
 Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE hands, which you so clapt, go now and wring,  
 You Britains brave ; for done are Shakespeare's days ;  
 His days are done, that made the dainty plays,  
 Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring :  
 Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Thespian spring,  
 Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays ;

xciv      POEMS UPON THE AUTHOR.

' That corpse, that coffin, now bestick these bays,  
Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king.  
If tragedies might any prologue have,  
All those he made would scarce make one to this;  
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,  
(Death's publick tying-house) the Nuptials is :  
For, though his line of life went soon about,  
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master W.  
SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE, at length thy pious fellows give  
The world thy works ; thy works, by which outlive  
Thy tomb thy name must : when that stone is rent,  
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,  
Here we alive shall view thee still ; this book,  
When brass and marble fail, shall make thee look  
Fresh to all ages ; when posterity  
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy  
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,  
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy herse.  
Nor fire, nor cank'ring age,—as Naso said  
Of his,—thy wit-fraught book shall once invade :  
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,  
Though mist, until our bankrout stage be sped  
(Impossible) with some new strain to out-do  
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo ;  
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,  
Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake :  
Till these, till any of thy volumes rest,  
Shall with more fire, more feeling be express'd,

# POEMS UPON THE AUTHOR.

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Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,  
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.

## To the Memory of Master W. SHAKESPEARE.

We wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon  
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room :  
We thought thee dead ; but this thy printed worth  
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth  
To enter with applause : An actor's art  
Can die, and live to act a second part ;  
That's but an *exit* of mortality,  
This a re-entrance to a *plaudite*.

J. M.

## On worthy Master SHAKESPEARE, and his Poems.

A MIND reflecting ages past, whose clear  
And equal surface can make things appear,  
Distant a thousand years, and represent  
Them in their lively colours, just extent :  
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,  
Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates  
Of death and Lethe, where confused lie  
Great heaps of ruinous mortality :  
In that deep dusky dungeon, to discern  
A royal ghost from churls ; by art to learn  
The physiognomy of shades, and give  
Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live ;  
What story coldly tells, what poets feign  
At second hand, and picture without pain,

Senfeless and foul-less shews : to give a stage,—  
Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,  
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,  
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd :  
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their herse,  
Make kings his subjects ; by exchanging verse  
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age  
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage :  
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears  
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears  
Both smile and weep ; fearful at plots so sad,  
Then laughing at our fear ; abus'd, and glad  
To be abus'd ; affected with that truth  
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth  
At which we start, and, by elaborate play,  
Tortur'd and tickl'd ; by a crab-like way  
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort  
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport :—  
—While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,  
Creates and rules a world, and works upon  
Mankind by secret engines ; now to move  
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love ;  
To strike up and stroak down, both joy and ire,  
To steer the affections ; and by heavenly fire  
Mold us anew, stoln from ourselves :—

This,—and much more, which cannot be express'd  
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,—  
Was Shakespeare's freehold, which his cunning brain  
Improv'd, by favour of the nine-fold train ;—  
The buskin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand  
And louder tone of Clie, nimble hand  
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,  
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair

Calliope, the whose speaking silence daunts  
And the whose praise the heavenly lady chants.

These jointly woo'd him, envying one another ;—  
Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother ;—  
And wrought a curious robe of sable grave,  
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,  
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,  
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright :  
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring ;  
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string  
Of golden wire, each line of silk : there run  
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun ;  
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice  
Birds of a foreign note and various voice ;  
Here hangs a massy rock ; there plays a fair  
But chiding fountain, purl'd : not the air,  
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn,  
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,  
But fine materials, which the muses know,  
And only know the countries where they grow.

Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,  
In mortal garments pent,—death may destroy,  
They say, his body ; but his verse shall live,  
And more than nature takes, our hands shall give :  
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,  
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak ; with laurel crown'd,  
Which never fades ; fed with ambrosial meat,  
In a well-lined vesture, rich and neat :—  
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him wear it ;  
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his endowments,

J. M. S.

AN EPITAPH on the admirable Dramatick Poet,  
W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,  
The labour of an age in piled stones;  
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:  
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,  
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took;  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
And so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lye,  
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

## N O T E.

This last poem was writ by the great Milton; and is here given you as it lies in an edition of that author's poems, printed in 1673, octavo; where it is only inscribed,—“On Shakespeare,” and dated 1630. This poem, that immediately before it, and the first—“Upon his Effigies,” are not in the first folio.

**T H E**

**T E M P E S T.**

**Vol. I.**

**B**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, king of Naples.

SEBASTIAN, his brother.

PROSPERO, the rightful duke of Milan.

ANTHONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.

FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples.

GONZALO, an honest old counsellor of Naples.

ADRIAN,        }

FRANCISCO,    } lords.

CALIBAN, a savage, and deformed slave.

TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.

Master of a ship, boatswain, and mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.

IRIS,

CERES,

JUNO,

Nymphs,

Reapers,

} spirits.

Other spirits, attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the sea with a ship, afterwards an uninhabited island.





THE  
T E M P E S T.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

On a ship at sea.

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a ship-master and a boatswain.

M A S T E R.

**B**OATSWAIN,——

BOATS. Here, master: what cheer?

MAST. Good, speak to the mariners.——Fall to't yare-  
ly, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir. [Exit.

B 2

Enter mariners.

BOATS. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-sail; tend to the master's whistle; ——— blow, 'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

ALON. Good boatfswain, have care: where's the master? play the men.

BOATS. I pray now, keep below.

ANT. Where is the master, boatfswain?

BOATS. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GON. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS. When the sea is. Hence! what care these roarers for the name of king? to cabin; silence, trouble us not.

GON. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATS. None, that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace o'the present, we will not handle a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

GON. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he has no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage; if he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Re-enter boatswain.

BOATS. Down with the top-mast: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling!——

Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

They are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? shall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to sink?

SEBAS. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

BOATS. Work you then.

ANT. Hang, cur, hang; you whorson, insolent, noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstaunched wench.

BOATS. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter mariners wet.

MAR. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[Exeunt.]

BOATS. What, must our mouths be cold?

GON. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist 'em, for our case is as theirs.

SEB. I'm out of patience.

ANT. Were mercy cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopt rascal——'Would, thou might'st lye drowning,  
The washing of ten tides!

B 3

GON. He'll be hang'd yet,  
 Though every drop of water swear against it,  
 And gape at wid'ft to glut him.  
 Mercy on us! [A confused noise within.]  
 We split, we split! farewell, my wife and children!  
 Brother, farewell! we split, we split, we split!

ANT. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.

SEB. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an  
 acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing.  
 The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death!  
 [Exit.

## SCENE II,

Changes to a part of the enchanted island, near the cell of  
 Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

MIRA. If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:  
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
 Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd  
 With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel  
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,  
 Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock  
 Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!  
 Had I been any god of power, I would  
 Have sunk the sea within the earth; or ere  
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and  
 The fraighting souls within her.

PRO. Be collected;  
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,  
There's no harm done.

MIRA. O wo the day!

PRO. No harm.  
I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing  
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better  
Than Prospero, master of a full-poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

MIRA. More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PRO. 'Tis time,  
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magick garment from me; so!

[Lays down his mantle.

Lye there my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.  
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art,  
So safely order'd, that there is no foul,  
No, not so much perdition as an hair,  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink; sit down;  
For thou must now know further.

MIRA. You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,  
And left me to a bootless inquisition;  
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

PRO. The hour's now come;

B 4

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;  
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
 A time, before we came unto this cell?  
 I do not think, thou canst; for then thou wast not  
 Out three years old.

MIRA. Certainly, Sir, I can.

PRO. By what? by any other house, or person?  
 Of any thing the image tell me, that  
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRA. 'Tis far off;  
 And rather like a dream, than an assurance  
 That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
 Four or five women once, that tended me?

PRO. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: but how is it,  
 That this lives in thy mind? what seest thou else  
 In the dark back-ward and abyſme of time?  
 If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here;  
 How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

MIRA. But that I do not.

PRO. 'Tis twelve years ſince, Miranda.—Twelve  
 years ſince,  
 Thy father was the duke of Milan, and  
 A prince of pow'r.

MIRA. Sir, are not you my father?

PRO. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
 She ſaid thou waſt my daughter; and thy father  
 Was duke of Milan, and his only heir  
 And princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.

MIRA. O the heav'ns!  
 What foul play had we, that we came from thence;  
 Or bleſſed waſ't, we did?

PRO. Both, both, my girl :  
By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence ;  
But blessedly help hither.

MIRA. O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' th' teene that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, further.

PRO. My brother, and thy uncle, called Anthonio—  
I pray thee, mark me ;—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious !—he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state ; (as, at that time,  
Through all the signories it was the first ;  
And Prospero the prime Duke, being so reputed  
In dignity ; and for the liberal arts,  
Without a parallel ; those being all my study ;)   
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger ; being transported,  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me ?

MIRA. Sir, most heedfully.

PRO. Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them ; whom t'advance, and whom  
To trash for over-topping ; new-created  
The creatures, that were mine ; I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state  
To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was  
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suckt my verdure out on't. —Thou attend'st not.

MIRA. O good Sir, I do.

PRO. I pray thee, mark me. .  
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated

To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,  
 With that which, but by being so retired,  
 O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
 Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,  
 Like a good parent, did beget of him  
 A falshood in its contrary as great  
 As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,  
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
 But what power might else exact; like one,  
 Who having into truth, by telling of it,  
 Made such a sinner of his memory,  
 To credit his own lie, he did believe  
 He was, indeed, the Duke; from substitution,  
 And executing th' outward face of royalty,  
 With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—  
 Dost thou hear?

MIRA. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

PRO. To have no screen between this part he plaid,  
 And him he plaid it for, he needs will be  
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library  
 Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties  
 He thinks me now incapable: confederates,  
 So dry he was for sway, wi'th' king of Naples  
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;  
 Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend  
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)  
 To most ignoble stooping.

MIRA. O the heav'ns!

PRO. Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me,  
 If this might be a brother.

MIRA. I should sin,



To think but nobly of my grandmother ;  
Good wombs have bore bad sons.

PRO. Now the condition :  
This king of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;  
Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premises,  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom ; and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon  
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight  
Fated to th' purpose, did Anthonio open  
The gates of Milan ; and, i'th' dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence  
Me, and thy crying self.

MIRA. Alack, for pity !  
I, not remembering how I cry'd out then,  
Will cry it o'er again ; it is a hint,  
That wrings mine eyes to't.

PRO. Hear a little further,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business,  
Which now's upon's, without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.

MIRA. Why did they not  
That hour destroy us ?

PRO. Well demanded, wench ;  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me, set,  
A mark so bloody on the business ; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark ;  
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepar'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
 Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us  
 To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to fight  
 To th' winds, whose pity, fighting back again,  
 Did us but loving wrong,

MIRA. Alack! what trouble  
 Was I then to you?

PRO. O! a cherubim  
 Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,  
 Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,  
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;  
 Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me  
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
 Against what should ensue.

MIRA. How came we ashore?

PRO. By providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
 Out of his charity, being then appointed  
 Master of this design, did give us, with  
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,  
 Which since have steeded much. So of his gentleness,  
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me  
 From my own library, with volumes that  
 I prize above my dukedom.

MIRA. Would I might  
 But ever see that Man!

PRO. Now, I arise: ———  
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea sorrow.  
 Here in this island we arriv'd, and here  
 Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit

Than other Princes can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRA. Heav'n's thank you fort't! And now, I pray, you,  
Sir,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason  
For raising this sea-storm?

PRO. Know thus far forth,  
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience  
I find, my Zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star; whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;  
Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,  
And give it way—[aside.] I know thou canst not chuse—  
[Miranda sleeps.]

Come away, servant, come; I'm ready now:  
Approach, my Ariel, come.

## SCENE III.

Enter Ariel.

ARI. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure: Be't to fly;  
To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride  
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel, and all his quality.

PRO. Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

ARI. To every article.  
I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,

Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,  
 I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,  
 And burn in many places ; on the top-mast,  
 The yards, and bolt-spirit, would I flame distinctly ;  
 Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors  
 Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
 And light out-running were not ; the fire and cracks  
 Of fulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
 Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble ;  
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

PRO. My brave spirit !

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coyle  
 Would not infect his reason ?

ARI. Not a foul

But felt a fever of the mad, and plaid  
 Some tricks of desperation : all, but mariners,  
 Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
 Then all a-fire with me : the king's son Ferdinand,  
 With hair up-starting (then like reeds, not hair)  
 Was the first man, that leap'd ; cry'd, " hell is empty ;  
 " And all the devils are here."

PRO. Why, that's my spirit !

But was not this nigh shore ?

ARI. Close by, my master,

PRO. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

ARI. Not a hair perish'd :

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
 But fresher than before : And as thou badst me,  
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle :  
 The king's son have I landed by himself,  
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,  
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,

His arms in this sad knot.

PRO. Of the king's ship  
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,  
And all the rest o' th' fleet?

ARI. Safely in harbour  
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew  
From the still-vent Bermoothes. There she's hid,  
The mariners all under hatches stow'd,  
Whom with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour  
I've left asleep; and for the rest o' th' fleet  
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,  
And are upon the Mediterranean flete,  
Bound sadly home for Naples;  
Supposing, that they saw the king's ship wrackt,  
And his great person perish.

PRO. Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.  
What is the time o' th' day?

ARI. Past the mid season.

PRO. At least two glasses; the time 'twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

ARI. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

PRO. How now? moody?  
What is't thou canst demand?

ARI. My liberty.

PRO. Before the time be out? no more.

ARI. I pr'ythee,  
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd

Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.

PRO. Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARI. No.

PRO. Thou dost: and think'st it much to tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep;  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;  
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,  
When it is bak'd with frost.

ARI. I do not, Sir.

PRO. Thou'ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy  
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARI. No, Sir.

PRO. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.

ARI. Sir, in Argier.

PRO. Oh, was she so? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,  
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,  
They would not take her life? Is not this true?

ARI. Ay, Sir.

PRO. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,  
And here was left by th' sailors; thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant.  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage,  
 Into a cloven pine ; within which rift  
 Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain  
 A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,  
 And left thee there : where thou didst vent thy groans,  
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island,  
 Save for the son that she did litter here,  
 A freckled whelp, hag-born, not honour'd with  
 A human shape.

ARI. Yes : Caliban her son.

PRO. Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban,  
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st,  
 What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans  
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
 Of ever-angry bears ; it was a torment  
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
 Could not again undo : it was mine art,  
 When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape  
 The pine, and let thee out.

ARI. I thank thee, master.

PRO. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till  
 Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

ARI. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,  
 And do my sp'riting gently.

PRO. Do so ; and after two days  
 I will discharge thee.

ARI. That's my noble master :  
 What shall I do ? say what ? what shall I do ?

PRO. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' th' sea.  
 Be subject to no fight but mine, invisible-

To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape  
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;  
Awake——

MIRA. The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

PRO. Shake it off: come on;  
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

MIRA. 'Tis a villain, Sir,  
I do not love to look on——

PRO. But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices  
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

CAL. [within.] There's wood enough within.

PRO. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee.  
Come, thou tortoise! when? ——

Enter Ariel like a water nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

ARI. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.]

PRO. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.



# THE TEMPEST.

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## SCENE IV.

Enter Caliban:

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholsom fen,  
Drop on you both! a south west blow on you,  
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

CAL. I must eat my dinner:  
This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,  
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; and would'st  
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less  
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,  
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,  
The fresh springs, brine pits; barren place, and fertile.  
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Who first was mine own king; and here you fly me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest of th' island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us'd thee

C 2

(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee  
In mine own cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

CAL. Oh ho, oh ho!—I wou'd it had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

PRO. Abhorred slave;  
Which any print of goodness will not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other, When thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile race  
(Tho' thou didst learn) had then in't, which good natures  
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock,  
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison—

CAL. You taught me language, and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,  
For learning me your language!

PRO. Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wert best)  
To answer other business: Shrug'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;  
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CAL. No, 'pray thee.  
I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,  
It would control my dam's god Setebos,

[aside.

And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence!

[Exit Caliban.

SCENE V.

Enter Ferdinand, at the remotest part of the stage; and  
Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hand:  
Court'ied when you have, and kist,  
The wild waves whist;  
Foot it featly here and there,  
And sweet sprites, the burden bear.

[Burden, dispersedly.

Hark, hark; baugh-waugh; the watch-dogs bark,  
Baugh-waugh.

ARI. Hark, hark, I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticlere  
Cry, Cock a-doodle-do.

FER. Where should this musick be, i'th' air, or earth?  
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon  
Some god o'th' island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping against the king my father's wreck,  
This musick crept by me upon the waters;  
Allaying both their fury and my passion,  
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it.  
Or it hath drawn me rather—but 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

## ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,  
 Of his bones are coral made :  
 Those are pearls, that were his eyes :  
 Nothing of him that doth fade,  
 But doth suffer a sea-change,  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
 Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.  
[Burden, ding-dong.]

FER. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.  
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
 That the earth owns; I hear it now above.

PRO. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,  
 And say, what thou see'st yond.

MIRA. What is't, a spirit ?  
 Lord, how it looks about ! believe me, Sir,  
 It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PRO. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and senses hath  
 As we have, such. This gallant, which thou see'st,  
 Was in the wreck : and, but he's something stain'd  
 With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him  
 A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,  
 And strays about to find 'em.

MIRA. I might call him  
 A thing divine ; for nothing natural  
 I ever saw so noble.

PRO. It goes on, I see, [Aside.]  
 As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee  
 Within two days for this.

FER. Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my pray'r  
May know, if you remain upon this island;  
And that you will some good instruction give,  
How I may bear me here: my prime request  
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder!  
If you be maid or no?

MIRA. No wonder, Sir,  
But certainly a maid.

FER. My language! heav'ns!  
I am the best of them that speak this speech  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PRO. How the best?  
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

FER. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;  
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,  
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld  
The king my father wreckt.

MIRA. Alack, for mercy!

FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the duke of Milan,  
And his brave son, being twain.

PRO.—The duke of Milan,  
And his braver daughter, could control thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight,

[Aside to Ariel.

They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this.—A word, good Sir,  
I fear, you've done yourself some wrong: a word—

MIRA, Why speaks my father so urgently? this  
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first,  
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way!

FER. O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

PRO. Soft, Sir; one word more.—  
They're both in either's pow'r: but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [Aside.  
Make the prize light—Sir, one word more; I charge thee,  
That thou attend me:—thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself  
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

FER. No, as I'm a man.

MIRA. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.  
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PRO. [to Ferd.] Follow me——  
[To Mirand.] Speak not you for him; he's a traitor—Come,  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;  
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FER. No,  
I will resist such entertainment, 'till  
Mine enemy has more power.

{He draws, and is charm'd from moving.

MIRA. O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him: for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.

PRO. What I say,  
My foot my tutor? put thy sword up, traitor,  
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

MIRA. Beseech you, father.

PRO. Hence: hang not on my garment.

MIRA. Sir, have pity;  
I'll be his surety.

PRO. Silence: one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,  
An advocate for an impostor? hush!  
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban; foolish wench!  
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

MIRA. My affections  
Are then most humble: I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

PRO. Come on, obey! [To Ferdinand.]  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

FER. So they are:  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid; all corners else o'th' earth  
Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I, in such a prison.

PRO. It works: come on.  
[To Ariel.] Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! follow me.  
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

MIRA. Be of comfort,  
My father's of a better nature, Sir,  
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,  
Which now came from him.

PRO. Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds; but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

ARI. To th' syllable.

PRO. Come, follow: [To Ferd.]  
Speak not for him. [To Miranda.] [Exeunt.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,  
Francisco, and others.

GONZALO.

**B**ESEECH you, Sir, be merry: you have cause  
(So have we all) of joy! for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe  
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,  
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALON. Pry'thee, peace.

SEB. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANT. The visitor will not give o'er so.

SEB. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by  
and by it will strike.



GON. Sir,—

SEB. One:—Tell,

GON. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd;  
comes to the entertainer——

SEB. A dollar.

GON. Dolour comes to him indeed; you have spoken  
truer than you purposed.

SEB. You have taken it wifelier than I meant you should.

GON. Therefore, my lord,—

ANT. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue?

ALON. I pr'ythee, spare——

GON. Well, I have done: but yet——

SEB. He will be talking.

ANT. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager,  
first begins to crow?

SEB. The old cock.

ANT. The cockrel.

SEB. Done: the wager?

ANT. A laughter.

SEB. A match.

ADR. Though this island seem to be desert——

SEB. Ha, ha, ha—So, you're paid.

ADR. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible——

SEB. Yet——

ADR. Yet——

ANT. He could not miss't.

ADR. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate  
temperance.

ANT. Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEB. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

ADR. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEB. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANT. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

GON. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

ANT. True, fave means to live.

SEB. Of that there's none or little.

GON. How lush and lusty the grass looks; how green!

ANT. The ground indeed is tawny.

SEB. With an eye of green in't.

ANT. He misses not much.

SEB. No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

GON. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit——

SEB. As many voucht rarities are.

GON. That our garments being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses: being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

ANT. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

SEB. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GON. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

SEB. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADR. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

GON. Not since widow Dido's time.

ANT. Widow, a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow Dido?

SEB. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? Good lord! how you take it!

ADR. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GON. This Tunis, Sir, was Carthage.

ADR. Carthage?

GON. I assure you, Carthage.

ANT. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEB. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

ANT. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEB. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

ANT. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

GON. I——

ANT. Why, in good time.

GON. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANT. And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEB. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANT. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido!

GON. Is not my doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANT. That sort was well fish'd for.

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

ALON. You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,  
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too;  
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,  
I ne'er again shall see her: O thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRAN. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
 And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
 The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head  
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes  
 To th' shore that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd  
 As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,  
 He came alive to land.

ALON. No, no, he's gone.

SEB. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
 But rather lose her to an African;  
 Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALON. Pr'ythee, peace.

SEB. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise  
 By all of us; and the fair soul herself  
 Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at  
 Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son,  
 I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have  
 More widows in them of this business' making,  
 Than we bring men to comfort them:  
 The fault's your own.

ALON. So is the dearest o' th' loss.

GON. My lord Sebastian,  
 The truth, you speak, doth lack some gentleness,  
 And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,  
 When you should bring the plaister.

SEB. Very well.

ANT. And most chyrurgeonly.

GON. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir.

When you are cloudy.

SEB. Foul weather?

ANT. Very foul.

GON. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord—

ANT. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

SEB. Or docks, or mallows.

GON. And were the king on't, what would I do?

SEB. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

GON. I th' commonwealth, I would by contraries  
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; wealth, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;

No occupation, all men idle, all,

And women too; but innocent and pure:

No sovereignty.

SEB. And yet he would be king on't.

ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the  
beginning.

GON. All things in common nature should produce,

Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

SEB. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANT. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

GON. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,  
T' excel the golden age.

SEB. Save his majesty!

ANT. Long live Gonzalo!

GON. And do you mark me, Sir?

ALON. Pr'ythee no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

GON. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

ANT. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

GON. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

ANT. What a blow was there given?

SEB. An it had not fallen flat-long.

GON. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere; if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn musick.

SEB. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

ANT. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

GON. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly; will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy.

ANT. Go, sleep, and hear us.

ALON. What, all so soon asleep; I wish mine eyes would with themselves shut up my thoughts: I find they are inclin'd to do so.

SEB. Please you, Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

ANT. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

ALON. Thank you: wond'rous heavy——

[All sleep but Seb. and Ant.]

SEB. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

ANT. It is the quality o'th' climate.

SEB. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not  
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

ANT. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:  
They fell together all as by consent,  
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian.——O, what might——no more.  
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,  
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee, and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

SEB. What art thou waking?

ANT. Do you not hear me speak?

SEB. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep: what is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving;  
And yet so fast asleep.

ANT. Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep; die rather: wink'st,  
Whilst thou art waking.

SEB. Thou dost snore distinctly;  
There's meaning in thy snores.

ANT. I am more serious than my custom. You  
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,  
Trebles thee o'er.

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SEB. Well: I am standing water.

ANT. I'll teach you how to flow.

SEB. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANT. O!

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,  
Whilst thus you mock it; how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it, ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run,  
By their own fear or sloth.

SEB. Pr'ythee, stay on;  
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,  
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANT. Thus, Sir:  
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,  
Who shall be of as little memory,  
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,  
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
Professes to persuade the king, his son's alive;  
\*Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd.  
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

SEB. I have no hope,  
That he's undrown'd.

ANT. O, out of that no hope,  
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is  
Another way so high an hope, that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,  
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEB. He's gone.

ANT. Then tell me



Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEB. Claribel.

ANT. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples  
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,  
(The man i' th' moon's too slow) 'till new-born chins  
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom  
We were sea-swallow'd: tho' some, cast again,  
And by that destiny, to perform an act,  
Whereof, what's past is prologue; what to come,  
Is yours and my discharge——

SEB. What stuff is this? how say you?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis,  
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

ANT. A space, whose ev'ry cubit  
Seems to cry out, how shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? sleep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they we no worse  
Than now they are: there be, that can rule Naples,  
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily,  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do; what a sleep was this  
For your advancement! do you understand me?

SEB. Methinks, I do.

ANT. And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

SEB. I remember,  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANT. True;

And, look, how well my garments fit upon me;  
Much feater than before. My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

SEB. But, for your conscience——

ANT. Ay, Sir, where lies that?

If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:  
But I feel not this deity in my bosom.  
Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and Milan,  
Candy'd be they, and melt, ere they molest!  
Here lies your brother——

No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business, that,  
We say, befits the hour.

SEB. Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;  
And I the king shall love thee.

ANT. Draw together:  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEB. O, but one word——

Enter Ariel; with musick and song.

ARI. My master through his art forsaes the danger,  
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth  
For else his project dies, to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lye,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take :

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber and beware!

Awake! awake!

ANT. Then let us both be sudden.

GON. Now, good angels preserve the king! [They wake.

ALON. Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you drawn?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GON. What's the matter?

SER. While we stood here securing your repose,  
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?  
It strook mine ear most terribly.

ALON. I heard nothing.

ANT. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;  
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALON. Heard you this?

[To Gonzalo.

GON. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.  
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd  
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,  
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard;

Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

ALON. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search  
For my poor son.

GOV. Heav'n's keep him from these beasts !  
For he is, sure, i'th' island.

ALON. Lead away.

ARR. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.  
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.

### SCENE II.

Changes to another part of the island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood ; a noise of thunder  
heard.

CAL. All the infections, that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease ! his spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,  
Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'th' mire,  
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em ; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me.

Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me,  
And after, bite me ; then like hedge-hogs, which  
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my foot-fall ; sometime am I  
A wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness. Lo ! now ! lo !

Eater Trinculo.

Here comes a sp'rit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance, he will not mind me.

TRIN. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i'th' wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here, a man or a fish; dead or alive? a fish; he smells like a fish: a very ancient, and fish-like smell. A kind of, not of the newest, Poor John: a strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout; misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows: I will here shrowd, 'till the dregs of the storm be past.

Eater Stephano, singing.

STR. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.

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This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.

Sings. The master, the swabber, the boatfswain and I,  
 The gunner and his mate,  
 Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,  
 But none of us car'd for Kate;  
 For she had a tongue with a tang,  
 Would cry to a sailor, go hang:  
 She lov'd not the favour of tar nor of pitch,  
 Yet a taylor might scratch her, where-e'er she did itch.  
 Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. [Drinks.

CAL. Do not torment me, oh!

STE. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with savages, and men of Inde? ha? I have not scap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man, as ever went upon four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at his nostrils.

CAL. The spirit torments me: oh!

STE. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

CLA. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

STE. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine

afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

CAL. Thou dost me yet but little hurt;  
Thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling:  
Now Prosper works upon thee.

STE. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

TRIN. I should know that voice; it should be——but he is drown'd; and these are devils: O! defend me——

STE. Four legs and two voices, a most delicate monster! his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to spatter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come: Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRIN. Stephano,——

STE. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

TRIN. Stephano! if thou bee'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; be not afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.

STE. If thou bee'st Trinculo, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

TRIN. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou

art not drown'd: is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: and art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans escap'd!

STR. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

CAL. These be fine things, an' if they be not sprites: That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

STR. How didst thou 'scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

CAL. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STR. Here; swear then, how escap'dst thou?

TRIN. Sworn a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STR. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRIN. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STR. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

CAL. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

STR. Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

CAL. I have seen thee in her? and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

STR. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.



TRIN. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster; I afraid of him? a very shallow monster: the man i' th' moon — a most poor credulous monster: well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

CAL. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' th' isle, And I will kiss thy foot: I pry thee be my god.

TRIN. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CAL. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

STE. Come on then; down and swear.

TRIN. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster; a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him —

STE. Come, kiss.

TRIN. — But that the poor monster's in drink; an abominable monster!

CAL. I'll shew thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wond'rous man.

TRIN. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

CAL. I pry thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Shew thee a jay's-nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee Young Scarcades from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STE. I pry thee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company being

drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle ;  
fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CAL. [Sings drunkenly] Farewell, master; farewell;  
farewell.

TRIN. A howling monster ; a drunken monster.

CAL. No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing at requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.

Ban', Ban', Cacalyban

Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom, hey-dey,  
freedom !

STE. O brave monster, lead the way.

[Exit.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

FERDINAND.

THERE be some sports are painful, but their labour  
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be  
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but  
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasure: O, she is  
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;  
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness  
Had ne'er like executor; I forget;  
But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,  
Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero, at a distance unseen.

MIRA. Alas, now, pray you,  
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind to pile  
Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father  
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;  
He's fast for these three hours.

FER. O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

MIRA. If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

FER. No, precious creature,  
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

MIRA. It would become me,  
As well as it does you; and I should do it  
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

PRO. Poor worm! thou art infected;  
This visitation shews it.

MIRA. You look wearily.

FER. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,

When thou art by at night. I do beseech you,  
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)  
What is your name?

MIRA. Miranda. O my father,  
I've broke your hest to say so.

FER. Admir'd Miranda!  
Indeed, the top of admiration : worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time  
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women, never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,  
So perfect, and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

MIRA. I do not know  
One of my sex; no woman's face remember.  
Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,  
And my dear father; how features are abroad,  
I'm skilless of; but, by my modesty,  
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

FER. I am, in my condition,  
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;  
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure

This wooden slavery, than I would suffer  
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak—  
 The very instant that I saw you, did  
 My heart fly to your service, there resides  
 To make me slave to it, and for your sake  
 Am I this patient log-man.

MIRA. Do you love me ?

FER. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
 And crown what I profess with kind event,  
 If I speak true; if hollowly, avert  
 What best is boaded me, to mischief ! I  
 Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,  
 Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRA. I am a fool,  
 To weep at what I'm glad of.

PRO. Fair encounter  
 Of two most rare affections ! heav'n's rain grace  
 On that which breeds between 'em !

FER. Wherefore weep you ?

MIRA. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer,  
 What I desire to give : and much less take,  
 What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;  
 And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
 The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bathful cunning !  
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.  
 I am your wife, if you will marry me ;  
 If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow  
 You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
 Whether you will or no.

FER. My mistress, dearest,  
 And I thus humble ever.

MIRA. My husband then ?

FER. Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

MIRA. And mine, with my heart in't. And now fare-  
wel,  
'Till half an hour hence.

FER. A thousand, thousand.

[Exeunt.

PRO. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,  
Who are surpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;  
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining.

[Exit.

## SCENE II.

Changes to another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo, with a bottle.

STE. Tell not me—When the butt is out, we will drink  
water, not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board  
'em—Servant-monster; drink to me.

TRIN. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They  
say, there's but five upon this isle, we are three of them, if  
the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

STE. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee. Thy  
eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRIN. Where should they be set else? he were a brave  
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STE. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack:  
for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam, ere I could  
recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by  
this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my  
standard.

TRIN. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

STE. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

TRIN. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

STE. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

CAL. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

TRIN. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to juggle a constable; why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRIN. Lord, quoth he!——That a monster should be such a natural!

CAL. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

STE. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree——the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

CAL. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STE. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

CAL. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARI. Thou liest.

CAL. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;

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I would my valiant master would destroy thee;  
I do not lie.

STE. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by  
this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRIN. Why, I said nothing.

STE. Mum then, and no more—[To Caliban] proceed.

CAL. I say, by forcery he got this isle;  
From me he got it. If thy greatness will  
Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st,  
But this thing dares not.—)

STE. That's most certain.

CAL. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STE. How now shall this be compass'd? canst thou bring  
me to the party?

CAL. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

ARI. Thou liest, thou canst not.

CAL. What a py'd ninny's this! thou scurvy patch!  
I do beseech thy greatness give him blows,  
And take his bottle from him; when that's gone,  
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him  
Where the quick freshes are.

STE. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the  
monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my  
mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

TRIN. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further  
off.

STE. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

ARI. Thou liest.

STE. Do I so? take you that.

[Beats him.]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRIN. I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits, and



hearing too? A pox of your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers.

CAL. Ha, ha, ha.

STE. Now, forward with your tale? pr'ythee stand further off.

CAL. Beat him enough; after a little time I'll beat him too.

STE. Stand further. Come, proceed.

CAL. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a set, as I am; nor hath not One spirit to command. They all do hate him, As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them) Which when he has an house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman, But only Sycorax my dam, and she: But she as far surpasses Sycorax, As greatest does the least.

STE. Is it so brave a lady?

CAL. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

STE. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen, save our graces: and Trinculo an

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thyself shall be vice roys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRIN. Excellent.

STE. Give me thy hand; I am sorry, I beat thee: but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CAL. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

STE. Ay, on my honour.

ARI. This will I tell my master.

CAL. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure; Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch, You taught me but while-ere?

STE. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;  
thought is free.

CAL. That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

STE. What is this fame?

TRIN. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture of no-body.

STE. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in the likeness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

TRIN. O, forgive me my sins!

STE. He that dies, pays all debts: I desire thee. Mercy upon us!

CAL. Art thou afraid?

STE. No, monster, not I.

CAL. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not,

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments  
 Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices;  
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
 Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,  
 The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches  
 Ready to drop upon me; then when I wak'd  
 I cry'd to dream again.

STE. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I  
 shall have my musick for nothing.

CAL. When Prospero is destroy'd.

STE. That shall be by and by; I remember the story.

TRIN. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and  
 after do our work.

STE. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I wou'd I could see  
 this taborer. He lays it on.

TRIN. Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano, [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,  
 Francisco, &c.

GON. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir,  
 My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,  
 Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,  
 I needs must rest me.

ALON. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
 Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
 To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.  
 Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
 No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,

Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANT. [Aside to Sebastian.] I am right glad that he's so  
out of hope.

Do not for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd t' effect.

SEB. The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

ANT. Let it be to night ;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,  
As when they're fresh.

SEB. I say, to-night : no more.

Solemn and strange musick ; and Prospero on the top, invi-  
sible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a ban-  
quet ; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutati-  
on ; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.

ALON. What harmony is this ? my good friends, hark !

GON. Marvellous sweet musick !

ALON. Give us kind keepers, heav'n ! what were these ?

SEB. A living drollery. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns ; that, in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne ; one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

ANT. I'll believe both :

And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GON. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me ?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders :

(For, certes, these are people of the island)  
 Who tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,  
 Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of  
 Our human generation you shall find  
 Many; nay, almost any.

PRO. Honest lord,  
 Thou hast said well; for some of you there present  
 Are worse than devils.

ALON. I cannot too much muse,  
 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing  
 (Although they want the use of tongue) a kind  
 Of excellent dumb discourse.

PRO. Praise, in departing ———

FRAN. They vanish'd strangely.

SEB. No matter, since  
 They've left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.  
 Will't please you taste of what is here?

ALON. Not I.

GON. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,  
 Who would believe, that there were mountaineers  
 Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em  
 Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men,  
 Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,  
 Each putter out on five for one will bring us  
 Good warrant of.

ALON. I will stand to and feed,  
 Although my last; no matter, since I feel  
 The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,  
 Stand to, and do as we,

## SCENE IV.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, seems to seize upon the dishes, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes.

ARI. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world,  
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mong't men  
Being most unfit to live, I have made you mad;  
And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown  
Their proper selves. [Alonso, Sebastian, and the rest  
Ye fools! I and my fellows— [draw their swords.  
Are ministers of fate; the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
And will not be uplifted. But remember,  
(For that's my business to you) that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero:  
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The power's, delaying not forgetting, have  
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,

Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from,  
Which here in this most desolate isle else falls  
Upon your head, is nothing but heart's sorrow,  
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder : then to soft musick enter the  
shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carrying out the table.

PRO. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,  
In what thou hadst to say; so with good life,  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,  
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up  
In their distractions: they are in my power;  
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit  
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,  
And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.]

GON. I' th' name of something holy, Sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

ALON. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!  
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.  
Therefore, my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lye mudded.

[Exit.]

SER. But one field at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANT. I'll be thy second.

[Exit.

GOW. All three of them are desperate; their great guile,  
Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly;  
And hinder them from what this ecstasie  
May now provoke them to.

ADRI. Follow, I pray you.

[Exeunt.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

PROSPERO.

I F I have too austere punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends: for I  
Have given you here a third of mine own life;  
Or that for which I live; whom once again  
I tender to thine hand: all thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,  
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;  
For thou shalt find, she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

FER. I believe it,  
Against an oracle.

PRO. Then as my gift, and thine own acquisition



Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But  
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before  
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
 No sweet aspersions shall the heav'ns let fall  
 To make this contract grow : but barren hate,  
 Sour-ey'd disdain; and discord shall bestrew  
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
 That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,  
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FER. As I hope  
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
 With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,  
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
 Our worser Genius can, shall never melt  
 Mine honour into dust; to take away  
 The edge of that day's celebration,  
 When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are founde'r'd,  
 Or night kept chain'd below.

PRO. Fairly spoke.  
 Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.  
 What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel——

## SCENE II.

Enter Ariel.

ARI. What would my potent master? here I am.

PRO. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you  
 In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,  
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:

Incite them to quick motion, for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

ARI. Presently.

PRO. Ay, with a twink.

ARI. Before you can say, Come, and go.  
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so;  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master? no!

PRO. Dearly, my delicate Ariel; do not approach,  
'Till thou dost hear me call.

ARI. Well, I conceive.

[Exit.

PRO. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw  
To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abstemious,  
Or else, good night, your vow!—

FER. I warrant you, Sir;  
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.

PRO. Well.

Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary  
Rather than want a spirit, appear; and pertly—  
No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[To Ferdinand.

### SCENE III.

A MASQUE. Enter Iris.

IRIS. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and peas;

Thy turfey mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with flower, them to keep;  
Thy banks with pionied, and tulip'd brims,  
Which spongy April at thy heft betrimms,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns : and thy broom-groves,  
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard,  
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky hard,  
Where thou thyself do'st air ; the queen o'th' sky,  
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,  
Bids thee leave these ; and with her sov'reign grace,  
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
To come and sport ; her peacocks fly amain :  
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

CER. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
Do'st disobey the wife of Jupiter :  
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ;  
And with each end of thy blue bow do'st crown  
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate,  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the bless'd lovers.

CER. Tell me, heav'nly bow,  
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the queen : since they did plot  
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

IRIS. Of her society  
Be not afraid; I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son  
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid  
'Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain,  
Mars's hot minion is return'd again,  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears, he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,  
And be a boy right out.

CER. High queen of state,  
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

[Juno descends, and enters.

JUN. How does my bounteous sister? go with me  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue.

JUN. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you:

CER. Earth's increase, and foyson-plenty,  
Barns and garner's never empty,  
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,  
Plants, with goodly burden bowing,  
Spring come to you, at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall thum you,  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FAR. This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly : may I be bold  
To think these spirits ?

PRO. Spirits, which by mine art,  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

FAR. Let me live here ever ;  
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,  
Make this place paradise.

PRO. Sweet ; now silence.  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;  
There's something else to do ; hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,  
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land  
Answer your summons, Juno does command :  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain nymphs.

You sun-burn'd ficklemeas, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;  
Make holy-day ; your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

## SCENE IV.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they vanish heavily.

PRO. [aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban, and his confed'rates,  
Against my life; the minute of their plot  
Is almost come.—[To the spirits.] Well done—avoid—no  
more.

FER. This is most strange; your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly.

MIRA. Never 'till this day  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PRO. You look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
As if you were dismay'd; be chearful, Sir:  
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,  
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind! we are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vext;  
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;

If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,  
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

FER. MIRA. We wish your peace. [Ex. Fer. and Mira.

PRO. Come with a thought;—I thank you:—  
Ariel, come.

Prospero comes foward from the cell; enter Ariel to him.

ARI. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?

PRO. Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARI. Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,  
Lest I might anger thee.

PRO. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARI. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;  
So full of valour, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,  
At which, like unbackt colts, they prick't their ears,  
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,  
As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through  
Tooth'd-briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,  
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them  
Ith' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake  
O'er-stunk their feet.

PRO. This was well done, my bird;  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still;

Vol. I.

F

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,  
For sale, to catch these thieves.

ARI. I go, I go;

[Exit.

PRO. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
Humanly taken, all, all lost, quite lost;  
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,  
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

[Prospero remains invisible,

# SCENE V.

Enter Ariel loaden with glittering apparel, Sec. Enter  
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo; all wet.

CAL. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

STE. Monster, your Fairy, which you say is a harmless  
Fairy, has done little better than plaid the Jack with us.

TRIN. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my  
nose is in great indignation.

STE. So is mine: do you hear monster? if I should take  
a displeasure against you; look you—

TRIN. Thou w'er't but a lost monster.

CAL. Good, my lord, give me thy favour still:  
Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to,  
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;  
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRIN. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

STE. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,  
monster, but an infinite loss.



TRIN. That's more to me than my waiting: yet  
This is your harmless Fairy, monster.

STR. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears  
for my labour.

CAL. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: seest thou here,  
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noise, and enter;  
Do that good mischief, which may make this island  
Thine own for ever: and I, thy Caliban,  
For ay thy foot-licker.

STR. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody  
thoughts.

TRIN. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!  
Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CAL. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

TRIN. Oh, he, monster, we know what belongs to a  
frippery; ———— O, king Stephano!

STR. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll  
have that gown.

TRIN. Thy grace shall have it.

CAL. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,  
To deal thus on such luggage? let's along,  
And do the murder first; if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;  
Make us strange stuff.

STR. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this  
my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin,  
you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

TRIN. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your  
grace.

STR. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't:  
we shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this com-

try : steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate ;  
there's another garment for't

TRIN. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers,  
and away with the rest.

CAL. I will have none on't ; we shall lose our time,  
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes  
With foreheads villanous low.

STE. Monster, lay to your fingers ; help to bear this  
away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you  
out of my kingdom ; go to, carry this.

TRIN. And this.

STE. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of  
hounds, hunting them about ; Prospero and Ariel setting  
them on. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, driven out  
roaring.

PRO. Hey, Mountain, hey.

ARI. Silver ; there it goes, Silver.

PRO. Fury, Fury ; there, Tyrant, there ; hark, hark.——  
[To Ariel.] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their  
joints

With dry convulsions ; shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps ; and more pinch-spotted make them,

Than pard, or cat o'mountain.

ARI. Hark, they roar.

PRO. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
Lye at my mercy all mine enemies :

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little,

Follow, and do me service.

[Exeunt.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the cell.

Enter Prospero in his magick robes, and Ariel.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to an head;  
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time  
Goes upright with his carriage? how's the day?

ARI. On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,  
You said, our work should cease.

PRO. I did say so,  
When first I rais'd the tempest; say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and's followers?

ARI. Confin'd  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;  
Just as you left them, all your prisoners, sir,  
In the Lime-grove which weather-fends your cell.  
They cannot budge, 'till you release. The king,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but, chiefly,  
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo,  
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops  
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works 'em,  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

PRO. Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARI. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

F 3

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?  
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,  
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part; the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further; go, release them, Ariel;  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

## SCENE II.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,  
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune; and do fly him,  
When he comes back; you daisy-puppets, that  
By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime  
Is to make midnight trash, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid  
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd  
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the star'd vault  
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up

The pine and cedar : graves at my command  
Have wak'd their sleepers ; op'd, and let them forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magick  
I here abjure ; and when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly musick, which even now I do,  
To work mine end upon their senses, that  
This airy charm is for ; I'll break my staff :  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth :  
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I'll drown my book. [Solemn musick.

SCENE III.

Here enters Ariel before ; then Alonso with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd ; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! there stand,  
For you are spell stopt.——  
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to th' shew of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace ;  
And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness ; so their rising senses  
Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle  
Their clearer reason. O my good Gonzalo,  
My true preserver, and a loyal Sir  
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces

Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly  
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;  
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood  
 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
 Expell'd remorse and nature ; who with Sebastian,  
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,  
 Would here have kill'd your king ; I do forgive thee,  
 Unnat'ral though thou art. Their understanding  
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,  
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,  
 That yet looks on me, or would know me—Ariel,  
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ;  
 I will dis-case me, and myself present,  
 [Exit Ariel, and returns immediately.  
 As I was sometime, Milan.—Quickly, spirit ;  
 Thou shalt e'er long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie :  
 There I couch when owls do cry.  
 On the bat's back I do fly,  
 After summer, merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
 Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why that's my dainty Ariel ; I shall miss thee ;  
 But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.—  
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art ;  
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,  
Being awake, enforce them to this place;  
And presently, I pry'thee.

ARI. I drink the air before me, and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit.

GON. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement  
Inhabits here; some heav'nly pow'r guide us  
Out of this fearful country!

PRO. Behold, Sir kings,  
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;  
And to thee and thy company I bid  
A hearty welcome.

ALON. Be'st thou he or no,  
Or some enchanted-trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse  
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,  
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me; this must crave  
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign, and do intreat,  
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero  
Be living and be here?

PRO. First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd or confin'd.

GON. Whether this be,  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PRO. You do yet taste  
Some subtilties o'th' isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends, all.

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[Aside to Seb. and Ant.]

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,  
And justify you traitors; at this time,  
I'll tell no tales.

SEN. The devil speaks in him.

[aside.]

PRO. No:—

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother  
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest faults; all of them; and require  
My dukedom of thee; which perforce, I know,  
Thou must restore.

ALON. If thou be'st Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation,  
How thou hast met us here; who three hours since  
Were wreckt upon this shore; where I have lost,  
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!  
My dear son Ferdinand.

PRO. I'm woe for't, Sir.

ALON. Irreparable is the loss, and patience  
Says, it is past her cure.

PRO. I rather think,  
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,  
For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,  
And rest myself content.

ALON. You the like loss?

PRO. As great to me, as late; and, supportable  
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you; for I  
Have lost my daughter.

ALON. A daughter?

○ heav'n! that they were living both in Naples,



The king and queen there! that they were, I wish,  
Myself were mudded in that cozy bed,  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

PRO. In this last tempest: I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire,  
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath: but howsoever you have  
Been justified from your senses, know for certain,  
That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wrecks, was landed  
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;  
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir,  
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in;  
My dukedom since you've given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing;  
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,  
As much as me my dukedom.

#### SCENE IV.

Opens to the entrance of the cell.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing  
at chess.

MIRA. Sweet lord, you play me false.

FER. No, my dear love,  
I would not for the world.

MIRA. Yes, for a score of kingdoms. You should wrangle,  
And I would call it fair play.

ALON. If this prove  
A vision of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

SEB. A most high miracle !

FER. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful :  
I've curs'd them without cause.

ALON. Now all the blessings [Ferd. kneels.  
Of a glad father compass thee about !  
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

MIRA. O wonder !  
How many goodly creatures are there here ?  
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,  
That has such people in't !

PRO. 'Tis new to thee.

ALON. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play ?  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together ?

FER. Sir, she's mortal ;  
But, by immortal providence, she's mine.  
I chose her, when I could not ask my father  
For his advice ; nor thought I had one : she  
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before ; of whom I have  
Receiv'd a second life, and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

ALON. I am hers ;  
But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness !

PRO. There, Sir, stop ;  
 Let us not burden our remembrance with  
 An heaviness that's gone.

GOW. I've inly wept,  
 Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
 And on this couple drop a blessed crown :  
 For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,  
 Which brought us hither !

ALON. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

GOW. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
 Should become kings of Naples ! O rejoice  
 Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
 In gold on lasting pillars ; in one voyage  
 Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;  
 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,  
 Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom,  
 In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves,  
 When no man was his own.

ALON. Give me your hands :  
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,  
 That doth not with you joy !

GOW. Be't so, Amen !

# SCENE V.

Enter Ariel, with the master and boatswain amazedly  
 following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us !  
 I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,  
 This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,  
 That swear'th grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?  
 Hast thou no mouth by land ? what is the news ?

BOATS. The best news is, that we have safely found  
Our king and company; the next, our ship,  
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,  
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

ARI. Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

PRO. My tricky spirit!

ALON. These are not natural events; they strengthen,  
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

BOATS. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead a-sleep,  
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,  
Where but ev'n now with strange and sev'ral noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master  
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, to please you,  
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

ARI. Was't well done?

PRO. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALON. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of; some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

PRO. Sir, my Liege,  
Do not infect your mind with heating on  
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure  
(Which shall be shortly) I'll resolve you.

Which to you shall seem probable, of every  
 These happen'd accidents; till when be cheerful,  
 And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirits;  
 Set Caliban and his companions free: [To Ariel.  
 Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir?  
 There are yet missing of your company  
 Some few odd fads, that you remember not.

## SCENE VI

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo,  
 in their stolen apparel.

STE. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take  
 care for himself; for all is but fortune; Coragio, bully-mon-  
 ster, Coragio!

TRIN. If these be true spits, which I wear in my head,  
 here's a goodly sight.

CAL. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!  
 How fine my master is! I am afraid,  
 He will chastise me.

SEB. Ha, ha!  
 What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
 Will money buy 'em?

ANT. Very like; one of them  
 Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

PRO. Mark but the badges of these arens, my lords,  
 Then say, if they be true: this mil-linap'd knave,  
 His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
 That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
 And deal in her command without her power.  
 These three have robb'd me; and this deny'd devil  
 (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life; two of these fellows you  
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I shall be pincht to death.

ALON. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEB. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

ALON. And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they  
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?  
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRIN. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last,  
that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not  
fear fly-blowing.

SEB. Why, how now, Stephano?

STE. O, touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PRO. You'd be king o'th' isle, Sirrah?

STE. I should have been a fore one then.

ALON. 'Tis a strange thing, as I e're look'd on.

PRO. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,  
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell,  
Take with you your companions; as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CAL. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wife hereafter,  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a God?  
And worship this dull fool?

PRO. Go to, away!

ALON. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you  
found it.

SEB. Or stole it rather.

PRO. Sir, I invite your highness and your train  
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest  
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste

With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away ; the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by,  
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples ;  
Where I have hope to see the nuptials  
Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd ;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALON. I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

PRO. I'll deliver all ;  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off. My Ariel—chick,——  
That is thy charge : then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well !—Please you draw near.

[Exit omnes.]

# E P I L O G U E.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

**N**OW my charms are all o'er-thrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own ;  
Which is most faint : and now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confin'd by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell :  
But release me from my bands,  
With the help of your good hands.  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. For now I want  
Spirits t'enforce, art to enchant :  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free !



A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS

D R E A M.

Q.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, duke of Athens.

EGEUS, an Athenian lord.

LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.

PHILOSTRATE, master of the sports to the duke.

QUINCE, the carpenter.

SNUG, the joiner.

BOTTOM, the weaver.

FLUTE, the bellows-mender.

SNOWT, the tinker.

STARVELING, the tailor.

HIPPOLITA, princess of the Amazons, betroth'd to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander,

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

## ATTENDANTS.

OBERON, king of the fairies.

TITANIA, queen of the fairies.

PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, a fairy.

PEASEBLOSSOM,

COBWEB,

MOTH,

MUSTARD-SEED.

PYRAMUS,

THISBE,

WALL,

MOONSHINE,

LYON,

} Fairies.

} Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.

Other fairies attending on the king and queen.

SCENE, Athens; and a wood not far from it.

A  
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S

D R E A M.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace in Athens.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with attendants.

THESEUS.

NOW, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow  
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

HIP. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;  
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:  
And then the moon like to a silver bow,  
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

THE. Go, Philostrate,  
Stir up th' Athenian youth to merriments;  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,  
The pale companion is not for our pomp.  
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword;

[Exit. Phi.]

86 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

And won thy love, doing thee injuries :  
But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyfander and Demetrius.

EGE. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke :

THE. Thanks, good Egeus ; what's the news with thee ?

EGE. Full of vexation, come I with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

"Stand forth," Demetrius.——My noble Lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.

"Stand forth," Lyfander.——And, my gracious duke,  
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child ;

Thou, thou, Lyfander, thou hast giv'n her shames,  
And interchang'd love tokens with my child :

Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;

And stol'n th' impression of her fantasie,  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats, messengers  
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth :

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness : And, my gracious duke,  
Be't so, she will not here before your grace

Consent to marry with Demetrius ;

I beg the antient privilege of Athens,

As she is mine, I may dispose of her :

Which shall be either to this gentleman,

Or to her death, according to our law,

Immediately provided in that case.

THE. What say you, Hermia ? be advis'd, fair maid.

To you your father should be as a god,  
 One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,  
 To whom you are but as a form in wax  
 By him imprinted; and within his pow'r  
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.  
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HER. So is Lysander.

THE. In himself he is;  
 But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
 The other must be held the worthier.

HER. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

THE. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

HER. I do intreat your grace to pardon me:  
 I know not, by what pow'r I am made bold;  
 Nor how it may concern my modesty,  
 In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:  
 But, I beseech your grace, that I may know  
 The worst that may befall me in this case,  
 If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THE. Either to die the death, or to abjure  
 For ever the society of men.  
 Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires:  
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
 You can endure the livery of a nun;  
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
 To live a barren sister all your life,  
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon?  
 Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,  
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!  
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
 Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,

88 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Grows, lives and dies, in single blessedness.

HER. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yolk  
My soul consents not to give sov'reignty.

THE. Take time to pause: and by the next new moon  
The sealing day betwixt my love and me,  
For everlasting bond of fellowship,  
Upon that day either prepare to die,  
For disobedience to your father's will;  
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;  
Or on Diana's alter to protest,  
For aye, austerity and single life.

DEM. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield  
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

LYS. You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.

EGE. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;  
And what is mine, my love shall render him.  
And she is mine, and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

LYS. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd: my love is more than his:  
My fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius's:  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena;  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, doats,  
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 89

Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

THE. I must confess, that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought I have spoke thereof;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;  
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;  
I have some private schooling for you both.  
For you, fair Hermia, look, you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will;  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up  
(Which by no means we may extenuate)  
To death, or to a vow of single life.——

——Come, my Hippolita; what cheer, my love?——

——Demetrius, and Egeus, go along;

I must employ you in some business  
Against our nuptials, and confer with you  
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

EGE. With duty and desire we follow you. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Manent Lysander and Hermia.

LYS. How now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?  
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HER. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well  
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

LYS. Ah me, for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth;  
But, either it was different in blood——

HER. O cross!—too high to be enthrall'd to low——

LYS. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years——

90 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

HER. O spite! too old, to be engag'd to young!

LYS. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—

HER. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!

LYS. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That (in a spleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say, **BEHOLD!**  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;  
So quick bright things come to confusion.—

HER. If then true lovers have been ever cross,  
It stands as an edict in destiny.:

Then, let us teach our tryal patience;

Because it is a customary cross,

As due to love, as thoughts and dreams and sighs,

Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

LYS. A good persuasion—therefore hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow-aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child;

From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues,

And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town,

Where I did meet thee once with Helena

To do observance to the morn of May,

There will I stay for thee

HER. My good Lyfander,



# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM 91

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head,  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
By that, which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke;  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

## SCENE III.

Enter Helena.

HER. God speed, fair Helena! whither away?

HEL. Call you me fair? that fair again unfair;  
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!  
Your eyes are lode stars, and your tongue's sweet air  
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.  
Sickness is catching: O! were favour so!  
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;  
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;  
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody,  
Were the world mine, Demetrius being 'bated,  
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.  
O teach me, how you look: and with what art  
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

HER. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HEL. Oh, that your frowns would teach my smiles such  
skill!

98 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

HER. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HEL. Oh! that my pray'rs could such affection move!

HER. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HEL. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HER. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

HEL. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

HER. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;  
Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see

Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me.

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell?

LYS. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass;

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass;

(A time, that lovers flights doth still conceal)

Through Athens' gate have we devis'd to steal.

HER. And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lye,

Emptying our bosoms of our counsels sweet;

There, my Lysander, and myself shall meet;

And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewel, sweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Keep word, Lysander—we must starve our sight

From lover's food, till morrow deep midnight

[Exit. Hermia.]

LYS. I will, my Hermia—Helena, adieu;

As you on him, Demetrius doat on you!

[Exit Lys.]

HEL. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!  
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
 But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so:  
 He will not know; what all, but he, do know.  
 And as he errs, doating on Hermia's eyes,  
 So I, admiring of his qualities,  
 Things base and vile, holding no quality,  
 Love can transpoſe to form and dignity:  
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.  
 Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;  
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haſte;  
 And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,  
 Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.  
 As waggiſh boys themſelves in game forſwear,  
 So the boy love is perjur'd every where.  
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,  
 He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;  
 And when this hail ſome heat from Hermia felt,  
 So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.  
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:  
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,  
 Purſue her; and for this intelligence  
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.  
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
 To have his ſight thither, and back again.

[Exit.

## SCENE IV.

Changes to a cottage.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

QUIN. Is all our company here?

BOT. You were best to call them generally man by man, according to the scrip.

QUIN. Here is the scrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and dutchess, on his wedding-day at night.

BOT. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.

QUIN. Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

BOT. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrowl. Masters, spread yourselves.

QUIN. Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUIN. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

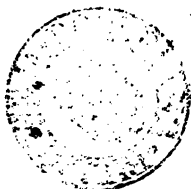
BOT. What is Pyramus, a lover, or a tyrant?

QUIN. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

BOT. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest;——yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play Eracles rarely, or a part to tear a cap in: To make all split:——

# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 95

" The raging rocks,  
 " And shivering shocks  
 " Shall break the locks  
 " Of prison gates:  
 " And Phibbus oar  
 " Shall shine from far,  
 " And make and hear  
 " The foolish fates."



This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players.  
 This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more consol-  
 ing.

QUIN. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLU. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You must take Thisby on you.

FLU. What is Thisby, a wand'ring knight?

QUIN. It is the lady, that Pyramus must love.

FLU. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a  
 beard coming.

QUIN. That's all one, you shall play it in a masque;  
 and you may speak as small as you will.

BOT. 'An' I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too;  
 I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, Thisne, Thisne; ah,  
 Pyramus, my lover dear, thy Thisby dear, and lady dear.

QUIN. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and Flute,  
 you Thisby.

BOT. Well, proceed.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, the taylor.

STAR. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.

QUIN. Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOW. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's fa-

ther; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part: I hope, there is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion's part written? pray you? if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUIN. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOT. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me, I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "let him roar again, let him roar again."

QUIN. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the dutcheſs and the ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us every mother's son.

BOT. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale.

QUIN. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's-day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOT. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUIN. Why, what you will.

BOT. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-colour'd beard; your perfect yellow.

QUIN. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters, here are your parts; and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire

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you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

BOT. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

QUIN. At the duke's oak we meet.

BOT. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

## A.C.T. II. SCENE I.

### A WOOD.

Enter a fairy at one door, and Puck (or Robin-goodfellow) at another.

P U C K.

**H**OW now, spirit, whither wander you?

FAI. Over hill, over dale,  
Through bush, through briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Through flood, through fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green;  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,  
In their gold coats spots you see,  
Those be rubies, fairy favours:  
In those freckles live their favours:

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I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewel, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone,  
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to night,  
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:  
She never had so sweet a changeling;  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;  
But she per-force with-holds the lovely boy,  
Crows him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.  
And now they never meet in grove, or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,  
But they do square, that all their elves for fear  
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd, and knavish sprite,  
Call'd Robin-goodfellow. Are you not he,  
That fright the maidens of the villagere,  
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,  
And bootless make the breathless huswife chern:  
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,  
Mis-lead night wand'ers, laughing at their harm?  
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,  
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.  
Are not you he?

Puck. I am——thou speak'st aright;  
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:



I jest to Oberon and make him smile,  
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;  
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
 In very likeness of a roasted crab,  
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale,  
 The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,  
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
 And taylor cries, and falls into a cough;  
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loose,  
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,  
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.  
 But make room, fairy, here comes Oberon.

FAI. And here my mistress——Would, that we were  
 gone!

## S C E N E II.

Enter Oberon, king of fairies, at one door with his train,  
 and the queen at another with hers.

OB. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

QUEEN. What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence,  
 I have forsworn his bed and company.

OB. Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?

QUEEN. Then I must be thy lady; but I know,  
 When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,  
 And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
 To am'rous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
 Come from the further steep of India?

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But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

OB. How can'st thou thus for shame, Titania,  
Glance at my credit with Hippolita ;  
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?  
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night  
From Periguné, whom he ravished ;  
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,  
With Ariadne, and Antiopa ?

QUERN. These are the forgeries of jealousy :  
And never since the middle summer's spring  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,  
Have every pelting river made so proud,  
That they have over-borne their continents.  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn  
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard.  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock ;  
The nine-mens morris is filled up with mud,  
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.  
The human mortals want their winter here :

No night is now with hymn or carol blest ;  
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air ;  
 That rheumatick diseases do abound,  
 And thorough this distemperature, we see  
 The seasons alter ; hoary-headed frosts  
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;  
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,  
 An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds  
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,  
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change  
 Their wonted liveries ; and th' amazed world,  
 By their increase, now knows not which is which ;  
 And this same progeny of evil comes  
 From our debate, from our dissension ;  
 We are their parents and original.

OB. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.  
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?  
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
 To be my henchman.

QUEEN. Set your heart at rest,  
 The fairy-land buys not the child of me.  
 His mother was a votress of my order,  
 And, in the spiced Indian air by night,  
 Full often she hath gossip'd by my side ;  
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood.  
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,  
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind :  
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,  
 Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)  
 Would imitate, and sail upon the land,

To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
 As from a voyage rich with merchandize.  
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
 And, for her sake, I do fear up her boy,  
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

OB. How long within this wood intend you stay?

QUEEN. Perchance, 'till after Theseus' wedding-day.  
 If you will patiently dance in our round,  
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us;  
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OB. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

QUEEN. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Elves, away:  
 We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[Exeunt queen and her train.]

OB. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove,  
 'Till I torment thee for this injury. ———  
 My gentle Puck, come hither, thou remember'st  
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;  
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
 To hear the sea-maid's musick.

PUCK. I remember.

OB. That very time I saw, but thou could'st not,  
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
 Cupid all-arm'd: a certain aim he took  
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west,  
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;  
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,

And the imperial vot'refs pass'd on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell,  
 It fell upon a little western flower;  
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;  
 And maidens call it love in idleness.  
 Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I shew'd thee once;  
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,  
 Will make or man, or woman, madly doat  
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,  
 Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
 In forty minutes.

{Exit.

Os. Having once this juice,  
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep;  
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:  
 The next thing that she waking looks upon,  
 Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,  
 She shall pursue it with the fowl of love:  
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,  
 (As I can take it with an another herb)  
 I'll make her render up her page to me.  
 But who comes here? I am invisible,  
 And I will over-hear their conference.

SCENE III.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
 Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?

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The one I'll slay ; the other slayeth me.  
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood ;  
And here am I, and wood within this wood ;  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,  
But yet you draw not iron ; for my heart  
Is true as steel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,  
And I shall have no pow'r to follow you.

DEM. Do I entice you ? do I speak you fair ?  
Or rather do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot, love you ?

HEL. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more ;  
I am your spaniel ; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you ;  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me ; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your love,  
And yet a place of high respect with me,  
Than to be used, as you use your dog ?

DEM. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit ;  
For I am sick, when I look on you.

HEL. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

DEM. You do impeach your modesty too much,  
To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not ;  
To trust the opportunity of night,  
And the ill-counsel of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HEL. Your virtue is my privilege. For that  
It is not night when I do see your face,

Therefore, I think, I am not in the night.  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;  
For you in my respect are all the world.  
Then how can it be said, I am alone?  
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEM. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HEL. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;  
Run when you will, the story shall be changed;  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tyger. Beetle's speed!  
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

DEM. I will not stay thy questions; let me go;  
Or if thou follow me, do not believe,  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Pies Demetrius;  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex;  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.  
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell;  
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[Exeunt.

# SCENE IV.

OB. Fare thee well; thyself; ere he hath leave to say more,  
Thou shalt fly him; and he shall lose thy love.  
Hast thou the flower there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OB. I pray thee, give it me ;  
 I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
 Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,  
 O'r-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,  
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.  
 There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
 Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight ;  
 And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,  
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :  
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove ;  
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
 With a disdainful youth ; anoint his eyes ;  
 But do it, when the next thing he espies  
 May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man,  
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove  
 More fond of her, than she upon her love ;  
 And, look, you meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [Exe.

## S C E N E V.

Enter Queen of fairies, with her train.

QUEEN. Come, now a roundel, and a Fairy song :  
 Then, 'fore the third part of a minute, hence ;  
 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,  
 Some war with rear mice for their leathern wing,  
 To make my small elves coats ; and some keep back  
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders  
 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep :  
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.



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Fairies sing.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,

Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;

Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;

Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,

Sing in your sweet lullaby;

Lulla, lulla, lullaby;

Lulla, lulla, lullaby:

Never harm,

Nor spell, nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh;

So good night with lullaby.

2 Fairy.

Weaving spiders come not here;

Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;

Beetles black, approach not near,

Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel with melody, &c.

1 Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:

One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[Exeunt Fairies. The queen sleeps.]

Enter Oberon.

OB. What thou see'st, when thou dost wake,

Do it for thy true love take:

Love and languish for his sake:

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Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
 In thy eye that shall appear,  
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;  
 Wake, when some vile thing is near. [Exit Oberon.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lyfander and Hermia.

LYS. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;  
 And, to speak truth, I have forgot our way :  
 We'll rest us, Hermia, if thou think it good,  
 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HÆR. Be't so, Lyfander; find you out a bed,  
 For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYS. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,  
 One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

HÆR. Nay, good Lyfander; for my sake, my dear,  
 Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

LYS. O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;  
 Love takes the meaning in love's conference;  
 I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;  
 So that but one heart can you make of it:  
 Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;  
 So then two bosoms and a single troth:  
 Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;  
 For lying so, Hermia, I do not lye.

HÆR. Lyfander riddles very prettily;  
 How much bešhrew my manners, and my pride,  
 If Hermia meant to say, Lyfander ly'd.  
 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
 Lye further off; in human modesty.

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Such separation, as, may well be said,  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,  
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend;  
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

LYS. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;  
And then end life when I end loyalty!  
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

HÉR. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be prest!

[They sleep.]

Enter Puck.

PUCK. Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none,  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love:  
Night and silence! who is here?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear;  
This is he, my master said.  
Despised the Athenian maid,  
And here the maiden sleeping found  
On the dank and dirty ground.  
Pretty soul! she durst not lye  
Near to this lack-love kill-curtisie.  
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the pow'r this charm doth owe:  
When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid;  
So awake, when I am gone:  
For I must now to Oberon.

[Exit.]

## SCENE VII.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

HEL. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet Demetrius!

DEM. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HEL. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

DEM. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.]

HEL. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase;  
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
Happy is Hermia, wherefoe'er she lies;  
For she hath blessed, and attractive, eyes.  
How came her eyes so bright? not with salt tears;  
If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers:  
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;  
For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear.  
Therefore no marvel, tho' Demetrius  
Do (as a monster) fly my presence thus.  
What wicked, and dissembling, glass of mine  
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?  
But who is here: Lysander on the ground:  
Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:  
Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.

LYS. And run thro' fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[Waking.]

Transparent Helen, nature here shews art,  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word  
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

HEL. Do not say so, Lysander, say not so;  
What tho' he love your Hermia, lord, what tho'?

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Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

LYS. Content with Hermia? no: I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent;  
Not Hermia, but Helen now I love:  
Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;  
And reason says, you are the worthier maid.  
Things, growing, are not ripe until their season;  
So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reason.  
And touching now the point of human skill,  
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook  
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

HEL. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?  
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo:  
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness;  
Oh, that a lady of one man refus'd,  
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [Exit.

LYS. She sees not Hermia? Hermia, sleep thou there;  
And never may'st thou come Lyfander near;  
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;  
Or as the heresies, that men do leave,  
Are hated most of those they did deceive:

So thou, my surfeit and my heretic,  
Of all be hated, but the most of me!  
And all my pow'r's address your love and might  
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.

HER. Help me, Lyfander, help me! do thy best  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast:  
Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here?  
Lyfander, look, how I do quake with fear;  
Me-thought, a serpent eat my heart away;  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.  
Lyfander! what remov'd? Lyfander, lord!  
What, out of hearing gone? no sound, no word?  
Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear,  
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.  
No?—then I well perceive, you are not nigh:  
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

### ACT III. SCENE I.

The wood.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.  
The queen of fairies lying asleep.

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat, and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. Peter Quince—

QUIN. What say'st thou, bally Bottom?

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BOT. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT. By'raken, a parlous fear.

STAR. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well; write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and for more better assurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

BOT. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

STAR. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in, God shield us, a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

SNOUT. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect; ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think, I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a man as

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other men are; and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

SNUG. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

SNUG. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

QUIN. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUIN. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then there is another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber, for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story) did talk thro' the chink of a wall.

SNUG. You never can bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaister, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

S C E N E II.

Enter Puck behind.

PUCK. What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here,



# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 115

He near the bridle of the fairy queen?

What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus, Thisby, stand forth.

PYR. Thisby, the flower of odorous favours sweet.

QUIN. Odours, odours,

PYR. Odours, favours sweet.

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear;

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit;

And, by and by, I will to thee appear. [Exit Pyramus.

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er plaid here! [Aside.

THIS. Must I speak now?

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

THIS. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier;

Most briskly juvenile, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninus's tomb.

QUIN. Ninus' tomb, man; why you must not speak that yet: that you answer to Pyramus; you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

Re-enter Bottom, with an ass-head.

THIS. O,——As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

PYR. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted; pray, masters, fly, masters; help! [The clowns exit.

PUCK. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

116 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through  
bryer;  
Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,  
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire,  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.

BOT. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them  
to make me afraid.

Enter Snout.

SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; what do I see on  
thee?

BOT. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own,  
do you?

Enter Quince.

QUIN. Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee; thou art translated.

BOT. I see their knavery, this is to make an ass of me,  
to fright me if they can; but I will not stir from this place,  
do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will  
sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

The oufel cock so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throftle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill.

QUIN. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?  
[Waking.

BOT. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckow gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay.

For, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?  
who would give a bird the lye, tho' he cry Cuckow never  
so?

# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 117

QUEEN. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;  
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,  
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOT. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason  
for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep  
little company together now-a-days. The more the pity,  
that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.  
Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

QUEEN. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

BOT. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out  
of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

QUEEN. Out of this wood do not desire to go,  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me,  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go,  
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

## SCENE III.

Enter four fairies.

1 FAIR. Ready.

2 FAIR. And I.

3 FAIR. And I.

I 3

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3 FAIR. And I: where shall we go?

QUEEN. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,  
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,  
And for night tapers crop their waxen-thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,  
To have my love to bed, and to arise;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 FAIR. Hail, mortal, hail!

2 FAIR. Hail!—

3 FAIR. Hail!—

BOT. I cry your worship's mercy heartily; I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

BOT. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good master Cobweb; if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman.

PEASE. Peasebloom.

BOT. I pray you, commend me to Mrs. Squash your mother, and to master Peascod your father. Good master Peaseblossom, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, Sir.

Mus. Mustardseed.

BOT. Good master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire more of your acquaintance, good master Mustardseed.

QUEEN. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.  
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;  
And when she weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,  
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter king of fairies.

OB. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd:  
Than what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger! how now mad sprite,  
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

PUCK. My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play,  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallow'st thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's now! I fixed on his head;  
Anon his Thisby must be answered,  
And forth my minnock comes: when they him spy,  
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,

120 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;  
 So at his sight, away his fellows fly;  
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;  
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,  
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.  
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,  
 Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.  
 I led them on in this distracted fear,  
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there:  
 When in that moment (so it came to pass)  
 Titania wak'd, and straitway lov'd an ass.

OB. This falls out better than I could devise.  
 But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes  
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

PUCK. I took him sleeping; that is finish'd too;  
 And the Athenian woman by his side,  
 That when he wakes, of force she must be ey'd.

S C E N E V.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

OB. Stand close, this is the same Athenian.

PUCK. This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEM. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?  
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HEM. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;  
 For thou, I fear, hast giv'n me cause to curse:  
 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,  
 And kill me too,

The sun was not so true unto the day,  
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away  
From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,  
This whole earth may be bor'd ; and that the moon  
May through the center creep, and so displease  
Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.  
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him ;  
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.

DEM. So should the murder'd look ; and so should I,  
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty :  
Yet you the murderer look as bright, and clear,  
As yonder Venus in her glimm'ring sphere.

HEL. What's this to my Lysander ? where is he ?  
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?

DEM. I'd rather give his carcass to my hounds.

HER. Out, dog ; out, cur ! thou driv'st me past the bounds  
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then ?  
Henceforth be never number'd among men.

O ! once tell true and even for my sake,  
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake !  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch !  
Could not a worm, an adder do so much ?  
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung

DEM. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood :  
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,  
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HER. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

DEM. And if I could, what should I get therefore ?

HER. A privilege never to see me more ;  
And from thy hated presence part I so :

ACT V. A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

See me no more, whether he's dead or no! [Exit.

DEM. There is no following her in this fierce vein,  
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain :  
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,  
For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe ;  
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,  
If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.

OS. What hast thou done ? thou hast mistaken quite,  
And laid thy love-juice on some true love's sight :  
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue  
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

PUCK. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,  
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

OS. About the wood go swifter than the wind,  
And Helena, of Athens, see, thou find.  
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer :  
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear ;  
By some illusion, see, thou bring her here ;  
I'll charm his eyes, against she doth appear.

PUCK. I go, I go ; luck, how I go ;  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

OS. Flower of this purple dye,  
Hit with Cupid's archery,  
Sink in apple of his eye !  
When his love he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky.  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

PUCK. Captain of our fairy-band,



# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 129

Helena is here at hand,  
And the youth, mistook by me,  
Pleading for a lover's fee,  
Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OB. Stand aside; the noise they make,  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

PUCK. Then will I use at once woo one;  
That must needs be sport alone,  
And those things do best please me,  
That befall preposterously.

## SCENE VI.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

LYS. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn?  
Scorn and derision never come in tears.  
Look, when I vow I weep; and vows so born,  
In their nativity all truth appears:  
How can things in me seem scorn to you,  
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

HEL. You do advance your cunning more and more;  
When truth kills truth, O devilish, holy fray!  
These vows are Hermia's, will you give her o'er?  
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;  
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,  
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

LYS. I had no judgment when to her I swore

HEL. Nor none in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYS. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you,

DEM. [awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,  
divine,

To what, my love, shall I compare thine cyne ?  
 Crystal is muddy ; O how ripe in show  
 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow !  
 That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,  
 Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow  
 When thou hold'st up thy hand. O let me kiss  
 This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss.

HEL. O sight, O hell ! I see you all are bent  
 To set against me, for your merriment ;  
 If you were civil, and knew courtesy,  
 You would not do me thus much injury.  
 Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
 But you must join in souls to mock me too ?  
 If you are men, as men you are in show,  
 You would not use a gentle lady so :  
 To vow and swear, and super-praise my parts ;  
 When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts  
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia,  
 And now both rivals to mock Helena.  
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,  
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes  
 With your derision ! none of nobler sort  
 Would so offend a virgin, and extort  
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

LYS. You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;  
 For you love Hermia ; this, you know, I know.  
 And here with all good will, with all my heart,  
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ;  
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
 Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

HEL. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEM. Lyfander, keep thy Hermia, I will none;  
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.  
My heart with her but, as guest-wife, sojourn'd,  
And now to Helen it is home return'd,  
There ever to remain.

LYS. It is not so.

DEM. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know,  
Left to thy peril thou abide it dear.  
Look, where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Hermia.

HER. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
The ear more quick of apprehension makes:  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompence.  
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander, found;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
But why unkindly did'st thou leave so?

LYS. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

HER. What love could press Lyfander from my side?

LYS. Lyfander's love, that would not let him 'bide,  
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night,  
Than all yon fiery Orbs and eyes of light.  
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,  
The hate, I bear thee, made me leave thee so?

HER. You speak not, as you think: it cannot be.

HEL. Lo, she is one of this confed'racy;  
Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd all three,)  
To fashion this false sport in spite to me.

126 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,  
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
 To bait me with this foul derision ?  
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
 For parting us ; O ! and is all forgot ?  
 All school-days friendship, childhood innocence ?  
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
 Created with our needles both one flower,  
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion ;  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds  
 Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet an union in partition :  
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem,  
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;  
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly ;  
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;  
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

HER. I am amazed at your passionate words :  
 I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

HEL. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?  
 And made your other love, Demetrius,  
 (Who even but now, did spurn me with his foot)

To call me goddess, nymph divine, and rare,  
Precious, celestial ? wherefore speaks he this  
To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander  
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
And tender me, forsooth, affection ;  
But by your setting on, by your consent ?  
What though I be not so in grace as you,  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate ;  
But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?  
This you should pity, rather than despise.

HER. I understand not what you mean by this.

HEL. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back ;  
Wink at each other, hold the sweet jest up :  
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.  
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argument :  
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,  
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

LYS. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ;  
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !

HEL. O excellent !

HER. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEM. If she cannot intreat, I can compel.

LYS. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat ;  
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.  
Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do ;  
I swear, by that which I will lose for thee,  
To prove him false, that says, I love thee not.

DEM. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

LYS. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

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DEM. Quick, come——

HER. Lyfander, whereto tends all this ?

LYS. Away, you Ethiop !

DEM. No, no, he'll seem

To break away : take on as he would follow,

But yet come not :—you are a tame man, go.

LYS. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr ; vile thing, let  
loose ; or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

HER. Why are you grown so rude ? What change is this ?  
Sweet love !

LYS. Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out ;  
Out, loathed medicine : hated poison, hence.

HER. Do you not jest ?

HEL. Yes, sooth, and so do you.

LYS. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEM. I would, I had your bond ; for, I perceive,  
A weak bond holds you ; I'll not trust your word.

LYS. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?  
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HER. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate ?  
Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?

Am not I Hermia ? are not you Lyfander ?

I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.

Since night, you lov'd me ; yet, since night, you left me ;

Why then you left me—(O the gods forbid it !)

In earnest, shall I say ?

LYS. Ay, by my life ;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt ;

Be certain, nothing truer ; 'tis no jest ;

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

HER. O me, you juggler; oh, you canker-blossom;  
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,  
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HCL. Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness? what, will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie, you counterfeit; you puppet, you.

HER. Puppet? why, so: ay, that way goes the game.  
Now, I perceive, that she hath made compare  
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.  
And are you grown so high in his esteem,  
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak,  
How low am I? I am not yet so low,  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HCL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;  
I am a right maid, for my cowardice:  
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,  
Because she's something lower than myself,  
That I can match her.

HER. Lower! hark, again.—

HCL. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me;  
I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:  
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,

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But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me  
To strike me, spurn me, say, to kill me too;  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no further. Let me go.  
You see, how simple and how fond I am.

HER. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

HEL. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

HER. What, with Lyfander?

HEL. With Demetrius.

LYS. Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEM. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

HEL. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;  
She was a vixen when she went to school;  
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

HER. Little, again? nothing but low, and little?  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

LYS. Get you gone, you dwarf,

You Minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;  
You bead, you acorn.

DEM. You are too officious,  
In her behalf that scorns your services.  
Let her alone, speak not of Helena,  
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend,  
Never so little shew of love to her,  
Thou shalt aby it.

LYS. Now she holds me not;  
Now follow, if thou dar'st! to try whose right,  
Or thine, or mine, is most in Helena.

DEM. Follow? say, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.

[Exeunt Lyfander and Demetrius.]



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HER. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you :  
Nay, go not back.

HEL. I will not trust you, I ;  
Nor longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray ;  
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

[Exeunt : Hermia pursuing Helena.]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

OB. This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st,  
Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly.

PUCK. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me, I should know the man  
By the Athenian garment he had on ?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes ;  
And so far am I glad it did so fort,  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OB. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight ;  
Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fogs, as black as Acheron ;  
And lead these teasy rivals so astray,  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander, sometime, frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;  
And sometimes rail thou, like Demetrius ;  
And from each other, look, thou lead them thus ;  
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep ;

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Then crush this herb into Lyfander's eye,  
 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
 To take from thence all error with its might,  
 And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.  
 When they next wake, all this derision  
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;  
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend  
 With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.  
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;  
 And then I will her charmed eye release  
 From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,  
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
 At whose approach, ghosts wand'ring here and there,  
 Troop home to church-yard; damned spirits all,  
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
 For fear lest day should look their shame upon,  
 They wilfully exile themselves from light;  
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OB. But we are spirits of another sort;  
 I with the morning light have oft made sport;  
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
 Ev'n till the eastern gate, all fiery red,  
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
 Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams,  
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay;  
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Ex. Ob.]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,  
 I will lead them up and down,  
 I am fear'd in field and town.

Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

LYS. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

PUCK. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

LYS. I will be with thee straight.

PUCK. Follow me then

To plainer ground. [Lys. goes out, as following Dem.]

Enter Demetrius.

DEM. Lyfander, speak again;

Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak in some bush: where dost thou hide thy head?

PUCK. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come? come, recreant; come, thou child,

I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd,

That draws a sword on thee.

DEM. Yea, art thou there?

PUCK. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt.]

Lyfander comes back.

LYS. He goes before me, and still dares me on;

When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.

The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;

That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. Come, thou, gentle day: [Lyes down.]

For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,

I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spight.

Enter Puck and Demetrius.

PUCK. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'st thou not?

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DEM. Abide me, if thou dar'st : for well I wot,  
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
Where art thou?

PUCK. Come thou hither, I am here.

DEM. Nay, then thou mock'st me ; thou shalt pay this  
dear,  
If ever I thy face by day light see.  
Now, go thy way ; faintness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed.  
By day's approach look to be visited. (Lies down.

SCENE IX.

Enter Helena.

HEL. O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours : shine, comfort, from the East;  
That I may back to Athens by day-light,  
From these, that my poor company detest;  
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me a while from mine own company. [Sleeps.

PUCK. Yet but three ? come one more,  
Two of both kinds make up four,  
Here she comes, curst and sad ;  
Cupid is a knavish lad,  
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

HER. Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,  
can no further crawl, no further go ;  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires :

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 135

Here will I rest me, 'till the break of day.

Heav'n's shield Lyfander, if they mean a fray! [Lyes down.

Puck. On the ground

Sleep found,

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

{Squeezing the juice on Lyfander's eye.

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye;

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown.

Jack shall have jill,

Naught shall go ill,

The man shall have his mare again, and all be well.

{Exit. Puck. {They sleep.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continued, The Wood.

Enter queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and  
the king behind them.

QUEEN.

COME, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,

And stick musk roses in thy sleek, smooth'd head;

And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

K 4

**Bot.** Where's Peaseblossom?

**Pease.** Ready.

**Bot.** Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's monsieur Cobweb?

**Cob.** Ready.

**Bot.** Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I should be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's monsieur Mustardseed?

**Must.** Ready.

**Bot.** Give me thy neife, monsieur Mustardseed; pray you leave your curtesy, good monsieur.

**Must.** What's your will?

**Bot.** Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

**Queen.** What wilt thou hear, some musick, my sweet love?

**Bot.** I have a reasonable good ear in musick; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural musick, Tongs, &c.

**Queen.** Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

**Bot.** Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

QUEEN. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek  
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

BOY. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease.  
But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have  
an exposition of sleep come upon me.

QUEEN. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;  
Fairies, be gone, and be always away:  
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,  
Gently entwist; the female ivy so  
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.  
O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

OB. Welcome, good Robin; see'st thou this sweet sight?  
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;  
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,  
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,  
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:  
For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds  
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,  
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,  
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.  
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,  
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,  
I then did ask of her her changeling child,  
Which strait she gave me, and her fairy sent,  
To bear him to my bower in fairy-land.  
And now I have the boy, I will undo  
This hateful imperfection of her eye:  
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp

138 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

From off the head of the Athenian swain ;  
That he, awaking, when the others do,  
May all to Athens back again repair ;  
And think no more of this night's accidents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
But first, I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be ;  
See, as thou wast wont to see :  
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flow'r  
Hath such force and blessed pow'r.

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

QUEEN. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !  
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

OB. There lies your love.

QUEEN. How came these things to pass ?  
Oh, how mine eyes do loath this visage now !

OB. Silence, a while—Robin, take off his head ;  
Titania, musick call ; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

QUEEN. Musick, ho ! musick : such as charmeth sleep.

{Still musick.

PUCK. When thou awak'st, with thy own fool's eyes  
peep.

OB. Sound, musick ; come, my queen, take hand with  
me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
Now thou and I are new in unity ;  
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly  
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair posterity ;  
There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all-in-jollity.



PUCK. Fairy king, attend and mark;  
I do hear the ~~morning~~ lark.

OB. Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after the night's shade;  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

QUEEN. Come, my lord, and in our flight  
Tell me how it came this night,  
That I sleeping here was found,  
With these mortals on the ground.

[Sleepers lie still.

[Exeunt.

[Wind horns within.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolyta, and all his train.

THE. Go one of you, find out the forester,  
For now our observation is perform'd,  
And since we have the vaward of the day,  
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.  
Uncouple in the western valley, go——  
Dispatch, I pray, and find the forester.  
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIP. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding. For, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard  
So musical a discord, ~~such sweet-thunder~~.

THE. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;

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Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd, like Theſſalian bulls;  
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:  
Judge when you hear. But ſoft, what nymphs are theſe?

EGE. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,  
And this Lyſander, this Demetrius is,  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena;  
I wonder at their being here together.

THE. No doubt they roſe up early to obſerve  
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.  
But ſpeak, Egeus, is not this the day,  
That Hermia ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

EGE. It is, my lord.

THE. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and ſhout within: Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia,  
and Helena, wake and ſtart up.

THE. Good morrow, friends; ſaint Valentine is paſt;  
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?

LYS. Pardon, my lord.

THE. I pray you all, ſtand up:  
I know, you two are rival enemies.  
How comes this gentle contord in the world,  
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,  
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

LYS. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,  
Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet, I ſwear,  
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:  
But as I think, for truly would I ſpeak,

And now I do bethink me, so it is ;  
 I came with Hermia hither. Our intent  
 Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be  
 Without the peril of th' Athenian law.

EGE. Enough, enough ; my lord, you have enough ;  
 I beg the law, the law upon his head :  
 They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,  
 Thereby to have defeated you and me ;  
 You, of your wife ; and me, of my consent ;  
 Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

DEM. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
 Of this their purpose hither to this wood ;  
 And I in fury hither follow'd them ;  
 Fair Helena in fancy following me.  
 But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,  
 But by some power it is, my love to Hermia  
 Is melted as the snow ; seems to me now  
 As the remembrance of an idle gaude,  
 Which in my childbed I did doat upon,  
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
 The object and the pleasure of mine eye,  
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
 Was I betrothed ere I Hermia saw ;  
 But like a sickness did I loath this food ;  
 But as in health, come to my natural taste,  
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it ;  
 And will for evermore be true to it.

THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met ;  
 Of this discourse we shalt hear more anon.  
 Egeus, I will over-bear your will ;  
 For in the temple, by and by with us,  
 These couples shall eternally be knit ;

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And, for the morning now is something worn,  
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.

Away, with us to Athens; three and three,  
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolita. [Exe. Duke, Hippol. and train.

DEM. These things seem small and undistinguishable,  
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

HER. Methinks I see these things with parted eye;  
When every thing seems double.

HEL. So, methinks;  
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,  
Mine own, and not mine own.

DEM. But are you sure,  
That we are well awake? It seems to me,  
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think,  
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

HER. Yea, and my father.

HEL. And Hippolita.

LYS. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEM. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;  
And, by the way, let us recount our dream. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III,

As they go out, Bottom wakes.

BOT. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.  
My next is, most fair Pyramus—hey ho,—Peter Quince,  
Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling!  
god's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep? I have had  
a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit of man to  
say what dream it was; man is but an ass, if he go about to  
expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man  
can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—  
But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say  
what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard,

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the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it has no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter-end of a play before the duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after death. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the town.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

QUIN. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

STAR. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

FLU. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

QUIN. It is not possible; you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

FLU. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

QUIN. Yea, 'and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

FLU. You must say, paragon; a paramour is (God bless us!) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

SNUG. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

FLU. O sweet bully Bottom! thus hath he lost six-pence

144 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

a-day during his life; he could not have 'scap'd six-pence a-day; an' the duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd: He would have deserv'd it. Six-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

BOT. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUIN. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOT. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for, if I tell you I am no true Athenian—I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

QUIN. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOT. Not a word of me; all I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is prefer'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion, pair his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws; and, most dear actors! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a most sweet comedy. No more words, away; go away.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Égeus, and his lords.

HIPPOLITA.

'TIS strange, my Theseus, what these lovers speak of.

THE. More strange than true. I never may believe These antick fables, nor these fairy toys;

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
 The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,  
 Are of imagination all compact :  
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;  
 The madman. While the lover, all as frantick,  
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.  
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,  
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heav'n;  
 And as imagination bodies forth  
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
 Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
 A local habitation and a name.  
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
 That if he would but apprehend some joy,  
 He comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
 Or in the night imagining some fear,  
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

HIP. But all the story of the night told over,  
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,  
 And grows to something of great constancy,  
 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

THE. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.  
 Joy, gentle friends; joy and fresh days of love  
 Accompany your hearts.

LYS. More than to us,  
 Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

THE. Come now, what masks, what dances shall we have,  
 Vol. I. L

146 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

To wear away this long age of three hours,  
Between our after-supper and bed-time?  
Where is our usual manager of mirth?  
What revels are in hand? is there no play,  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
Call Philostrate.

Enter Philostrate.

PHILOST. Here, mighty Theseus.

THE. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?  
What mask? what musick? how shall we beguile  
The lazy time; if not with some delight!

PHILOST. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe:  
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.

THE. [reads.] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be  
sung by an Athenian eunuch to the harp."  
We'll none of that. That I have told my love,  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.  
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
"Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."  
That is an old device; and it was play'd,  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.  
"The thrice three muses mourning for the death  
"Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."  
That is some satire, keen and critical;  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.  
"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,  
"And his love Thisby; very tragical mirth."  
Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?  
That is hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?



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PHILOST. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,  
Which is as brief, as I have known a play,  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;  
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted,  
And tragical, my noble lord, it is:  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.  
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears  
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

THE. What are they, that do play it?

PHILOST. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,  
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;  
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories  
With this same play, against your nuptials.

THE. And we will hear it.

PHILOST. No, my noble lord,  
It is not for you. I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
Unless you can find sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretch'd and conch'd with cruel pain,  
To do you service.

THE. I will hear that play:

For never any thing can be amiss,  
When simplicity and duty conder it.

Go, bring them in, and take your places, ladies. [Exit Phil.

HIP. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
And duty in his service perishing.

THE. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

HIP. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

THE. The kinder we to give them thanks for nothing.  
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;

L 2

And what poor duty cannot do,  
 Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.  
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
 To meet me with premeditated welcomes :  
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
 Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,  
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,  
 Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome :  
 And in the modesty of fearful duty  
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
 Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,  
 In least speak most to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

PHILOST. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.  
 THE. Let him approach. [Flour. Trum.

## S C E N E II.

Enter Quince, for the Prologue.

PROL. If we offend, it is with our good will.—  
 That you should think, we come not to offend,  
 But with good will. To shew our simple skill,  
 That is the true beginning of our end.  
 Consider then—we come but in despite—  
 We do not come, as minding to content you—  
 Our true intent is,—all for your delight,  
 We are not here,—that you should here repent you,  
 The actors are at hand ;—and by their show,

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

THE. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

LYS. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt ;  
He knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord. It  
Is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

HIP. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a child  
on the recorder ; a sound, but not in government.

THE. His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing im-  
pair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is the next ?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine and Lion, as  
in dumb shew.

PROL. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show,  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, the vile wall, which did these lovers sunder :  
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content  
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moon-shine : for, if you will know,  
By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast which by name Lyon hight,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright :

And as she fled, her mantle she let fall ;

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain ;

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade

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He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.  
And Thisby tarrying in the mulberry shade,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let Lion, Moon-shine, Wall, and lovers twain,  
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[Exeunt all but Wall.

THE. I wonder, if the Lion be to speak.

DEM. No wonder, my lord; one Lion may, when many  
asses do.

WALL. In this same interlude, it doth befall,  
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:  
And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;  
Through which the lovers, Pyr'mus and Thisby,  
Did whisper often very secretly.  
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,  
That I am that same wall; the truth is so.  
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

THE. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEM. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

THE. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

PYR. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!  
O night which ever art, when day is not!  
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,  
I fear, my Thisby's promise is forgot.  
And thou, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.  
Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I? no Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THS. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

PYR. No, in truth, Sir, he should not. "Deceiving me," is Thisby's cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisby.

THS. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me.

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

PYR. I see a voice; now will I to the chink;

To spy, an' I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby!

THS. My love! thou art, my love, I think.

PYR. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace,  
And like Limander am I trusty still.

THS. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

PYR. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

THS. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

PYR. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

THS. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

PYR. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

THS. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

WALL. Thus have I Wall my part discharged so:  
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [Exit.

THE. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

DEM. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful, to hear without warning.

152 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

H1P. This is is the filliest stuff that e'er I heard.

THE. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

H1P. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

THE. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

LION. You, ladies, you whose gentle hearts do fear,  
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,  
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;  
For if I should as lion come in strife  
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

THE. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

DEM. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

LYS. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

THE. True; and a goose for his discretion.

DEM. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

THE. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

MOON. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present.

DEM. He should have worn the horns on his head.

THE. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

MOON. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present:  
Myself the man i'th' moon doth seem to be,

THE. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the man i'th' moon?

DEM. He dares not come there for the candle; for you see, it is already in snuff.

HIP. I am weary of this moon; 'would, he would change!

THE. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

LYS. Proceed, Moon.

MOON. All that I have to say, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush, and this dog, my dog.

DEM. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But silence; here comes Thisby.

Enter Thisby.

THIS. This is old Ninny's tomb; where is my love?

LION. Oh—— [The Lion roars, Thisby runs off.

DEM. Well roar'd, Lion.

THE. Well run, Thisby.

HIP. Well shone, Moon.

Truly, the Moon shines, with a good grace.

THE. Well mouz'd, Lion.

DEM. And then came Pyramus.

LYS. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

PYR. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;

For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

154 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

But stay : O spight !

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here ?

Eyes, do you see !

How can it be !

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood !

Approach, you furies fell :

O fates ! come, come :

Cut thread and thrum ;

Quail, crush, conclude and quell.

THE. This passion, and the death of a dear friend would  
go near to make a man look sad.

HES. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

PYR. O wherefore, nature, didst thou Lions frame ?

Since Lion vile hath here desflour'd my dear :

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come tears, confound :

Out sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus.

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop :

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled,

My soul is in the sky ;

Tongue, loose thy light,

Moon take thy flight,

Now die, die, die, die, die.

[Dies.

DAM. No die but an ace for him ; for he is but one.



LYS. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

THE. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

HIP. How chance the Moonshine is gone, before Thisby comes back and finds her lover?

*Enter Thisby.*

THE. She will find him by star-light.  
Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

HIP. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

DEM. A moth will turn the ballance, which Pyramus, which Thisby is the better.

LYS. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

DEM. And thus she moans, videlicet.——

THIS. Asleep, my love?

What dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise:

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? a tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes,

These lilly brows,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moan!

His eyes were green as leeks.

O sisters three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lave them in gore,

Since you have thore

With shears his thread of silk.

156 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Tongue, not a word;  
Come, trusty sword,  
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:  
And farewell, friends,  
Thus Thisby ends;  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[Dies.

THE. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

DEM. Ay, and Wall too.

BOT. No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance, between two of our company?

THE. No epilogue I pray you, for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he, that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hung himself in Thisby's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your bergomask; let your epilogue alone.

[Here a dance of Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers to bed; 'tis almost Fairy time,

I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have over-watch'd.

This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night—Sweet friends to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels and new jollity.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Puck.

PUCK. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf behowls the moon:

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task fore-done.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. 157

Now the wasted brands do glow  
    Whilst the screech-owl, shrieking loud,  
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,  
    In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night,  
    That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his spright,  
    In the church-way paths to glide ;  
And we Fairies, that do run  
    By the triple Hecat's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
    Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolick ; not a mouse,  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter king and queen of Fairies, with their train.

OB. Through this house give glimmering light,  
By the dead and drowsy fire,  
Every elf, and fairy spright,  
Hop as light as bird from brier ;  
And this ditty after me  
Sing and dance it trippingly.

QUEEN. First rehearse this song by rote,  
To each word a warbling note.  
Hand in hand with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place.

OB. Now until the break of day,  
Through this house each Fairy stray.  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be ;  
And the issue, there create,  
Ever shall be fortunate ;

# 158 A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

So shall all the couples three  
 Ever true in loving be :  
 And the blots of nature's hand  
 Shall not in their issue stand ;  
 Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,  
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
 Despised in nativity,  
 Shall upon their children be.  
 With this field-dew consecrate,  
 Every Fairy take his gait,  
 And each several chamber bless,  
 Through this palace with sweet peace.  
 Ever shall it safely rest,  
 And the owner of it blest.  
 Trip away,  
 Make no stay ;  
 Meet me all by break of day.

PUCK. If we shadows have offended,  
 Think but this, and all is mended ;  
 That you have but slumber'd here,  
 While these visions did appear.  
 And this weak and idle theme  
 No more yielding but a dream.  
 Gentles, do not reprehend,  
 If you pardon, we will mend.  
 And as I am honest Puck,  
 If we have unearned luck  
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
 We will make amends ere long ;  
 Else the Puck a liar call :  
 So, good night unto you all.  
 Give me your hands, if we be friends ;  
 And Robin shall restore amends.

[Exeunt omnes.

NOTES

# N O T E S

## O N T H E

### T E M P E S T.

☞ *The Reader, to find the Line referred to, must rec'd on the Lines of the Text only, beginning at the Top of the Page, omitting all Lines relating to the Entry of Characters, &c.*

The NOTES not in Dr. JOHNSON's Edition are marked with an *Asterism* [\*] thus.

THE TEMPEST has rather more of the novel in it than THE TAMING OF THE SHREW: but no one has yet pretended to have met with such a novel, nor any thing else, that can be supposed to have furnished Shakespeare with materials for writing this play; the fable of which must therefore pass for entirely his own production, till the contrary can be made appear by any future discovery. Dr. Warburton, after observing, that—the persons of the drama are all Italians, and the unities all regularly observed in it, (a custom likewise of the Italians) concludes his note with the mention of two of their plays,—IL NEGROMANTE, di L. Ariosto, and IL NEGROMANTE PALLIATO di Gio. Angelo Petrucci; one or other of which, he seems to think, may have given rise to THE TEMPEST: but he is mistaken in both of them; and the last must needs be out of the question, being later than Shakespeare's time. CAPELL.

These two first Plays, THE TEMPEST and THE MID-SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakespeare, which soars above the bounds of nature without forsaking sense; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. Fletcher seems particu-

L. I.

A

larly to have admired these two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, the SEA-VOYAGE and the FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS. But when he presumes to break a lance with Shakespeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in THE FALSE ONE, which is the rival of ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA, he is not so successful. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton caught the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays; which shines fantastically indeed in THE GOBLINS, but much more nobly and serenely in THE MASK AT LUDLOW-CASTLE.

WARBURTON.

[P. 3. L. 1.] In this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailor's language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders.

JOHNSON.

P. 4. L. 1. Cheerly, *cheerly*,] from the old copies.

CAPELL.\*

*Ibid.* *Hand a rope.*] Old copies.

CAPELL.\*

L. 3. ——— *blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.*] Perhaps it might be read, "Blow till thou burst, wind, if room enough."

JOHNSON.

L. 16. *o' the present,*] i. e. on the present, at this instant.

THEOB.\*

L. 21.] It may be observed of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck, and his hope on the island.

JOHNSON.

P. 5. L. 2.] The courses are the main-sail and fore-sail. This term is used by Raleigh in his Discourse on Shipping.

JOHNSON.

P. 6. L. 3. ——— *to glut him.*] Shakespeare probably wrote, *englut* him, to *swallow* him; for which I know not that *glut* is ever used by him. In this signification *englut*, from *engloutir*, French, occurs frequently, as in Henry VI.

——— *Thou art so near the Gulf*

*Thou must needs be engluttred.*

And again in TIMON and OTHELLO. Yet Milton writes *gluttred off* for *swallowed*: and therefore perhaps the present text may stand.

JOHNSON.

L. 6. *Brother, farewell!*] As Gonzalo had no brother in the ship, this line should, I think, be given to Alonso the king, taking leave of his brother Sebastian, to which the next lines make the natural answer. Gonzalo had indeed no wife and children there, but that exclamation is the general cry in wrecks. Brother is useless, unless some brother had been afterwards mentioned.

JOHNSON.

L. 10. ———— *long beatb.*] This is the common name for the *erica baccifera*: which the Oxford editor not understanding, conjectured that Shakespeare wrote, ———— *ling, beatb*: but, unluckily, *beatb* and *ling* are but two words for the same plant.

WARR.

L. 12. *If by your art, &c.*] Nothing was ever better contrived to inform the audience of the story than this scene. It is a conversation that could not have happened before, and could not but happen now.

WARR.\*

P. 7. L. 5. *Prospero. No harm.*] I know not whether Shakespeare did not make Miranda speak thus,

*O wo the day! no harm?*

To which Prospero properly answers,

*I have done nothing but in care of thee.*

Miranda when she speaks the words, *O wo the day*, supposes, not that the crew had escaped, but that her father thought differently from her, and counted their destruction *no harm*.

JOHNSON.

L. 9. *I am more better.*] This is the genuine reading, which Mr. Pope has sophisticated; not observing, I suppose, how frequent it is with Shakespeare, and the other Writers of that age, to add the *termination* to adjectives of the *comparative* and *superlative* degrees, and at the same time prefix *signs* showing the degrees.

THEOB.\*

L. 19. *The very virtue of compassion in thee.*] We must not think that *the very virtue* was intended to shew the *degree* of her compassion, but the *kind*. Compassion for other's misfortunes ofteneft arises from a sense or apprehension of the like. And then it is *sympathy*, not *virtue*. Though the want of it may be esteemed *vicious*, as arising from a degeneracy of nature, which cannot happen but by our own fault.

A 2

Now the *compassion* of Miranda, who never ventured to sea, not being of this kind, Shakespeare, with great propriety, calls it the *very virtue*, i. e. the real pure virtue of compassion. WARB.\*

*Ibid.*] The very virtue means no more than the virtue itself. Mr. Warburton's refinement, in distinguishing two kinds of compassion, one of which is a virtue, and the other merely sympathy, is utterly destitute of all foundation, either in nature, or in the intention of the poet, into whose thoughts it certainly never entered. REVISAL.\*

*Ibid.*] Virtue: the most efficacious part, the energetick quality; in a like sense we say, the virtue of a plant is in the extract. JOHNSON.

L. 21. *is no foyle*] i. e. no damage, loss, detriment. The two old *Folio's* read, — *is no soul*: which will not agree in Grammar with the following part of the sentence. Mr. Rowe first substituted — *no soul lost*, which does not much mend the matter, taking the context together. *Foyle* is a word familiar with our Poet, and in some degree synonymous to *perdition* in the next line. So in the beginning of the third act of this play,

—— but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the *foil*.

i. e. abated, undid it.

THEOB.\*

*Ibid.*] *I have, with such provision in mine art,  
So safely order'd, that there's no soul lost,  
No, not so much perdition as an hair,  
Betid to any creature in the vessel.*

The second of these lines, in all the editions preceding that of Mr. Rowe, stood thus,

*So safely order'd, that there is no soul—*

Mr. Rowe, offended at the irregularity of the construction, altered it to the present reading, in which he is followed by Mr. Pope and Mr. Warburton, but, in my opinion, without necessity. The construction is of that kind which the grammarians call the *ανανάλυτον*, and instances of it occur not rarely in the works of the best writers. In the present case, the construction is broken off, and left imperfect at the end of the second line, and it takes a new form in what follows;



so that to compleat it, the participle *lost* must be supplied from the word *perdition*, in the third line. The import is exactly the same as if the poet had written, I have so safely ordered, that there is no soul.—Why do I say soul? No, there is not so much perdition as an hair betid to any creature in the vessel. The antient reading corresponds with the impetuosity of the poet's genius, the present with the timid regularity of the critical corrector. REVISAL.\*

*Ibid.*—*that there is no soul.*] Thus the old editions read; but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read, *that there is no soul lost*, without any notice of the variation. Mr. Theobald substitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come so near the right, and yet to miss it, is unlucky; the author probably wrote *no foil*, no stain, no spot: for so Ariel tells,

*Not a hair perish'd;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before.*

And Gonzalo; *The rarity of it is, that our garments being drench'd in the sea, keep notwithstanding their freshness and glosses.*

JOHNSON.

*Ibid.*—*that there is no loss.*] So, against the old editions, reads

Mr. CAPELL.\*

P. 8. L. 5. out *three years old.*] This is the old reading: 'tis true, the expression is obsolete, but it supply'd the sense of, *full out*, *out-right*, or *right out*, as in the fourth act of this play;

Swears, he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,

And be a boy *right-out*.

THEOB.\*

L. 27.] Perhaps—and thou *his only heir*.

JOHNSON.

L. 28. *A princess.*] Against the old copies.

CAPELL.\*

P. 9. L. 23. *To trash*] signifies to cut away the trash or superfluities; as, *to top*, signifies, to cut off the top. The Oxford Editor alters it to *plash*, not considering that *to plash* signifies to bind and complicate branches together, and so is only used to signify the dressing and pleating of an hedge.

WARR.

L. 25.] *Key* in this place seems to signify the key of a musical instrument, by which he set *hearts to tune*.

JOHNSON.

*Ibid.*] This doubtless is meant of a key for tuning the harpsichord, spinette, or virginal: we call it now a tuning-hammer, as it is used as well to strike down the iron pins whereon the strings are wound, as to turn them. As a key it acts like that of a watch. HAWKINS.

P. 10. L. 4.] Alluding to the observation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ.* JOHNSON.

L. 11. ————— like one

*Who having INTO truth by telling of it,  
Made such a finner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie.*] The corrupted reading

of the second line has rendered this beautiful similitude quite unintelligible. For what is [*having into truth*]? or what doth [*it*] refer to? not to [*truth*], because if he *told truth* he could never *credit a lie*. And yet there is no other correlative to which [*it*] can belong.

I read and point it thus,

————— like one  
*Who having, UNTO truth, by telling OFT,  
Made such a finner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie.*

i. e. by often repeating the same story, made his memory such a finner unto truth as to give credit to his own lie. A miserable delusion to which story-tellers are frequently subject. The *Oxford Editor* having, by this Correction, been let into the sense of the passage, gives us this sense in his own words,

*Who loving an untruth, and telling't oft,  
Makes*—————

WARB.\*

*Ibid.*] As the construction in the old editions is very bad, Mr. Warburton's correction by no means unexceptionable, and Sir Thomas Hanmer's rather improbable, I should incline to believe not only that the passage is corrupted, but that a line hath been dropped. REVISAL.\*

*Ibid.*] Read—unto truth—against the old copies.

CAPELL.\*

P. 11. l. 1. ————— I should sin,  
*To think not nobly of my grandmother;*] This is Mr. Pope's

reading; from no authority, I presume: All the copies, that I have seen, have it; *to think but nobly*—i. e. otherwise than nobly; according to our Author's usage. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*;

I know not; if they speak *but* truth of her,  
These hands shall tear her.

And so in *Timon*;

I to bear this,  
That never knew *but* better, is some burden.  
&c. &c.

THEOB.\*

L. 2. *Good wombs have bore bad sons.*

Pro. *Now, the condition:*] Thus have all the editions divided these speeches; but, tho' I have not attempted to regulate them otherwise, I have great suspicion, that our Author plac'd them thus;

Pro. *Good wombs have bore bad sons.—Now, the condition:*

How could *Miranda*, that came into this *desart island* an infant, that had never seen any other creatures of the world, but her father and *Caliban*, with any propriety be furnish'd to make such an observation from life, that the issue has often degenerated from the parent? But it comes very properly from *Prospero*, as a short document, by the by, to his daughter; implying, "that she did very well to think with honour of her ancestor; for that it was common in life, for good people to have bad children."

THEOB.\*

*Ibid.*] Mr. Theobald's reason is frivolous. *Prospero* tells us, he had educated her more carefully than usual. Would he then suffer her to be ignorant of the most common cases in human life? Yet the *Oxford Editor* follows Mr. Theobald.

WARB.\*

P. 12. L. 12. *When I have DECK'd the sea.*] i. e. honour'd. But this is a poor thought. The *Oxford Editor* reads *brack'd*, which is still poorer. I imagine *Shakespeare* wrote *MOCK'd*, i. e. lent the sea this trifling addition of salt-water: for when any thing is given or added, the effect of which is not felt or perceived, it was in the language of that time properly called *mocking*.

WARB.

*Ibid.*] To *deck* the sea, if explained, to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck*, is *to cover*; so in some parts they yet say *deck the table*. This sense may be borne; but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which, I think, is still used of drops falling upon water.

JOHNSON and REV.

P. 12. L. 29. *Pro. Now I arise:—*] *i. e.* now I come to the principal part of my story, for the sake of which I told the foregoing; namely this, that I have now my enemies in my power; and if I omit this opportunity, I shall never have another to recover my dukedom. The word is used to usher in a matter of importance. So Richard III. when he comes to the murder of his nephews, says to Tirrel,

—Rise, and lend an ear.

WARB.\*

*Ibid.*] I am persuaded not a single instance can be produced where the word *arise* is used in the signification here attributed to it. In the passage quoted from Rich. III. it may be understood in its natural and obvious meaning. REVISAL.\*

P. 13. L. 14.] Dr. Warburton rightly observes, that this sleepiness which Prospero by his art had brought on Miranda, and of which he knew not how soon the effect would begin, makes him question her so often whether she is attentive to his story.

JOHNSON.

L. 27.] The beak was a strong pointed body at the head of the antient galleys: it is used here for the forecastle, or the boltsprit.

JOHNSON.

P. 14. L. 1. *the waste.*] The part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.

JOHNSON.

L. 15. *fever of the mad.*] In all the later editions this is changed to *fever of the mind*, without reason or authority, nor is any notice given of an alteration.

JOHNSON.

P. 15. l. 8. *From the still-vest Bermoothes.*] So this word has hitherto been mistakenly written in all the books. There are about 400 islands in North America, the principal of which was call'd *Bermuda* from a Spaniard of that name who first discover'd them.—But why, *still-vest Bermudas*? These islands are so surrounded with rocks on all sides, that without a perfect knowledge of the passage, a small vessel cannot be brought to haven. They are subject to violent

forms, sometimes with terrible clattering of thunder, and dismal flashing of lightning. This, I take it, might be a sufficient foundation for our Author's using the epithet *still-wext*.

THEOB.\*

*Ibid.*] This is the Spanish pronunciation of Bermudas

HANMER.\*

*Ibid.*] Theobald says Bermooches is printed by mistake for Bermudas. No. That was the name by which the islands then went, as we may see by the voyagers of that time; and by the author's contemporary poets. Fletcher, in his *WOMAN PLEASED*, *The Devil should think of purchasing that eggshell to victual out a witch for the Bermooches*. Smith, in his account of these islands, p. 172. says, that *the Bermudas was so fearful to the whole world, that many called them the Isle of Devils*.—p. 174.—*to all seamen no less terrible than an enchanted den of furies*. And no wonder, for the clime was extremely subject to storms and hurricanes; and the islands were surrounded with scattered rocks lying shallowly hid under the surface of the water.

WARB.

P. 15. L. 19. *Pro.* —*What is the time o' th' day?*

*Ari.* *Past the mid season.*

*Pro.* *At least two glasses.*

In this reading, both the question and the answer are made impertinently. Prospero asks what time of day it was, when he knew it was two glasses past the mid season.

The question and reply should be divided thus,

*Pro.* —*What is the time o' th' day?*

*Ari.* *Past the mid season, at least, two glasses.*

UPTON and WARB.

*Ibid.*] This passage needs not be disturbed, it being common to ask a question which the next moment enables us to answer; he that thinks it faulty may easily adjust it thus:

*Prosp.* *What is the time o' th' day? Past the mid season?*

*Ari.* *At least two glasses.*

*Prosp.* *The time 'twixt six and now—* JOHNSON.

P. 16. L. 3. That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment, which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be

founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, *some, as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it, dispersed in air, some on Earth, some in water, others in caves, dens or minerals under the earth.* Of these some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the least vitiated. Thus Prospero observes of Ariel,

—*Thou wast a spirit too delicate*

*To act her earthy and abhor'd commands.*

Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed or charms learned. This power was called the *Black Art*, or *Knowledge of Enchantment*. The enchanter being, as king James observes in his *Demonology*, one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him.* Those who thought best of this art, the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion, with more reason, that the power of charms arose *only* from compact, and was no more than the spirits voluntarily allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, tho' not equally criminal yet unlawful, and therefore Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the best kind who dealt with them by way of command.* Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness, therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but *bate him rootedly.*—Of these trifles enough,

JOHNSON.

P. 18. L. 5. *The strangeness.*] Why should a wonderful story produce sleep? I believe experience will prove that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing.

JOHNSON.

**R. 19. L. 1.** *As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brust'd  
Wub raven's feather from unwholsome fen,*

*Drop on you both.*] Shakespeare hath very artificially given the air of the antique to the language of Caliban in order to heighten the grotesque of his character. As here he uses *wicked* for *unwholsome*. So Sir John Maundevill, in his travels, p. 334. Edit. Lond. 1725.—*as alle tymes brennethe a vesselle of Cristalle fulle of Bawme for to xeven gode smelle and odour to the emperour, and to voyden away alle WYKKED cyres and corrupciouns.* It was a tradition, it seems, that Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden concurred in observing, that Shakespeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that Shakespeare gave his language a certain grotesque air of the savage and antique; which it certainly has. But Dr. Bentley took this, *of a new language*, literally; for speaking of a phrase in Milton, which he supposed altogether absurd and unmeaning, he says, *Satan had not the privilege as Caliban in Shakespeare, to use new phrase and diction unknown to all others—and again—to practise distances is still a Caliban stile.* Note on Milton's Paradise Lost, l. 4. v. 945. But I know of no such *Caliban stile* in Shakespeare that hath new phrase and diction unknown to all others.

WARB.

*Ibid.*] Whence these criticks derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban I cannot find: They certainly mistook brutality of sentiment for uncouthness of words. Caliban had learned to speak of Prospero and his daughter, he had no names for the sun and moon before their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own without more understanding than Shakespeare has thought it proper to bestow upon him. His diction is indeed somewhat clouded by the gloominess of his temper and the malignity of his purposes; but let any other being entertain the same thoughts and he will find them easily issue in the same expressions.

JOHNSON.

*As wicked dew.*] Wicked; having baneful qualities. So Spenser says *wicked weed*, so, in opposition, we say herbs or

medicines have *virtues*. Bacon mentions *virtuous bezoar*, and Dryden *virtuous herbs*. JOHNSON.

P. 20. l. 7. Mira. *Abhorred slave*; ] In all the printed editions this speech is given to *Miranda*: but I am persuaded, the Author never design'd it for her. In the first place, 'tis probable, *Prospero* taught *Caliban* to speak, rather than left that office to his daughter: in the next place, as *Prospero* was here rating *Caliban*, it would be a great impropriety for her to take the discipline out of his hands; and, indeed, in some sort, an indecency in her to reply to what *Caliban* last was speaking of. Mr. Dryden, I observe, in his alteration of this play, has judiciously placed this speech to *Prospero*. I can easily guess, that the change was first deriv'd from the Players, who not loving that any character should stand too long silent on the stage, to obviate that inconvenience with regard to *Miranda*, clap'd this speech to her part. THEOB.\*

*Ibid.*] The modern editions, take this speech from *Miranda*, and give it to *Prospero*; though there is nothing in it but what she may speak with great propriety: especially as it accounts for her being enough in the way and power of *Caliban* to enable him to make the attempt complained of. Mr. Dryden, in the alteration made by him and Sir William Davenant, in this play, led the way to this change: which Mr. Theobald calls judicious, and adds, "it would be very indecent for *Miranda* to reply to what was last spoke:" but it is probable the poet thought otherwise, and that it was not only decent, but necessary, for her to clear her character, by shewing how the monster acquired the opportunity of making the attack. The poet himself shews he intended *Miranda* should be his tutorefs, in the latter end of the second scene of the second act, when he makes *Caliban* say, "I've seen thee in her, my mistress shewed me thee and thy dog and thy brush," to *Stephano*, who has just assured the monster, he was the man in the moon when—time was.

HOLT.\*

P. 20. L. 11. *When thou DIDST not, savage,*

KNOW thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words to make them known.] The benefit



which Prospero here upbraids Caliban with having bestowed, was teaching him language. He shews the greatness of this benefit by marking the inconvenience Caliban lay under for want of it. What was the inconvenience? This, that he *did not know his own meaning*. But sure a brute, to which he is compared, doth know its own meaning, that is, knows what it would be at. This, indeed, it cannot do, it cannot *shew* its meaning to others. And this certainly is what Prospero would say,

—When thou *COULDST* not, *savage*,  
*SHew thy own meaning*,—

The following words make it evident,

— *but would'st gabble like*  
*A thing most brutish* —

And when once [*shew*] was corrupted to [*know*] the transcribers would of course change [*couldst*] into [*di'st*] to make it agree with the other false reading. There is indeed a sense in which *Know thy own meaning*—may be well applied to a brute. For it may signify the not having any reflex knowledge of the operation of its own mind, which, it would seem, a brute hath not. Though this, I say, may be applied to a brute, and consequently to Caliban, and though to remedy this brutality be a nobler benefit than even the teaching language; yet such a sense would be impertinent and absurd in this place, where only the *benefit of language* is talked of by an exact and learned speaker. Besides, Prospero expressly says, that Caliban had *purposes*; which, in other words, is that he did *know his own meaning*. WARB.

Read with Dr. Warburton, against the old copies, *could'st not shew*.  
 CAPELL.\*

P. 20. L. 20. *Red Plague.*] I suppose from the redness of the body universally inflamed.  
 JOHNSON.

P. 21. L. 17. *Weeping against.*] The old editions read, *weeping again*, i. e. After having wept at my separation from him.—There was therefore no occasion for altering the text.

REVISAL.\*

*Ibid.*] Read *weeping against*.

CAPELL.\*

P. 22. L. 1. *Full fathom five thy father lies, &c.*] Gildon, who has pretended to criticise our author, would give this up as an insufferable and senseless piece of trifling. And I believe this is the general opinion concerning it. But a very unjust one. Let us consider the business Ariel is here upon, and his manner of executing it. The commission Prospero had intrusted to him, in a whisper, was plainly this; to conduct Ferdinand to the sight of Miranda, and to dispose him to the quick sentiments of love, while he, on the other hand, prepared his daughter for the same impressions. Ariel sets about his business by acquainting Ferdinand, in an extraordinary manner with the afflictive news of his father's death. A very odd apparatus, one would think, for a love-fit. And yet as odd as it appears, the poet has shewn in it the finest conduct for carrying on his plot. Prospero had said,

*I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star; whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.——*

In consequence of this his prescience, he takes advantage of every favourable circumstance that the occasion offers. The principal affair is the marriage of his daughter with young Ferdinand. But to secure this point it was necessary they should be contracted before the affair came to Alonzo the father's knowledge. For Prospero was ignorant how this storm and shipwreck, caused by him, would work upon Alonzo's temper. It might either soften him, or increase his aversion for Prospero as the author. On the other hand, to engage Ferdinand, without the consent of his father, was difficult. For not to speak of his quality, where such engagements are not made without the consent of the sovereign, Ferdinand is represented (to shew it a match worth the seeking) of a most pious temper and disposition, which would prevent his contracting himself without his father's knowledge. The poet therefore, with the utmost address, has made Ariel persuade him of his father's death to remove this Remora, which might otherwise have either stopped,

and retarded beyond the time of action, or quite spoiled the whole plot.

WARB.

*Ibid.*] I know not whether Dr. Warburton has very successfully defended these songs from Gildon's accusation. Ariel's lays, however seasonable and efficacious, must be allowed to be of no supernatural dignity or elegance, they express nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal discovery.

The reason for which Ariel is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings to which tradition has always ascribed a sort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humorous and frolick controulment of nature, well expressed by the songs of Ariel.

JOHNSON.

P. 22. L. 12. *The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,  
And say, what thou seest yond.]*

The daughters of Prospero, as they are drawn by Dryden, seem rather to have had their education in a court or a play-house, than under the severe precepts of a philosopher in a desert. But the Miranda of Shakespeare is truly what the poet gives her out; and his art in preserving the unity of her character is wonderful. We must remember what was said in the foregoing note of Prospero's intention to make his daughter fall in love at first sight. And notwithstanding what the *swits* may say, or the *pretty fellows* think, on this occasion, it was no such easy matter to bring this naturally about. Those who are the least acquainted with human nature know of what force institution and education are to curb and even deface the very strongest passions and affections. She had been brought up under the rough discipline of stoical morality; and misfortunes generally harden the morality of virtuous men into stoicism. Such a one was Prospero; and he tells us, that his daughter fully answered the care he bestowed upon her: so that there would be some difficulty for nature to regain its influence so suddenly as the plot required. The poet, therefore, with infinite address, causes her to be softened by the tender story her father told her of his misfortunes: for pity precedes love, and facilitates its entrance into the mind. But this was evidently insufficient;

therefore, to make the way easier, she is supposed to be under the influence of her father's charm, which was to dissolve, as it were, the rigid chains of virtue and obedience. This is insinuated to the audience, when Prospero, before he begins his story, says to her,

————— *Lend thy band,  
And pluck this magick garment from me.*

The touch communicated the charm, and its efficacy was to lay her to sleep. This is the reason that Prospero so often questions her, as he proceeds in his story, whether she was attentive: being apprehensive the charm might operate too quick, even before he had ended his relation. Without this interpretation his frequent repetition will appear extremely cold and absurd. For the same reason, likewise, he says, in conclusion,

*Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,  
And give it way: I know thou can'st not chuse.*

P. 23. L. 1. ————— *vouchsafe my pray'r*

*May know, —————*] For, *I may know.* Extremely poetical, and most expressive of the humility of the speaker. WARB.\*

L. 8. ————— *certainly a maid.*] Nothing could be more prettily imagined to illustrate the singularity of her character, than this pleasant mistake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philosophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourselves, and was an utter stranger to the flattery invented by vicious and designing men to corrupt the other sex: so that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaisance and a desire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity, which she had been instructed, in her moral lessons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into such excess, as that any one should be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddess or an immortal. WARB.

*Ibid.*] Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty, which, I think, the author never intended. Ferdinand asks her not, whether she was a *created being*; a question which, if he meant it, he has ill expressed: for after the dialogue which

Prospero's interruption produces, he goes on in pursuing his former question.

*O, if a virgin,*

*I'll make you queen of Naples.*

JOHNSON.

L. 21. ——— *the Duke of Milan,*

*And his brave son, being twain,]* Here seems a slight forgetfulness in our Poet: No body was lost in this wreck, as is manifest from several passages: and yet we have no such character introduc'd in the fable, as the Duke of *Milan's* son.

THEOB.

L. 23. ——— *controul thee,]* i. e. shew thee thy error.

WARR.\*

*Ibid.]* Confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee.

JOHNSON.

P. 24. L. 25. *Mira. O dear father,*

*Make not too rash a trial of him; for*

*He's gentle, and not fearful.*

This seems to be a very odd way of expressing her sense of her lover's good qualities. It is certain the beauty of it is not seen at first view. Miranda, till now, had never seen any mortal (her father excepted) but Caliban. She had frequently beheld him under that kind of discipline which her father here threatens to inflict upon her lover.

*I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:*

*Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be*

*The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots and husks*

*Wherein the acorn cradled.*

The perversity of Caliban's nature, and the cowardliness of it, made punishment necessary, and easy to be inflicted: finding, therefore, Ferdinand threatened with the like treatment, out of tenderness both to her father and lover she cries—*He's gentle*, not like the *savage* Caliban, and so deserves not punishment; this she gathered from his preceding conversation with her—and *not fearful*, like that *coward*, and so is not to be easily managed. This she collected from his drawing his sword, and standing on his defence.

WARR.\*

*Ibid.]* Miranda assigns two reasons to induce her father not to make too rash a trial of Ferdinand, that is, not to at-

tempt a combat, which she apprehends, will be attended with great hazard and danger. The first is, that he is *gentle*, which every one sees is so far from being pertinent, that its natural tendency is rather to encourage such an attempt. The second, that he is not *fearful*, is indeed, in the common and ordinary acceptation of the word, a persuasive one; but to pass over the faintness and coldness of the expression, *he is not fearful*, to denote that he is a man of spirit and resolution, the propriety of language would, in this case, have inclined the poet to have said, though he is gentle, he is not fearful, or at least, he is gentle, but not fearful, that the opposition between those characters might have appeared. I cannot, therefore, help thinking that Shakespeare wrote,

*Make not too harsh a trial of him ; for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.*

REVISAL.\*

P. 25. l. 1. *Come from thy ward.*] Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence.

JOHNSON.

L. 22. *My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.*] Alluding to a common sensation in dreams, when we struggle, but with a total impuissance in our endeavours, to run, strike, &c.

WARR.\*

P. 26. l. 13. — *our hint of woe*] *hint of woe*, can signify only prognostic of woe: which is not the sense required. We should read *STINT*, i. e. proportion, allotment.

WARR.

*Ibid.*] Hint is that which recalls to the memory. The cause that fills our minds with grief is common.

JOHNS.

L. 20. *Alon. Pr'ythee peace.*] All this that follows after the words *Pr'ythee peace*.—to the words, *You cram these words*, &c. seems to have been interpolated, (perhaps by the *Players*) the verses there beginning again; and all that is between in prose, not only being very impertinent stuff, but most improper and ill-plac'd drollery, in the mouths of unhappy shipwreckt people. There is more of the same sort interspersed in the remaining part of the scene.

POPE.

*Ibid.*] I cannot be of Mr. Pope's opinion, that it is interpolated. For should we take out this intermediate part, what would become of these words of the King?

— Would I had never

Married my daughter there!

*What* daughter? and, *where* married? For it is from this intermediate part of the scene only, that we are told, the King had a daughter nam'd *Claribel*, whom he had married in *Tunis*. 'Tis true, in a subsequent scene, betwixt *Antonio* and *Sebastian*, we again hear her and *Tunis* mention'd: but in such a manner, that it would be quite obscure and unintelligible without this previous information. Besides, poor and jejune as the matter of the dialogue is, it was certainly design'd to be of a ridiculous stamp; to divert and unsettle the King's thoughts from reflecting too deeply on his son's supposed drowning.

THEOB.

P. 26. l. 22. *The visitor will not give o'er so.*] This *Visitor* is a comforter or adviser. We must read then,

'VISER, i. e. the adviser.

WARB.

*Ibid.*] Why Dr. Warburton should change *Visitor* to '*Viser* for *Adviser* I cannot discover. Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called the *Visitor*, like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant churches there is a kind of officers termed consolators for the sick.

JOHNSON.

P. 28. l. 12. *As many voucht rarities are.*] A satire on the extravagant accounts that voyagers then told of the new discovered world.

WARB.\*

L. 27.] The name of a widow brings to their minds their own shipwreck, which they consider as having made many widows in Naples.

JOHNSON:

P. 30. l. 23. *Than we bring men to comfort them.*] It does not clearly appear whether the King and these lords thought the ship lost. This passage seems to imply that they were themselves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet destroyed. Why, indeed, should Sebastian plot against his brother in the following scene unless he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit?

JOHNSON.

P. 31. L. 9. *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*] All this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian treatises of government, and the impracticable inconsistent schemes therein recommended.

WARB.

L. 12. *wealth, poverty.*] Read *poverty, riches*, against old copies. CAPELL.\*

L. 14. — *Vineyard, olive, none.*] An insertion by CAPELL.\*

L. 26. — *all foyzon, all abundance.*] *Foyzon* signifies the great plenty of any thing. WARB.\*

P. 33. l. 31. *Trebles thee o'er.*] i. e. makes thee thrice what thou now art. Thus the two first *folio's*, and all the other impressions of any authority, that I have seen, exhibit the text: and the phrase is familiar both to our Poet, and other Stage-writers of his time.

*Troubles thee o'er*—is a foolish reading, which, I believe, first got birth in Mr. Pope's two editions of our Poet; and, I dare say, will be buried there in a proper obscurity.

THEOB.\*

*Ibid.*] — *which to do, Trebles thee o'er.*] i. e. follow my advice, and it will advance thy fortune to the height. So Fletcher in his *Noble Gentleman*,

*I now see your father's honours*

*Trebling upon you—*

And again in his *Maid of the Mill*,

*How did you bear her loss?*

*With thy grief trebled.*

Yet the Oxford Editor alters it to, *Troubles thee not.*

WARB.\*

P. 34. l. 16. *This lord of weak remembrance.*] This lord who being now in his dotage has outlived his faculty of remembering, and who once laid in the ground shall be as little remembered himself as he can now remember other things.

JOHNSON.

*Ibid.* l. 19. *For he's a spirit of persuasion.*] Of this entangled sentence I can draw no sense from the present reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus:

*For he, a spirit of persuasion, only*

*Professes to persuade.*

Of which the meaning may be, either that *he alone who is a spirit of persuasion, professes to persuade the king*; or that, *He only professes to persuade, that is, without his being so persuaded himself he makes a shew of persuading the king.* JOHNSON.



L. 28. *Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,*

*But doubts discovery there.*—] The meaning is, that *ambition* would be so affected with the pleasing prospect, that it would be a doubt whether the discovery, it there made of future greatness, was a real representation, or only, what Shakespeare, in another place, calls a *dream of advantage*. The Oxford Editor changes *doubt* to *drop*, and so makes nonsense of the whole sentence; *to pierce a wink* signifies to see or discern: and *to drop discovery* signifies not to see. So that the sentiment is, If you see further into this matter you will not see at all. WARB.\*

*Ibid. a wink beyond*] That this is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no further, and where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered, is faint, obscure, and doubtful.

JOHNSON.

P. 35. l. 7.

————— *She, for whom*

*We were sea-swallow'd,*] Thus Mr. Pope, with as little reason, as authority. All the copies, that I have seen, read—*from whom, &c.* And why not *from*? Were they not shipwreck'd, as is evident above, in their return from her?

————— *Would I had never*

*Married my daughter there! for coming thence, &c.*

THEOB.\*

L. 8.] These lines stand in the old edition thus:

————— *though some cast again*

*And by that destiny, to perform an act,*

*Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come*

*In your and my discharge.*

The reading in the latter editions is without authority. The old text may very well stand, except that in the last line it should be *is*, and perhaps we might better say—*and that by destiny*. It being a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny. JOHNS. *In your and my discharge.* CAPELL.

*Ibid. l. 17. — how shall that Claribel*

*Measure us back by Naples? Keep in Tunis*

*And let Sebastian wake.* }

Modern editions for *by* read *to*; but I suppose the word should be written *b'w'y*, a corruption of *God be with you*; farewell; and that in—

P. 39. 16. *Any strange beast there makes a man ;*] I cannot but think this satire very just upon our countrymen : who have been always very ready to make denisons of the whole tribe of the Pitheci, and compliment them with the *Donum Civitatis*, as appears by the names in use. Thus *Monkey*, which, the Etymologists tell us, comes from *Monkin*, *Monikin*, homunculus. *Baboon*, from *Babe*, the termination denoting addition and increment, a large Babe. *Mantygre* speaks its original. And when they have brought their surnames with them from their native country, as *Ape*, the common people have as it were christened them by the addition of *Jack-an-Ape*. WARB.\*

*Ibid.*] Notwithstanding all this parade of learning, I believe nobody but Mr. Warburton would have thought of this satire upon our countrymen ; which is a mere blundering conceit of his own : it is neither just in itself, nor has he the least ground for it from the text. Nay, I will undertake that it may be deduced as fairly from any passage in the *Divine Legation* ; as from this of Shakespeare, rightly understood.

The satire, is levelled at their extravagant curiosity ; not their *adopting the tribe of the pitheci, or monkeys* : to which, moreover, this *fish*, as Trinculo calls Caliban, could not very properly be referred.

As for his instances of the *donum civitatis* ; as, in order to shew his reading, he calls it ; let *monkey* be derived from the Teutonic, *MON* : They are not the English only, who derive the name of this animal from thence ; (if they indeed do :) the Italian *mono*, and the Spanish *munnoca*, are from the same fountain ; and it is probable, that our *monkey* is derived from this last. If *baboon* comes (as Skinner says, it *perhaps may*) from *BABE* ; the French *babouin*, and the Italian *babbuino* procede from thence too ; and there is no reason for any reflection on the English, particularly, on that account.

As for his *mantygre*, which, he says, *speaks its original* ; it does so, but in a language, which Mr. Warburton seems not to understand ; *MANTICORA* (which we corruptly call *mantygre*) is an Indian word ; whether original with them,

or derived in part from the Arabic, as some, or the Teutonic, as others hold, does not concern the present question: the Greeks and Romans both adopted it; and whether we borrowed it from these or the Indians, we are not answerable for the propriety of its derivation.

I wonder Mr. Warburton, when his hand was in, did not complete his *donum civitatis*; and that after he had christened his *ape*, (a strange expression, by the way, for a clergyman!) he did not derive it from *APA*, as little children call it, before they can pronounce *PAPA*. CAN. OF CRIT.\*

*Ibid. makes a man.*] That is, makes a man's fortune. So in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*—we are all made men. JOHNS.

P. 40. D. 14. *Have we devils here?—salvages and men of Inde?—your four legs;*] All this is a pleasant ridicule of Maundeville's relations in his voyages, who pretended to have traveled, "Thro' an enchanted vale, clepen the Vale of Devils, which vale (says he) is alle fulle of develes, and hath bene alle weys; and men seyn there, that it is on of the entrees of helle." The same author likewise, in his account of the salvages and men of Inde, has transcribed, as of his own knowledge, all the fables of Pliny, concerning men with long ears, one eye, one foot, without heads, &c. WARB.\*

P. 41. L. 15. *His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend.*] The facetious Author of *Hudibras* seems to have had this passage in his eye, in one part of his description of *Fame*.

*Two trumpets she doth sound at once,*

*But both of clean contrary tones,*

*But whether both with the same wind,*

*Or one before, and one behind,*

*We know not: only this can tell;*

*The one sounds vilely, th' other well.* THEOB.\*

L. 16.] *For spatter read utter.*

REV. & CAP.

L. 30. *Moon-calf?*] It was imagined that the moon had an ill influence on the infant's understanding. Hence ideots were called *moon-calves*? WARB.\*

*Ibid.*] I do not know what authority Mr. Warburton has for asserting that *ideots* were called *moon-calves*; but Shakespeare gives him none here. Stephano was not yet enough

acquainted with Caliban, to judge what influence the moon might have on his understanding; but he gives him the name of moon-calf from his ill-shaped figure. Moon-calf, *partus lunaris*—Datur et Teut. Monkalb—*Mola*, seu *caro informis*, &c. Skinner. CANONS.\*

P. 43. l. 2. *I afraid of him? a very shallow monster.*—] It is to be observ'd, *Trinculo* is not charg'd with any fear of *Caliban*; and therefore this seems to come in abruptly; but in this consists the true humour. His own consciousness, that he had been terribly afraid of him, after the fright was over, drew out this brag. This seems to be one of *Shakespeare's* fine touches of nature: for that *Trinculo* had been horribly frighten'd at the monster, and shook with fear of him, while he lay under his gaberdine, is plain, from what *Caliban* says, while he is lying there? Thou dost me yet but little harm; thou wilt anon, I know by thy trembling.

THEOB.

L. 6. *Kiss thy foot.*] A sneer upon the Papists for kissing the Pope's pantofle.

GRAY.

L. 30. *Young scamels from the rock.*] I can no where else meet with such a word as *scamel*, which has possess'd all the editions. *Shakespeare* must certainly either have wrote *shamois* (as Mr. *Warburton* and I have both conjectur'd) i. e. young kids: or *sea-malls*. The *sea-mall*, or *sea-mew* (according to *Willoughby*,) is that bird, which is call'd *larus cinereus minor*; it feeds upon fish, and frequents the banks of lakes. It is not impossible, but our Poet might here intend this bird. Or, again, (and which comes near to *scamel*, in the traces of the letters) *Ray* tells us of another bird, call'd the *flannel*, (the same with the *tinnunculus*, among the *Latins*, and *νεσχυς* amongst the *Greeks*;) of the *hawk* species. It is no matter which of the three readings we embrace, so we take a word signifying the name of something in nature.

THEOB.\*

*Ibid.*] We should read *shamois*, i. e. young kids.

WARR.

*Ibid.*] This word has puzzled the commentators. Mr. *Holt*, who wrote notes upon this play, observes that limpets

are in some places called *scams*; therefore I have suffered *scamels* to stand.

JOHNSON.

*Ibid.*] Theobald substitutes *shamois* for *scamels*; which last word, he says, has possessed all the editions. I am inclined to retain *scamels*: for in an old will, dated 1593, I find the bequest of "a bed of *scammel-colour*," i. e. of the colour of an animal so called, whose skin was then in use for dress or furniture. This, at least, shews the existence of the word at that time, and in Shakespeare's sense.

WARTON.

P. 45. l. 5. *Least busy when I do it.*] This reading, I presume, to be Mr. Pope's; for I do not find it authoriz'd by the copies: The two first folio's read;

*Most busy least, when I do it.*

'Tis true, this reading is corrupt; but the corruption is so very little remov'd from the truth of the text, (*busy-lefs*) that I can't afford to think well of my own sagacity for having discover'd it.

THEOB.

P. 46. L. 17. *Of every creature's best.*] Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles.

JOHNSON.

P. 48. l. 8. *Surpriz'd withal.*] Read, surpriz'd with all.

CAPELL.\*

L. 14. *Servant-monster.*] The part of *Caliban* has been esteem'd a signal instance of the copiousness of *Shakespeare's* invention; and that he had shewn an extent of genius, in creating a person which was not in nature. And for this, as well as his other *magical* and *ideal* characters, a just admiration has been paid him. I can't help taking notice, on this occasion, of the virulence of *Ben Jonson*, who, in the induction to his *Bartlemew Fair*, has endeavour'd to throw dirt, not only at this single character, but at this whole play. "If there be never a *servant monster* in the *fair*, who can help it, (he says,) nor a nest of *anticks*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *tales*, *tempests*, and such like *drolleries*, to mix his head with other *mens heels*." *Shakespeare*, as the tradition runs, was the person who first brought *Jonson* upon the stage; and this is the stab we find given in requital for such a service, when his benefactor was retreated from the scene. A circumstance, that strangely aggravates the ingratitude. But this surly sauciness was familiar with *Ben*; when the public

were ever out of humour at his performances, he would revenge it on them, by being out of humour with those pieces which had best pleased them.—I'll only add, that his *conduct* in this was very contradictory to his cooler professions, "that if men would impartially look towards the offices and functions of a Poet, they would easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being the good Poet, without first being a good man." THEOB.\*

P. 50. l. 18. *What a pied ninny's this?*] This line should certainly be given to Stephano. *Pied ninny* alludes to the striped coat worn by fools, of which Caliban could have no knowledge. Trinculo had before been reprimanded and threatened by Stephano for giving Caliban the lie, he is now supposed to repeat his offence. Upon which Stephano cries out,

*What a pied ninny's this?—thou scurvy patch!*

Caliban now seeing his master in the mood that he wished, instigates him to vengeance.

*I do beseech thy greatness give him blows.*

JOHNSON.

P. 50. l. 26. *I'll go further.*] No farther.

CAPELL.\*

P. 55. l. 13. *Pro. Praise in departing.*] This is a sarcasm. They were praising the music and attendance of this visionary entertainment: but their commendations were too hasty, for the banquet was presently snatched from them: so that the music was only a prelude to a mockery. Prospero therefore says, "Stay your praises till you have ended your entertainment."

*Praise in departing.*

The phrase alludes to the custom of guests praising their entertainment when they rise from the banquet. WARB.\*

L. 24. *Each putter out of five for one.*——] By changing of to on, I think, I have set the text right; and will therefore now proceed to explain it. Mr. Warburton observed to me, that this was a fine piece of conceal'd satire on the voyagers of that time, who had just discovered a new world; and, as was very natural, grew most extravagant in displaying the wonders of it. That, particularly, by *each putter out of five for one*, was meant the adventurers in the discovery of the *West Indies*. who had for the money they advanc'd and contributed, 20 per cent—Dr. Tbirdy did not a little assist this explanation by his concurrence, and by instructing me, that it was usual

in those times for travellers to put out money, to receive a great sum if they liv'd to return ; and, for proof, he referr'd me to *Morison's Itinerary*, part I. p. 198, &c. I cannot return my friends better thanks for the light they have given me upon this passage, than by subjoining a testimony from a contemporary poet, that will put both their explanation, and my correction of the text, past dispute.

*B. Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour*, in the character of *Puntarvolo*.

*I do intend, this year, of Jubilee coming on, to travel: And (because I will not altogether go upon expence,) I am determin'd to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog, from the Turks's Court in Constantinople. If all, or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone ; if we be successful, why, there will be five and twenty thousand pounds to entertain time withal.*

If this was to be the return of the *Knight's* venture ; 'tis obvious, he put out his money *on five for one*. Ben to heighen the ridicule of these projecting voyagers, makes *Puntarvolo's* wife averse to accompany him ; and so he is forc'd to put out his venture on the return of himself, his dog, and his cat.

THEOB.

P. 57. l. 6. ———— *clear life*.] Pure, blameless, innocent.

JOHNSON.

L. 10. ———— *with good life*.] This seems a corruption. I know not in what sense *life* can here be used, unless for *alacrity, liveliness, vigour*, and in this sense the expression is harsh. Perhaps we may read,

————— *with good list*,

with good will, with sincere zeal for my service. I should have proposed,

————— *with good lief*,

in the same sense, but that I cannot find *lief* to be a substantive.

WARB.

L. 24. ———— *bass my trespass*.] The deep pipe told it me in a rough bass sound.

JOHNSON.

P. 58. l. 13.

————— *for I*

*Have giv'n you here a third of my own life*,] Thus all the impressions in general ; but why is she only a *third* of his own life ? He had no wife living, nor any other child, to rob her of a share in his affection : So that we may reckon

her at least *half* of himself. Nor could he intend, that he lov'd himself twice as much as he did her; for he immediately subjoins, that it was *She for whom he liv'd*. In *Othello*, when *Iago* alarms the Senator with the loss of his daughter, he tells him,

Your heart is burst, you have lost *half* your soul.

And *dimidium animæ meæ* is the current language on such occasions. There is no room for doubt, but I have restor'd to the Poet his true reading—the *thread of life* which is a phrase most frequent with him. So in *K. Henry V.*

And let not *Bardolfe's* vital *thread* be cut

With edge of penny cord.

1 *Henry VI.* ————— had not churchmen pray'd

His *thread of life* had not so soon decay'd.

2 *Henry VI.* *Ergo*, their *thread of life* is spun.

*Othello.* ————— I'm glad, thy father's dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old *thread* in twain.

THEOB.

*Ibid.*] In consequence of this ratiocination Mr. Theobald printed the text *a thread of my own life*. I have restored the antient reading. Prospero in his reason subjoined why he calls her the *third* of his life, seems to allude to some logical distinction of causes, making her the final cause. JOHNS.

L. 17. ————— *strangely stood the test*.] *Strangely* is used by way of commendation, *merveilleusement*, to a wonder; the sense is the same, in the foregoing scene, with *observation strange*.

L. 24. *My gift*.] My guest. First fol.

JOHNSON.

P. 59. l. 2. ————— *virgin-knot*, —————] Alluding to the Latin phrase of *zonam solvere*.

WARB.\*

L. 26. *The rabble*.] The crew of meaner spirits. JOHNS.

P. 60. l. 23. ————— *bring a corollary*.] *Corollarium* signifies what we call supernumerary, or, what is more than just sufficient. The word has here a singular propriety and elegance. For *corollaria* were, amongst the Romans, the little gifts given to the people when plays were exhibited to them at their public festivals; and *corollæ* crowns given to those actors who pleased more than ordinary.

WARB.\*

L. 25. *No tongue*.] Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, *else*, as we are afterwards told, *the spell is marred*.

JOHNSON.



P. 61. l. 2. *Thatch'd with flower.*] *With thatch'd flower.* Oxford Edit. *Stower* seems to be hay laid up. JOHNSON.

L. 3. *Tulip'd brims.*] The old edition reads *pionied* and *revilled* brims, which I do not understand. JOHNS. *Pioned* and *tilled* brims; i. e. broken up and cultivated. CAPELL.

L. 7. — *Tby pole-clipt vineyard,*

*And tby sea-marge steril, and rocky bard.]*

Gildon, who has made what he calls a Glossary on Shakespeare, says—*pole-clipt* in the head. What he had in his head is not worth enquiring. *Clipt* here signifies *embraced*; but *pole-clipt* is a corrupt reading. It sounded well; because vines are supported by poles, to say *pole-clipt vineyard*; and sound was what the player-editors only attended to. But a little sense might have taught them that *vines* could not be called *pole-clipt*, though *poles* might be called *wine-clipt*. Shakespeare wrote

———— *Tby pale-clipt vineyard.*

i. e. the *vineyard* inclosed or fenced with *pales*, in opposition to the wide and open *sea-marge* or coast. ——— *Rocky bard* should be read with an hyphen. It is one of the epithets to *sea-marge*—as *bard as a rock*. WARB.\*

P. 62. l. 19. *Earth's Increase.*] All the editions, that I have ever seen, concur in placing this whole sonnet to Juno: but very absurdly in my opinion. I believe every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical history, and the distinct offices of these two goddesses, and who then seriously reads over our author's lines will agree with me, that Ceres's name ought to have been placed where I have now prefixed it. THEOB.\*

P. 63. L. 2. *This is a most majestic vision, and*

*Harmonious charmingly.*] What was intended to be here commended was, 1. The vision of the goddesses. 2. Their songs. The *vision* is commended in these words, *This is a most majestic vision..* But for the *songs*—we are put off with this nonsense—and *barmonious charmingly*. To restore sense, and the other parts of the commendation, we must needs read

————— *and*

*Harmonious charming* LAYS.

And then both the *visions* and the *songs* will have their due praises. The word *charming* cannot with propriety be ap-

plied to any thing but music and poetry, because these were supposed to operate, as *charms*. In our Author's time the word was generally so applied, though it be now used ridiculously on every object of pleasure.

WARB.\*

Read, *Charming lay*.

CAN. & REV.\*

P. 64. L. 15. ————— *these our actors,*

*As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And like the baseless fabric of their vision,  
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind—————* } In this

reading, all sublunary things, on account of their fleeting existence, are compared to the mask of spirits, which, at the beck of Prosper, vanished suddenly away. But then there is a wretched tautology in the lines,

*And like the baseless fabric, &c.*

*And like this unsubstantial pageant, &c.*

Not to mention the awkward expression of, *their vision*, which Mr. Theobald, upon what authority I know not, hath changed into *this vision*, I suppose to make the expression a little more natural. I would read,

*And like the baseless fabric of th' air visions.*

He had just before said, that the spirits were melted——*into air, into thin air*. This furnishes him with the fine similitude of *air visions*, which generally appearing, as Shakespeare in another place says, like

*A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,*

*A forked mountain, or blue promontory,*

he very properly calls *baseless fabrics*, which doth not so well agree with spirits in a human form. By this emendation the tautology, taken notice of above, is avoided: and the poet, with great perspicuity, and physical exactness, compares the globe, and all *inanimate* things upon it, to *air visions*, and men and animals in the words——*yea all which it inherit*——to the *vision of spirits*, which the speaker had just before presented to them. Further, that the comparison was indeed to *air visions* is still evident from the words,

————— *leave not a rack behind,*  
 which can refer only to *air visions*: for *rack* is the vestige of an embodied cloud, which hath been broken and dissipated by the winds. But lastly, to put the emendation out of all reasonable question, we have this very similitude of *air visions* again in Antony and Cleopatra, with this difference only, that it is *there* applied to the transient glory of one man, and *here* to that of human things in general.

## ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA.

*Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,  
 A vapour, sometimes like a bear or lion,  
 A towered citadel, a pendant rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory;  
 ————— thou'st seen these figs,  
 They are black vespers' pageants —————  
 That which is now a horse, even with a thought,  
 The rack dissolves and makes it indistinct,  
 As water is in water — now thy captain is  
 Even such a body; here I'm Antony,  
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, &c. —*

I will only add, that the thought — *They are black vespers' pageants*, is wonderfully beautiful; as it characterizes these *air visions*, which appear only in the evening, when the setting sun reflects its light upon the opposite clouds; and as it gives a vast force to the similitude, which insinuates that human glory is as certainly succeeded by misery, as these gaudy appearances by a dark cloudy night. It is observable, that the time at which Prospero uses this similitude of *air visions* is the evening. — *Hanmer*, not knowing what mariners call the *rack* of a cloud, namely, the vestige of it, after it has been broken and driven by the wind, alters it to *track*.

*Ibid.*] It is strange that Mr. Warburton should not know that, upon the authority of the first folio, *Hanmer* reads *track*.

CANONS.\*

Dr. Warburton's note on this passage is altogether visionary. His amendment of, *air visions*, is as much tautology as the old reading.

REVIS.\*

P. 64. l. 22. ————— *Sir, I am next,*

*Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled: ]*

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Prospero here discovers a great emotion of anger on his sudden recollection of Caliban's plot. This appears from the admirable reflection he makes on the insignificance of human things. For thinking men are never under greater depression of mind than when they moralize in this manner: yet, if we turn to the occasion of his disorder, it does not appear, at first view, to be a thing capable of moving one in Prospero's circumstances: The plot of a contemptible savage and two drunken sailors, all of whom he had absolutely in his power. There was then no apprehension of danger: but if we look more nearly into the case, we shall have reason to admire our author's wonderful knowledge of nature. There was something in it with which great minds are most deeply affected, and that is the *sense of ingratitude*. He recalled to mind the obligations this Caliban lay under for the instructions he had given him, and the conveniences of life he had taught him to use. But these reflections on Caliban's ingratitude would naturally recal to mind his brother's: and then these two working together, were very capable of producing all the disorder of passion here represented.— That these two, who had received at his hands the two best gifts mortals are capable of, when rightly employed, *regal power and the use of reason*; that these, in return, should conspire against the life of the donor, would surely afflict a generous mind to its utmost bearing. WARN.\*

P. 65. l. 9. *Meet with Caliban.*] *To meet with* is to counteract,—to play stratagem against stratagem.—“The parson knows the temper of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with their vices*, or advances their virtues.”

HERBERT'S Country Parson. JOHNS.

L. 20.] Thus Drayton, in his Court of Fairie Hobgoblin caught in a spell:

But once the circle got within  
The charms to work do straight begin,  
And he was caught as in a gin;  
For as he thus was busy,  
A pain he in his head-piece feels,  
Against a stubbed tree he reels,  
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels,  
Alas his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,  
 Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;  
 And as again he forward sets,  
 And through the bushes scrambles,  
 A Rump doth hit him in his pace,  
 Down comes poor Hob upon his face,  
 And lamentably tore his case

Among the briars and brambles.

JOHNSON.

P. 66. l. 1. *The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither*

*For sale to catch these Thieves—* If it be asked

what necessity there was for this apparatus, I answer that it was the superstitious fancy of the people, in our author's time, that witches, conjurers, &c. had no power over those against whom they would employ their charms, till they had got them at this advantage, committing some sin or other, as here of theft.

WARB.

*Ibid.*] Very ingenious—but how then came Prospero's charms to have power over Ferdinand, the HOLY Gonzalo, and Miranda? How over these very fellows, as described in the speech immediately preceding?

CAN. OF CRIT.

L. 13. He has played *Jack with a lantern*, has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire.

JOHNSON.

P. 67. l. 12. *Trin. O King Stephano! O Peer! O worthy Stephano!*

*Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!*] The humour of these lines consists in their being an allusion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus, *King Stephano was a worthy Peer*—and celebrates that King's parsimony with regard to his *wardrobe*.—There are two stanzas of this ballad in Othello.

WARB.\*

P. 69. l. 3. ————— *Time*

*Goes upright with his carriage—*] The thought is pretty. —Time is usually represented as an old man almost worn out, and bending under his load. He is here painted as in great vigour, and walking upright, to denote that things went prosperously on.

WARB.\*

P. 70. l. 5. *Passion'd as they.*] Thus Mr. Pope in both his editions. But all the authentick copies read;

*Passion as they—*

C 2

i. e. feel the force of passion; am mov'd with it. So  
*Julia*, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*;  
 Madam, 'twas *Ariadne* passioning  
 For *Theseus*' perjury, and unjust flight.

THEOB.\*

P. 70. l. 15. *Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and  
 groves.*

Shakespeare here has closely followed Golding's translation  
 of Ovid, though it is by no means literal,

*Ye ayres and winds, ye elves of hills, of brooks, of woods alone,  
 Of standing lakes, and of the night, approche ye everych one.*

FARMER.

P. 71. l. 1. ——— Graves at my command

Have wak'd their sleepers;] As odd, as this expres-  
 sion is, of *graves waking their dead*, instead of, the dead  
 waking in their graves, I believe, it may be justified by the  
 usage of Poets. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Bondusa*,  
 speaking of the power of Fame, make it wake graves,

*Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there,  
 Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,  
 Informs again the dead bones.*

And *Virgil*, speaking of *Rome* as a city, says, it surrounded its  
 seven hills with a wall.

*Scilicet & rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,  
 Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces,*

THEOBALD.\*

Ibid.] ——— I have be-dimm'd

*The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault,  
 Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder  
 Have I gro'n fire, and risted Jove's stout oak  
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory  
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up  
 The pine and cedar: Graves at my command*

Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth  
 By my so potent art.] Here is evidently an absurd trans-  
 position of the words in the last line but one. But Mr.  
 Theobald's defence of the present reading is still more ab-  
 surd. He justifies the expression of *graves waking their sleep-*

ers, by Beaumont and Fletcher's saying.—*Fame wakens the ruin'd monuments*—which is an expression purely metaphorical, to signify that those monuments are brought again into remembrance; and is therefore justifiable. But—*graves waking their sleepers* must needs be understood literally. For Prospero would insinuate that dead men were actually raised to life by his art. Therefore the expression is absurd, and consequently none of Shakespeare's, who certainly wrote

— *Graves at my command,*

Have open'd, and let forth their sleepers, wak'd

By my so potent art.

As a further proof that Shakespeare wrote it thus, we may observe, that he borrowed this speech from Medea's in Ovid.

*Stantia concutio cantu freta, nubila pello;*

*Nubilaque induco: ventos abigoque vocoque:*

*Vipereasque rumpo verbis & carmine fauces;*

*Vivaeque saxa sua convulsaeque robora terra,*

*Et silvas moveo: jubeoque tremescere Montes,*

*Et mugire solum MANESQUE EXIRE SEPULCRIS.*

Now *manesque exire sepulcris* is justly expressed as we have reformed the lines,

— *Graves, at my command,*

Have open'd, and let forth their sleepers, wak'd

By my so potent art—

The third line of his original containing an achievement little in use amongst modern inchanters he has with judgment omitted it in his imitation. WARR.

L. 3. ——— But this rough magic

I here abjure. And when I have required

Some heavenly musick, which ev'n now I do,

(To work mine end upon their senses, that

This airy charm is for;) I'll break my staff, &c.—] If

the present reading be genuine, then, by [airy charm] is meant the heavenly musick two lines before. But this admitted, the consequence will be, 1. A wretched tautology; He had said—*Some heavenly musick to work mine end*; and then immediately adds this airy charm of musick is for working mine end. 2. As upardonable a defect; for, according to this sense and reading, we are not informed what this end

was, by not being told the State of their senses. We must needs then by [*airy charm*] understand the *fire and cracks of sulphurous roaring*, as it is called in the 3d Scene of Act I. and *thunder and lightning* in the 4th Scene of Act III. which had in the highest degree terrified the persons concerned. That this was the *airy charm* is farther evident from these words, in the following Scene, *The charm dissolves apace, and as, &c.* It was dissolved, we see, by the *heavenly music*, and therefore different from it. But if this be the sense of *airy charm*, then we see the reading [*is for*] must be corrupt; and that Shakespeare wrote,

————— *heavenly music* —————  
*To work mine end upon their senses, that*  
*This airy charm HAS FRAIL'D.*

i. e. which senses the airy charm of *Ariel* above-mentioned has disturbed and shattered. For that this was their condition appears from the lines which follow in the next scene :

————— *The charm dissolves apace;*  
*And as their morning steals upon the night,*  
*Melting the darkness; so their rising senses*  
*Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes that mantle*  
*Their clearer reason*—————

WARB.\*

P. 71. l. 7. ——— *I'll break my staff;*

*Bury it certain fadoms in the earth.*] *Certain* in its present signification is predicated of a precise determinate number. But this sense would make the thought flat and ridiculous: We must consider the word *certain* therefore as used in its old signification of *a many*, indefinitely. So *Bale* in his *Acts of English Potaries* says, — *But he took with him a certen of his idle companions.* For *a many*. So that Shakespeare, I suppose, wrote the line thus,

*Bury't a certain fadom in the earth.*

WARB.

*Ibid.*] *Certain* has now, as it also had of old, two senses: it may be either used indefinitely; or else (as Mr. W. chooses to express himself) may be “predicated of a precise determinate number.” But how it came into our critic's head, that in its indefinite use it must signify a great number, or (as he *elegantly* calls it) *a many*; I am at a loss to guess. Nor can I conceive, what bulky grammarian fell from the shelves upon his head; that he takes such bitter



revenge on poor Priscian, as to change *fadoms* plur. for *fadom* sing. at the instant he is telling you, Shakespeare meant *many fadoms*: unless perhaps he did it for the sake of uniformity of style. Then indeed, to say—two, three, twenty *fadom*, instead of *fadoms*, is just such a piece of vulgarity fit speech; as to say—a *many* for a great many.

One may say, that Mr. W. has written certain observations and emendations on Shakespeare: but nobody, that ever read them, except ONE, would imagine; that it was, or could be intended hereby to predicate, that the observations were *precise* and *determinate*; or the emendations *certain*.

I suppose, Shakespeare intended by this expression to signify; that there was a *certain precise determinate* number of *fadoms*, which Prospero by his art knew of; at which depth if he buried his staff, it would never more be discovered, so as to be used in enchantments. CAN. OF CRIT.\*

L. 20. *Ign'rant fumes.*] *Ignorant*, for hurtful to reason. WARN.

P. 72. l. 4. *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,*] I by no means think, this was our Author's pointing; or that it gives us his meaning. He would say, that *Sebastian* now was pinch'd thro' and thro' for his trespass; felt the punishment of it all over his body; a like manner of expression we meet with in *King Lear*;

— wipe thine eye;

The good-jers shall devour them, *flesh and fell*,

E'er they shall make us weep.

And so our CHAUVER, in the first book of his *Troilus and Cressida*.

— that he and all his kinne at ones

Were worthy to be brent, both *fall and bones*. TAYLOR.\*

P. 72. l. 18. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*] I have ventur'd to vary from the printed copies here. Could *Ariel*, a spirit of a refin'd ætherial essence, be intended to want food? Besides the sequent lines rather countenance *lurk*.

TAYLOR.

*Ibid.*] Mr. Theobald tells us, he has here *ventured to vary from the printed copies*, and *said lurk I*: Because a *Spirit* cannot be intended, as he expresses it, to want food. How Shakespeare, or any other good metaphysician would have intended

to support these spirits, had they been of their own making, I do not know, but the people who gave them birth brought them up to good eating and drinking.

WARRE.

L. 22. *After summer merrily*] Why, *after summer*? Unless we must suppose, our Author alluded to that mistaken notion of *bats*, *swallows*, &c. crossing the seas in pursuit of hot weather. I conjectured, in my SHAKESPEARE *restor'd*, that *sunset* was our Author's word: And this conjecture Mr. Pope, in his last edition, thinks probably should be espoused. My reasons for the change were from the known nature of the *bat*. The *boup* sleeps during the winter, say the Naturalists; and so does the *bat* too. (*Upupa dormit hyeme, sicut & vespertilio*. Albert. Magn.) Again, flies and gnats are the favourite food of the *bat*, which he procures by flying about in the night. (*Cibus ejus sunt muscæ & culices: quem nocte volans inquirat*. Idem, e Plinio.) But this is a diet, which, I presume, he can only come at in the summer season. Another observation has been made, that when bats fly either earlier, or in greater number than usual, it is a sign the next day will be *hot* and *serene*. (*Vespertiliones, si vesperitius & plures solito volarint, signum est calorem & serenitatem postmodum fore*. Gratarolus apud Gesner de avibus.) This prognostick likewise only suits with summer. Again, the *bat* was call'd *vespertilio* by the *Latins*, as it was *nocturne* by the *Greeks*, because this bird is not visible by day; but appears first about the twilight of the evening, and so continues to fly during the dark hours. And the Poets, whenever they mention this bird, do it without any allusion to the season of the year; but constantly have an eye to the accustomed hour of its flight. In the second act of this play, where Gonzalo tells Antonio and Sebastian, that they would lift the moon out of her sphere, Sebastian replies;

We would so, and then go a *bat-fowling*.

THEOBALD.\*

*Ibid. Summer merrily.*] This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has substituted *sun-set*, because Ariel talks of riding on the bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumstance is given only to design the *time of night* in which fairies travel. One would think the consideration of the circumstances should have

set him right. Ariel was a spirit of delicacy, bound by the charms of Prospero, to a constant attendance on his occasions. So that he was confined to the island winter and summer. But the roughness of winter is represented by Shakespeare as disagreeable to fairies, and such like delicate spirits, who on this account constantly follow *summer*. Was not this then the most agreeable circumstance of Ariel's new recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *summer* quite round the globe. But to put the matter out of question, let us consider the meaning of this line.

There I couch, when Owls do cry.

Where? in the Cowslip's bell, and where the Bee sucks, he tells us: this must needs be in *summer*. When? when Owls do cry, and this is in *Winter*.

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul

Then nightly sings the staring owl.

The song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour Lost*.

The consequence is, that *Ariel flies After-Summer*. Yet the Oxford Editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald.

WARB.

*Ibid.*] I would read *lark* with Mr. Theobald, as more elegant, and for this reason, that though Ariel should even be supposed to have occasion for more substantial food than theameleon; yet he cannot mean to compare himself to a bee or suckling of any kind.—*After summer merrily*.

Dr. Warburton's arguments against Mr. Theobald's proposed reading, *after sun-set*, are egregiously wrong. Though it be admitted that Ariel here speaks of himself as a kind of fairy, Shakespeare hath no where represented winter as so excessively disagreeable to fairies, as to oblige them, like swallows, to expatriate on its arrival. Nor do the lines from *Love's Labour Lost* put the matter out of question, that owls cry only in winter; for the queen of the fairies in the *Midsummer-night's Dream*, says to her attendants,

Keep back

The clamorous owl, that nightly boots

And wonders at our quaint spirits.

It is also remarkable that in the Song of *Winter*, the owl is represented as *singing a merry note*; whereas, in the other passages, she is said to *cry*, to be clamorous; which, with great propriety, may be said of her in summer, when her hooting is contrasted with the notes of other birds. That the bat is only introduced to design the time of night in which *fairies* travel is not to the purpose here, for Ariel is one of those kind of fairies who execute the commands of Prospero by day light.

KENRICK.

P. 73. l. 4.] *To drink the air* is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as to *devour the way* in Henry IV. JOHNS.

P. 74. l. 26. *As great to me, as late.*] My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me. JOHNS.

P. 76. l. 1. *Yes, for a score of kingdoms.*] i. e. If the subject or bet were kingdoms: *score* here not signifying the number twenty, but *account*.

WARB.\*

*Ibid.*] I take the sense to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the *world*. Yes, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*; and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair. So likewise Dr. Gray.

JOHNS.

P. 77. l. 18.] *For when should perhaps be read where.*

JOHNS.

P. 78. l. 32. ——— *single I'll resolve you.*] Because the conspiracy against him, of his brother Sebastian and his own brother Antonio, would make part of the relation. WARB.\*

P. 79. l. 1. *Which to you shall seem probable.*] These words seem, at first view, to have no use; some lines are perhaps lost with which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: I will resolve you by yourself; which method, when you hear the story, [of Antonio's and Sebastian's plot] shall seem probable, that is, shall deserve your approbation.

JOHNS.

L. 22. ——— *true,*] That is, *honest*. *A true man* is, in the language of that time, opposed to a thief. The sense is, *Mark what these men wear, and see if they are honest*. JOHNS.

P. 80. l. 8. *And Trinculo is raving ripe; where should they Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?*]

Shakespeare, to be sure, wrote—grand *'lixir*, alluding to the grand elixir of the alchymists, which they pretend would restore youth, and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold, they called *aurum potabile*; which Shakespeare alluded to in the word *gilded*; as he does again in Anthony and Cleopatra.

How much art thou unlike Mark Anthony?  
Yet coming from him, that *great medicine* hath,  
With his tinct, *gilded* thee.

But the joke here is to insinuate that, notwithstanding all the boasts of the chymists, sack was the only restorer of youth, and bestower of immortality. So Ben Jonson, in his Every Man out of his Humour.—“Canarie the very *elixir* and spirit of wine.”—This seems to have been the cant name for sack, of which the English were at that time immoderately fond. Randolph, in his Jealous Lovers, speaking of it, says,—“A pottle of elixir at the Pegasus bravely caroused. So again in Fletcher’s Monsieur Thomas, act III.

—Old reverend sack, which, for aught that I can read yet,  
Was that philosopher’s stone the wise king Ptolomeus  
Did all his wonders by.—

The phrase too of being *gilded* was a trite one on this occasion. Fletcher in his Chances—

DUKE. Is she not drunk too?

WHORE. A little *gilded* o’er, fir; old sack, old sack, boys!

WARR. & CAP.\*

P. 80. l. 14. *O, touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a ramp.*]  
In reading this play, I all along suspected that Shakespeare had taken it from some Italian writer; the unities being all so regularly observed, and the persons of the drama being all Italians. I was much confirmed in my suspicion when I came to this place. It is plain a joke was intended; but where it lies is hard to say. I suspect there was a quibble in the original that would not bear to be translated, which ran thus, “I am not Stephano, but Staffilato.” Staffilato signifying, in Italian, a man well fished or fayed, which was the real case of these varlets.

———Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns  
Which enter'd their frail skins.———

And the touching a raw part being very painful, he might well cry out, "Touch me not," &c.      WARB.\*

*Ibid.*] *Staffilato* signifies simply *lashed*, not *well* *lashed*, much less *slayed*: but this it must signify, says Dr. Warburton, and this too must be the *real case of these varlets*; the one, in defiance of the Italian language; and the other, in defiance of Shakespeare, who fully explains their punishment, and this consequence of it, in Prospero's commission to Ariel,

Go charge my goblins, that they grind their joints  
With dry *convulsions*; shorten up their sinews  
With aged *cramps*; and more *pinch-spotted* make them  
Than pard or cat o'mountain.

I cannot help taking notice here of the unfair arts Dr. Warburton uses, to make his suspicion pass on his readers for truth. He first, to the word *lashed*, which *staffilato* does signify, tacks *slayed*, which it does not signify, as if they were the same thing;——and then to prove, that this (slaying) *was the real case* of these varlets, he misquotes Shakespeare——

———pricking goss and thorns,

Which enter'd their frail skins———

insinuating as if they were torn and raw all over: whereas Shakespeare says,

Which enter'd their frail skins.———

Nor let Mr. Warburton cavil, that their skins could not be scratched without the thorns entering their skins; since scratched skins can never put a man in the condition which Stephano here represents himself in, or which *he* would have to be meant by the word *staffilato*.      CAN. OF CRIT.\*

P. 82. l. 15. *And my ending is Despair*,] The allusion is very well kept up in this *Epilogue*. And the actor here is not only applying to the audience for favour, in behalf of the Author; but *Prospero* speaks in the character of a *Magician*; and so (as Mr. Warburton hinted to me) alludes to the old stories told of the *Necromancers'* despair in their last moments, and the prayers of their friends for them.

THEOB. & WARB.\*

It is observed of the Tempest that its plan is regular. This I think an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by the author. HOLT. & REVIS.\*

THE ADVENTURER, No. 93—97.

A CRITICISM ON THE TEMPEST, by Mr. WARTON.

*Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet  
Ut MAGUS; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.* HOR.

'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;  
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;  
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;  
And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,  
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where. POPE.

WRITERS of a mixed character, that abound in transcendent beauties and gross imperfections, are the most proper and most pregnant subjects for criticism. The regularity and correctness of a Virgil or Horace, almost confine their commentators to perpetual panegyric, and afford them few opportunities of diversifying their remarks by the detection of latent blemishes. For this reason I am inclined to think, that a few observations on the writings of Shakespeare will not be deemed useless or unentertaining, because he exhibits more numerous examples and faults, of every kind, than are, perhaps, to be discovered in any other author. I shall, therefore, from time to time, examine his merit as a poet, without blind admiration, or wanton invective.

As Shakespeare is sometimes blameable for the conduct of his fables, which have no unity; and sometimes for his diction, which is obscure and turgid; so his characteristical excellencies may possibly be reduced to these three general heads: "His lively creative imagination; his strokes of nature and passion; and his preservation of the consistency of his characters." These excellencies, particularly the last, are of so much importance in the drama, that they amply compensate for his transgressions against the rules of

Time and Place, which being of a more mechanical nature, are often strictly observed by a genius of the lowest order; but to portray characters naturally, and to preserve them uniformly, requires such an intimate knowledge of the heart of man, and is so rare a portion of felicity, as to have been enjoyed, perhaps, only by two writers, Homer and Shakespeare.

Of all the plays of Shakespeare, the *Tempest* is the most striking instance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundless imagination, and has carried the romantic, the wonderful, and the wild, to the most pleasing extravagance. The scene is a desolate island, and the characters the most new and singular that can well be conceived; a prince who practises magic, an attendant spirit, a monster the son of a witch, and a young lady who had been brought to this solitude in her infancy, and had never beheld a man except her father.

As I have affirmed that Shakespeare's chief excellence is the consistence of his characters, I will exemplify the truth of this remark, by pointing out some master-strokes of this nature in the drama before us.

The poet artfully acquaints us, that Prospero is a magician, by the very first words which his daughter Miranda speaks to him:

If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

Which intimates, that the tempest described in the preceding scene was the effect of Prospero's power. The manner in which he was driven from his dukedom of Milan, and landed afterwards on this solitary island, accompanied only by his daughter, is immediately introduced in a short and natural narration.

The offices of his attendant spirit, Ariel, are enumerated with amazing wildness of fancy, and yet with equal propriety: his employment is said to be,

—————To tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep;  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;  
To do————business in the veins o' th' earth,  
When it is bak'd with frost;



————— to dive into the fire; to ride

On the curl'd clouds—————

In describing the place in which he has concealed the Neapolitan ship, Ariel expresses the secrecy of its situation by the following circumstance, which artfully glances at another of his services:

————— In the deep nook, where once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew

From the still-vest Bermudas—————

Ariel, being one of those elves or spirits, "whose pastime is to make midnight mushrooms, and who rejoice to listen to the solemn curfew;" by whose assistance Prospero has "bedimm'd the sun at noon-tide,"

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault,

Set roaring war;—————

has a set of ideas and images peculiar to his station and office; a beauty of the same kind with that which is so justly admired in the Adam of Milton, whose manners and sentiments are all paradisaical. How delightfully and how suitably to his character are the habitations and pastimes of this invisible Being pointed out in the following exquisite song!

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly,

After sun-set, merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Mr. Pope, whose imagination has been thought by some the least of his excellencies, has, doubtless, conceived and carried on the machinery in his Rape of the Lock, with vast exuberance of fancy. The images, customs, and employments of his Sylphs, are exactly adapted to their natures, are peculiar and appropriated, are all, if I may be allowed the expression, *sylyphic*. The enumeration of the punishments they were to undergo if they neglected their charge, would, on account of its poetry and propriety, and especially the mixture of oblique satire, be superior to any circumstances in Shakespear's Ariel, if we could suppose

Pope to have been unacquainted with the *Tempest*, when he wrote this part of his accomplished poem.

—She did confine thee

Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years: within which space she dy'd,  
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,  
As fast as mill-wheels strike.——

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

For this, besure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: urchins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;  
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

SHAKESPEARE.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
Forfakes his post, or leaves the Fair at large,  
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins;  
Be stopp'd in phials, or transfix'd with pins,  
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,  
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye;  
Gums and pomatums shall his sight restrain,  
While clog'd he beats his filken wings in vain;  
Or alom styptics with contracting pow'r,  
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r;  
Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
The giddy motion of the twirling wheel;  
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,  
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

POPE.

The method which is taken to introduce Ferdinand to believe that his father was drowned in the late tempest, is exceeding solemn and striking: he is sitting upon a solitary rock, and weeping, over-against the place where he ima-

gined his father was wrecked, when he suddenly hears with astonishment aerial music creep by him upon the waters, add the spirit gives him the following information in words not proper for any but a spirit to utter :

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change,  
Into something rich and strange.

And then follows a most lively circumstance :

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
Hark ! now I hear them——Ding-dong-bell !

This is so truly poetical, that one can scarce forbear exclaiming with Ferdinand,

This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owns !——

The happy versatility of Shakespeare's genius enables him to excel in lyric as well as in dramatic poetry.

But the poet rises still higher in his management of this character of Ariel, by making a moral use of it, that is, I think, incomparable, and the greatest effort of his art. Ariel informs Prospero, that he has fulfilled his orders, and punished his brother and companions so severely, that if he himself was now to behold their sufferings, he would greatly compassionate them. To which Prospero answers,

—— Dost thou think so, spirit ?

ARIEL. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSP. And mine shall.

He then takes occasion, with wonderful dexterity and humanity, to draw an argument from the incorporeality of Ariel, for the justice and necessity of pity and forgiveness :

Haft thou, which art but air, a touch a feeling  
Of their afflictions ; and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?

The poet is a more powerful magician than his own Prospero : we are transported into fairy land ; we are wrapt in a delicious dream, from which it is misery to be disturbed ;

all around is enchantment !

—————The isle is full of noises,  
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
 Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments  
 Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices ;  
 That if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
 Would make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,  
 The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches  
 Ready to drop upon me :——when I waked,  
 I cry'd to dream again !

### THE ADVENTURER, No. 97.

Ἡ δὲ ἐν ταῖς ἡμέραις, ὡς περ ἐν τῇ τῶν πραγμάτων συστάσει,  
 αἰὲ ζῆτεῖν, ἢ τὸ ἀναγκαῖον, ἢ τὸ εἰκὸς.

ARIST. POET.

As well in the conduct of the manners as in the constitution  
 of the fable, we must always endeavour to produce either  
 what is necessary or what is probable.

“ WHOEVER ventures, says Horace, to form a character totally original, let him endeavour to preserve it with uniformity and consistency : but the formation of an original character is a work of great difficulty and hazard.” In this arduous and uncommon task, however, Shakespeare has wonderfully succeeded in his tempest : the monster Caliban is the creature of his own imagination, in the formation of which he could derive no assistance from observation or experience.

Caliban is the son of a witch, begotten by a demon : the sorceries of his mother were so terrible, that her countrymen banished her into this desert island as unfit for human society : in conformity therefore, to this diabolical propagation, he is represented as a prodigy of cruelty, malice, pride, ignorance, idleness, gluttony and lust. He is introduced with great propriety, cursing Prospero and Miranda whom he had endeavoured to defile ; and his execrations are artfully contrived to have reference to the occupations of his mother :

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
 With raven's feathers from unwholesome fen,

Drop on you both ! —————

————— All the charms

Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !

His kindness is, afterwards, expressed as much in character, as his hatred, by an enumeration of offices, that could be of value only in a desolate island, and in the estimation of a savage :

I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;  
And I with my long nails will dig the pig-nuts ;  
Shew thee a jay's nest ; and instruct thee how  
To share the nimble marmozet. I'll bring thee  
To clustring filberds ; and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young sea-malls from the rock —————

I'll shew thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

Which last is, indeed, a circumstance of great use in a place, where to be defended from the cold was neither easy nor usual ; and it has a farther peculiar beauty, because the gathering wood was the occupation to which Caliban was subjected by Prospero, who, therefore, deemed it a service of high importance.

The gross ignorance of this monster is represented with delicate judgment : he knew not the names of the sun and moon which he calls the bigger light and the less ; and he believes that Stephano was the man in the moon, whom his mistress had often shewn him : and when Prospero reminds him that he first taught him to pronounce articulately, his answer was full of malevolence and rage :

You taught me language ; and my profit on't

I know how to curse : —————

The properest return for such a fiend to make for such a favour. The spirits whom he supposes to be employed by Prospero perpetually to torment him, and the many forms and different methods they take for this purpose, are described with the utmost liveliness and force of fancy :

Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me,  
And after bite me ; then like hedge-hogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mow  
Their prick at my foot fall : sometimes am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

D 2

It is scarcely possible for any speech to be more expressive of the manners and sentiments, than that in which our poet has painted the brutal barbarity, and unfeeling savageness of this son of Sycorax, by making him enumerate, with a kind of horrible delight, the various ways in which it was possible for the drunken sailors to kill and surprize his master :

—————There thou may'st brain him,  
Having first seiz'd his books ; or with a log  
Batter his skull ; or paunch him with a stake ;  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife—————

He adds, in allusion to his own abominable attempt, " above all before to secure the daughter ; whose beauty, he tells them, is incomparable." The charms of Miranda could not be more exalted, than by extorting this testimony from so insensible a monster.

Shakespeare seems to be the only poet, who possesses the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character ; of which I know not an instance more striking, than the image Caliban makes use of to express silence, which is at once highly poetical and exactly suited to the wildness of the speaker :

Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall. —————

I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban, to the end of the play ; instead of which, he has, I think, injudiciously put into his mouth, words that imply repentance and understanding :

—————I'll be wise hereafter  
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass  
Was I to take this drunkard for a God,  
And worship this dull fool ?

It must not be forgotten, that Shakespeare has artfully taken occasion from this extraordinary character, which is finely contrasted to the mildness and obedience of Ariel, obliquely to satirize the prevailing passion for new and wonderful sights, which has rendered the English ridiculous. " Were I in England now, says Trinculo, on first discovering Caliban, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver.—When they will

not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

Such is the inexhaustible plenty of our poet's invention, that he has exhibited another character in this play, entirely his own; that of the lovely and innocent Miranda.

When Prospero first gives her a sight of prince Ferdinand, she eagerly exclaims,

—————What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Her imagining that as he was so beautiful he must necessarily be one of her father's aerial agents, is a stroke of nature worthy admiration: as are likewise her entreaties to her father not to use him harshly, by the power of his art;

Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first

That e'er I sigh'd for! —————

Here we perceive the beginning of that passion which Prospero was desirous she should feel for the prince; and which she afterwards more fully expresses upon an occasion which displays at once the tenderness, the innocence, and the simplicity of her character. She discovers her lover employed in the laborious task of carrying wood, which Prospero had enjoined him to perform. "Would, says she, the lightning had burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!"

—————If you'll sit down

I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,

I'll carry't to the pile. —————

—————You look wearily.

It is by selecting such little and almost imperceptible circumstances, that Shakespeare has more truly painted the passions than any other writer: affection is more powerfully expressed by this simple wish and offer of assistance, than by the unnatural eloquence and witticisms of Dryden, or the amorous declamations of Rowe.

The resentment of Prospero for the matchless cruelty and wicked usurpation of his brother; his parental affection and solicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the heiress of his dukedom; and the awful solemnity of his character, as a skilful magician; are all along preserved with equal consist-

ecy, dignity and decorum : one part of his behaviour deserves to be particularly pointed out. During the exhibition of a mask with which he had ordered Ariel to entertain Ferdinand and Miranda, he starts suddenly from the recollection of the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates against his life, and dismisses his attendant spirits, who instantly vanish to a hollow and confused noise. He appears to be greatly moved ; and suitably to this agitation of mind, which his danger has excited, he takes occasion, from the sudden disappearance of the visionary scene, to moralize on the dissolution of all things :

————— These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits ; and  
Are melted into air, into thin air :  
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,  
The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind —————

To these noble images he adds a short but comprehensive observation on human life, not excelled by any passage of the moral and sententious Euripides :

————— We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on ; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep ! —————

Thus admirably is an uniformity of character, that leading beauty in dramatic poetry, preserved throughout the Tempest. And it may be farther remarked, that the unities of action, of place, and of time, are in this play, though almost constantly violated by Shakespeare, exactly observed. The action is one, great, and entire, the restoration of Prospero to his dukedom ; this business is transacted in the compass of a small island, and in, or near, the eye of Prospero ; though indeed, it had been more artful and regular to have confined it to this single spot ; and the time which the action takes up, is only equal to that of the representation : an elegance which ought always to be aimed at in every well-conducted fable, and for the want of which, a variety of the most entertaining incidents can scarcely atone.



# N O T E S

## O N A

### MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

**T**HE history of our old poets is so little known, and the first editions of their works become so very scarce, that it is hard pronouncing any thing certain about them: But, if that pretty fantastical poem of Drayton's called "*Nymphidia, or, The Court of Fairy*;" be early enough in time, (as, I believe, it is; for I have seen an edition of that author's pastorals, printed in 1593, quarto) it is not improbable, that Shakespeare took from thence the hint of his fairies: a line of that poem, "Thorough bush, thorough briar," occurs also in his play. The rest of the play is, doubtless, invention: the names only of Theseus, Hippolyta, and Theseus' former loves, Antiopa and others, being historical; and taken from the translated Plutarch, in the article—Theseus.

P. 85. L. 6. *Long withering out a young man's revenue.*] *Long withering out* is, certainly, not good English. I rather think Shakespeare wrote, *Long wintering on a young man's revenue.* WARB.\*

*Ibid.*] That the common reading is not good English, I cannot perceive, and therefore find in myself no temptation to change it. JOHNSON.

P. 86. l. 16. *fall's th' impresson of her fantastic.*] The expression is elegant and pretty. It alludes to the taking the impression of a key in wax, in order to have another made to unlock a cabinet. WARB.

L. 28. *Or to her death, according to our law.*] By a law of Solon's, Parents had the absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough to suppose the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARB.

P. 87. l. 1. *To you your father should be as a god,  
One, who compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,  
To whom you are but as a form in wax*

A

*By him imprinted; and within his power  
To LEAVE the figure or disfigure it.] We should read,  
To LEVE the figure, &c.*

i. e. *releve*, to heighten or add to the beauty of the figure, which is said to be *imprintd by him*. 'Tis from the French, *relever*. Thus they say, *Tapisseries relevées d'or*. In the same sense they use *enlever*, which Maundeville makes English of in this manner:—"And alle the walles withinne ben covered with gold and sylver, in fyn plates: and in the plates ben stories and batayles of knyghtes *enleved*," p. 228. Rabelais, with a strain of buffoon humour, that equals the sober elegance of this passage in our poet, calls the small gentry of France, *Gentilhommes de bas relief*. WARB.

*Ibid.*] I know not why so harsh a word should be admitted with so little need, a word that, spoken, could not be understood, and of which no example can be shewn. The sense is plain, "you owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure continue or destroy." JOHNS. & CAN.

L. 14. *I know not, by what power I am made bold.]* It was the opinion of the ancients, that when a person did or said any thing that exceeded his common faculties of performance, that he did it by the assistance of some God. So here she insinuates, that it was love that enabled her to plead his cause. WARB.

L. 31. Thus all the copies, yet *earthlier* is so harsh a word, and *earthlier happy* for *happier earthly* a mode of speech so unusual, that I wonder none of the editors have proposed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON. *Earthly happy*. CAPELL.

P. 89. l. 13. *Come, my Hippolita; what cheer, my love?]* Hippolita had not said one single word all this while. Had a modern poet had the teaching of her, we should have found her the busiest amongst them; and without doubt, the lovers might have expected a more equitable decision. But Shakespeare knew better what he was about; and observed decorum. WARB.

L. 22. *Beteem them.] Or pour down upon them.* POPE.

*Ibid.] Give them, bestow upon them.* The word is used by Spenser. JOHNSON.

L. 23. *Eigh me, for Ah me. For aught. Hermia was*

inserted in the folio 1632, but is now changed for the first reading.

L. 27.] Enthralled to *low*; vulg. to *love*. JOHNSON.

P. 90. l. 6. *Momentary* is the old and proper word. THEOB.

L. 8. *Brief as the light'ning in the collied night,*  
*That, in a Spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,*  
*And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!*

*The jaws of darkness do devour it up.*] Tho' the word *Spleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shakespeare always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas assumes, every now and then, an uncommon licence in the use of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is usual with him to employ one, only to express a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is composed. Thus wanting here to express the ideas—of a sudden, or—in a trice, he uses the word *Spleen*; which partially considered, signifying a hasty sudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himself about the further or fuller signification of the word. Here, he uses the word *Spleen* for a sudden hasty fit; so just the contrary, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uses *sudden* for *spleenatic*—*sudden quips*. And it must be owned this sort of conversation adds a force to the diction. WARB.

L. 20. *I have a widow aunt, &c.*] These lines perhaps might more properly be regulated thus:

I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child,  
 And she respects me as her only son;  
 Her house from Athens is removed sev'n leagues,  
 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,  
 And to that place——

JOHNSON.

L. 27. ——— *If thou lov'st me then*  
*Steal forth thy father's house, &c.*

Her. My good Lysander,  
 I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,  
 By, &c. &c.

*In that same place thou hast appointed me*  
*To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.*] Lysander does but just propose her running away from her father at midnight, and straight she is at her oaths that she will meet him

at the place of rendezvous. Not one doubt or hesitation, not one condition of assurance for Lysander's constancy. Either she was nauseously coming; or else had before jilted him; and he could not believe her without a thousand oaths. But Shakespeare observed nature at another rate.—The speeches are divided wrong, and must be thus rectified; when Lysander had proposed her running away with him, she replies,

*Her.* My good Lysander—

and is going on to ask security for his fidelity. This he perceives, and interrupts her with the grant of what she commands.

*Lys.* I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow, &c.

By all the vows that ever man have broke,

In number more than ever woman spoke—

Here she interrupts him in her turn; declares herself satisfied, and consents to meet him in the following words,

*Her.* — In that same place thou hast appointed me,

To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

This division of the lines, besides preserving the character, gives the dialogue infinitely more force and spirit. WARR.

*Ibid.*] This emendation is judicious, but not necessary. The censure of men, as oftener perjured than woman, seems to make that line more proper for the lady. JOHNSON.

P. 91. l. 15. *Your eyes are lode-stars.*] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode-star is the leading or guiding star, that is the pole star. The magnet is for the same reason called the *lode-stone*, either because it *leads* iron, or because it guide the sailor. Milton has the same thought in *L'Allegro*,

Towers and battlements it face

Bosom'd high in tufted trees,

Where perhaps some beauty lies,

The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.

JOHNSON.

L. 19.] This emendation is taken from the Oxford edition. The common reading is, *Your words I'd catch.*

JOHNSON.

P. 92. l. 10.] Perhaps the reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She there-

fore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since *Hermia*, whom she considers as possessing it in some supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness.

JOHNSON.

L. 22. *Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd ;  
There my Lysander and myself shall meet ;  
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,  
To seek new friends and strange companions.*

This whole scene is strictly in rhyme ; and that it deviates in these two couplets, I am persuaded, is owing to the ignorance of the first, and the inaccuracy of the later editors : I have therefore ventured to restore the rhymes, as I make no doubt but the poet first gave them. *Sweet* was easily corrupted into *swelled*, because that made an *antithesis* to *emptying* : and *strange companions* our editors thought was plain English ; but *stranger companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our author very often uses the substantive *stranger adjectively* ; and *companies*, to signify *companions* : As *Rich. II. Act. I.*

To tread the *stranger* paths of banishment.

And *Hen. V.*

His *companies* unletter'd, rude and shallow.

THEOB. & CAPELL.

P. 93. l. 15. *In game.*] *Game* here signifies not contentious play, but *sport, jest*. So *Spenser*,

Twixt earnest and twixt *game*.

JOHNS.

P. 94.] In this scene *Shakespeare* takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. *Bottom*, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same *Bottom*, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction : he is therefore desirous to play *Pyramus*, *Thisbe*, and the *Lion* at the same time.

JOHNS.

L. 9. *Grow on to a point.*] Read *go on, &c.*

WARB.†

L. 25. *I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in.*]

We should read,

A part to tear a *cap* in.

For as a ranting whore was called a *tear-sheet*, (2d Part of Hen. IV.) so a ranting bully was called a *tear-cap*. For this reason it is, the poet makes bully Bottom, as he is called afterwards, wish for a *part to tear a cap* in. And in the antient plays, the bombast and the rant held the place of the sublime and pathetic, and indeed constituted the very essence of their *tragical farces*. Thus Bale, in his acts of English votaries, Part II. says,—"Grennyng like termagauntes in a play."

WARB.\*

*Ibid.*] Nic Bottom's being called *bully Bottom*, seems to have given rise to this judicious conjecture; but it is much more likely that Shakespeare wrote, as all the editions give it, "a part to *tear a cat* in;" which is a burlesque upon Hercules's killing a lion.

CAN. OF CRIT.\*

P. 95. l. 8. *The raging rocks*

*And shivering shocks, &c.*] I presume this to be either a quotation from some fustian old play, which I have not been able to trace; or if not a direct quotation, a ridicule on some bombast rants, very nearly resembling it.

THEOB.\*

L. 20. ———— *Speak as small as you will.*] This passage shews how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress so much in use, that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Downes's Memoirs of the Play-house, that one of these counterfeit heroines moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability.

JOHNS.

L. 29. ———— *you must play Tibby's mother.*] There seems a double forgetfulness of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of

Thisby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonshine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here.

THEOB.

P. 96. l. 28. *Purple-in-grain beard.*] Here Bottom again discovers a true genius for the stage, by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation which beard to chuse among many beards, all unnatural.

JOHNS.

P. 97. l. 10. *At the duke's oak we meet*—hold, or cut bowstrings.] This proverbial saying came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word that their *bowstrings were broke*, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*bold or cut bowstrings*, i. e. whether the bowstring held or broke: for *cut* is used as a neuter, like the verb *frets*. As when we say, the *string frets*—the *silk frets*, for the passive, *it is cut* or *fretted*.

JOHNS.

L. 12.] So Drayton, in his Court of Fairy,  
Thorough brake, thorough briar,  
Thorough muck, thorough mire,  
Thorough water, thorough fire.

JOHNS.

*Ibid.*] For *thorough bush*, &c. read in all the places *thorough*.  
HOLT.\*

L. 19. *To dew her orbs upon the green.*] For *orbs* Dr. Gray is inclined to substitute *herbs*. The orbs here mentioned are the circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them.

They in their courses make that round,

In meadows and in marshes found,

Of them so call'd the fairy ground. *Drayton.* JOHNS.

L. 20.] The cowslip was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in Drayton of their attention to May morning.—For the queen a fitting tow'r,

Quoth he, is that fair *cowslip flow'r*—

In all your train there's not a fay

That even went to gather May,

But she hath made it in her way,

The *tallest* there that groweth.

JOHNS.

P. 98. l. 3. ——— *lob of spirits.*] *Lob, lubber, looby, loll-cock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dullness of mind.

JOHNS.

L. 10. ——— *changeling.*] *Changeling* is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for the child taken away.

JOHNS.

L. 16. ——— *shewn.*] *Shining, bright, gay.*

JOHNS.

L. 17. *But they do square.*] *To square* here is to quarrel.

*And are you now such fools to square for this?* GRAY.  
The French word *contredanser* hath the same import.

JOHNS.

L. 21. ——— *that shrewd, and knavish sprite,*

*Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he,*

*That fright the maidens of the tilagree,*

*Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,*

*And bootless make the breathless hus-wife chern:*

*And sometime make the drink to bear no harm,*

*Mislead night-wand'ers, laughing at their barn?*]

This account of Robin Goodfellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in Harsenet's Declaration, ch. 20. p. 135. "And if that the bowle of creame were not duly sett out for Robin Goodfellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid—why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have got head. But if a pater-noster, or an house-egge were be-turned, or a patch of tythe unpaid—then beware of bull-beggars, spirits, &c." He is mentioned by Cartwright, as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace and economy.

Saint Francis and Saint Benedight,

Blesse this house from wicked wight:

From the night-mare, and the goblin,

That is hight *Goodfellow Robin*,

Keep it, &c. Cartwright's Ordinary, act III. sc. i. v. 8.

WARTON.\*

L. 23. *Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,*

*And bootless make the breathless huswife chern.*

The sense of these lines is confused. "Are not you he, (says the fairy) that fright the country girls, that skim milk,



work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect?" The mention of the mill is here useless. I would regulate the lines thus:

And sometimes make the breathless housewife churn  
Skim milk, and bootless labour in the quern.

Or by a simple transposition of the lines,

And bootless, make the breathless churn  
Skim-milk, and sometimes labour in the quern. *JOHNS.*

*L. 27. These that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,*

*You do their work.*——

To these traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro*:

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,——  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How Fairy Mab the junks eat;  
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,  
And he by frier's lanthorn led;  
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night ere glimpse of morn  
His shadowy flail had thrash'd the corn  
Which ten day-labourers could not end,  
Then lies him down the lubber fiend.

A like account of Puck is given by Drayton:

He meeteth Puck, which most men call  
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.——

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,  
Sill walking like a ragged colt,  
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,

Of purpose to deceive us;  
And leading us to make us stray,  
Long winter's nights out of the way,  
And when we stick in mire and clay,

He doth with laughter leave us.

It will be apparent to him that shall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then some system of the fairy empire generally received, which they both represented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakespeare wrote first, I cannot discover.

*JOHNS.*

L. 30. *Puck—thou speak'st aright.*] I have filled up the verse which I suppose the author left complete. JOHNS.

*Ibid.*] *Thou speakest me aright.*

CAPELL.\*

It seems that in the fairy mythology Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the trusty servant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of queen Mab, called by Shakespeare Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia* the same fairies are engaged in the same business. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggan; Oberon being jealous, sends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs opposes him by a spell.

JOHNS.

L. 36. ———— *roasted crab.*] Crab-apple.

HANM.\*

P. 99. l. 11. *And tailor cries.*] The custom of crying tailor at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair falls as a taylor fluates upon his board. The Oxford Editor, Dr. Warburton after him, and Capell, read *and rails. or cries*, plausibly, but I believe not rightly. Besides, the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger. JOHNS.

L. 13. *And waxen.*] *And encrease, as the moon waxes.*

JOHNS.

L. 15. *But room, Fairy.*] The word Fairy, or Faery, was sometimes of three syllables, as often in Spenser.

JOHNSON.

P. 100. l. 8. *Didst thou not lead him* through the glimmering night.] We should read,

*Didst thou not lead him glimmering, through the night.*

The meaning is, she conducted him in the appearance of fire through the dark night.

WARB.

*Ibid.*] It is not easy to guess at the reason which induced Mr. Warburton to corrupt the text in this place. The common reading,

*Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night?* presents us with an image universally known, and readily apprehended. But to represent the queen of fairies herself as supplying the place of a Jack o' the Lanthorn, makes a most burlesque contrast with that dignity of character with which the poet hath clothed her, and is indeed perfectly ridiculous.

REVIS.

L. 9. *From Perigenia, whom he ravish'd.*]

Thus all the editors; but our author, who diligently perused Plutarch, and gleaned from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the life of Theseus, that her name was Perigyne (or Perigune) by whom Theseus had his son Melanippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormentor of passengers in the Isthmus. Plutarch and Athenæus are both express in the circumstance of Theseus ravishing her.

*Ibid.*] *Perigenia.*

THEOB.  
CAPELL.\*

L. 13. *And never since the middle summer's spring, &c.*]

There are not many passages in Shakespeare which one can be certain he has borrowed from the ancients; but this is one of the few that, I think, will admit of no dispute.—Our author's admirable description of the miseries of the country being plainly an imitation of that which Ovid draws, as consequent on the grief of Ceres for the loss of her daughter.

Nescit adhuc ubi sit: terras tamen increpat omnes:

Ingratasque vocat, nec frugum munere dignas.

—Ergo illic sæva vertentia glebas

Fregit aratra manu pariliq; irata colonos

Ruricolosque boves letho dedit: arvaque jussit

Fallere depositum vitiatæque semina fecit.

Fertilitas terræ latum vulgata per orbem

Sparsa jacet. Primis segetes moriuntur in herbis.

Et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber:

Sideraque ventique nocent.

JOHNS.

*The middle summer's spring.*] We should read *that*. For it appears to have been some years since the quarrel first began.

WARB. & CAP.

*Ibid.*] We should re-establish the ancient and authentic reading, "*The middle summer's spring*;" that is, never since the spring preceding last Midsummer. Mr. Warburton's correction supposes some certain more distant summer to have been mentioned or referred to before. But no such mention or reference is to be found.

REVIS.\*

L. 15. *Paved fountain.*] A fountain laid round the edge with stone.

JOHNS.

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L. 19. *The winds piping.*] So Milton :

While rocking winds are *piping* loud. JOHNSON.

L. 22. *Pelting river.*] Shakespeare has in Lear the same word, *low pelting farm*. The meaning is plainly, *despicable, mean, sorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reasonable etymology, I should be glad to dismiss it for *petty*; yet it is undoubtedly right. We have *petty pelting officer* in Measure for Measure. JOHNS.

L. 23. *Overborn their continents.*] Borne down the banks that contained them. So in Lear,

————— Close pent guilts

Rive their concealing *continents*. JOHNS.

L. 29. *The nine-mens morris.*] This was some kind of rural chess. WARR. & JOHNS.

*Ibid.*] Dr. W. and Dr. J. have both overlooked a material error of the press in this line. We should read *nine-men's mortice*. The mortice is the frame on which the *pins* or *men*, are placed, in the game of nine-pins. That this *mortice*, or *frame*, which often has cavities for the *pins*, might be filled with mud, is easily conceived; but that any kind of rural *chess* should be so circumstanced is impossible. ANON.\*

L. 32. ————— *want their winter here.*] The concluding word is, certainly, a very dragging *expletive*: and though I have not ventured to displace it, I scarce believe it genuine. I once suspected it should be,

————— *want their winter cheer*;

i. e. their jollity, usual merry-makings at that season. Mr. Warburton has ingeniously advanced a more refined emendation, which is subjoined, and which I should undoubtedly have advanced into the text, could I have ever traced the word in any of Shakespeare's writings: but I think he rather seems fond of *ballow'd*. Chaucer and Spencer, I know, both use *berie* very frequently. From the latter I'll produce a passage, where in one couplet it is joined with *byrn* and *carol*, as here in our author:

Tho' wouldest thou learn to *carol* of love,  
And *berie* with *byrn*s thy lassies glove,

*Vid.* Shepherd's Kalendar for February. THEOB.\*

*Ibid.*] *The human mortals want their winter here.*]

But sure it was not one of the circumstances of misery, here recapitulated, that the sufferers wanted their *winter*. On the contrary, in the poetical descriptions of the golden age, it was always one circumstance of their happiness that they wanted winter. This is an idle blunder of the editor's. Shakespeare without question wrote,

The human mortals want their winter *berged*,  
i. e. celebrated. The word is obsolete; but used both by Chaucer and Spencer in this signification, and the following line commends the emendation.

No night is now with *hymn* or *carol* blest;  
and the propriety of the sentiment is evident. For the winter is the season of rural rejoicing, as the gloominess of it and its vacancy from country labours give them the *inclination and opportunity* for mirth; and the fruits, now gathered in, the *means*. Well therefore might she say, when she had described the dearths of the seasons and fruitless toil of the husbandmen that

The human mortals want their winter *berged*.  
But principally, since the coming of christianity this season, in commemoration of the birth of Christ, has been particularly devoted to festivity. And to this custom, notwithstanding the impropriety, *hymn* or *carol blest* certainly alludes. Mr. Theobald says, "that Shakespeare seems rather fond of hallowed." Rather than what? *hallowed* is not synonymous to *berged* but to *blest*. The ambiguity of the English word *blest* confounded him, which signifies either *praised* or *sanctified*.

WARB.

[*Ibid.*] After all the endeavours of the editors this passage still remains to me unintelligible. I cannot see why winter is, in the general confusion of the year now described, more wanted than any other season. Dr. Warburton observes that he alludes to our practice of singing carols in December; but though Shakespeare is no great chronologer in his dramas, I think he has never so mingled true and false religion, as to give us reason for believing that he would make the moon incensed for the omission of our carols. I therefore imagine him to have meant heathen rites of adoration. This is not all the difficulty. Titania's account of this calamity is not sufficiently consequential. *Man find no winter, therefore*

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they sing no hymns, the moon provoked by this omission alters the seasons: That is, the alteration of the seasons produces the alteration of the seasons. I am far from supposing that Shakespeare might not sometimes think confusedly, and therefore am not sure that the passage is not corrupted. If we should read,

And human mortals want their *wonted year*,  
Yet will not this licence of alteration much mend the narrative; the cause and the effect are still confounded. Let us carry critical temerity a little further. Scaliger transposed the lines of Virgil's Gallus. Why may not the same experiment be ventured upon Shakespeare,

The human mortals want their *wonted year*,  
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;  
And on old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,  
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mock'ry, set. The spring, the summer,  
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which.  
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;  
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air;  
And thorough this distemperature, we see  
That rheumatick diseases do abound:  
And this same progeny of evil comes  
From our debate, from our dissentions.

I know not what credit the reader will give to this emendation, which I do not much credit myself. JOHNSON.

*Ibid.*] *The spring, the summer,*

*The chiding autumn, angry winter change*

*Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world*

*By their increase now knows not which is which;—]*

Whose increase? or what increase?—Let us attend to the sentiment—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter change their *liveries*, i. e. Spring and summer are unseasonably cold; and autumn and winter unnaturally warm. This temperature he calls the *liveries* or the covering of the seasons. Which, he says, confounds the amazed world, that, now

knows not which is which. This being owing then to the seasons changing their garb, the last line was doubtless wrote thus,

By their *incbaf*e now knows not which is which.

i. e. by the temperature in which they are *set*. The metaphor before was taken from *cloathing*, here from *jewels*. *Incbase* coming from the French, *Encbasseure*, a term in use amongst goldsmiths for the setting a stone in gold.

*The chiding autumn.*] The quarto of 1600, and the folio of 1623, read *childing*, and this is right. It is an old word which signified teeming, bearing fruit. So Chaucer, in his *Ballade of our Ladie*, says,

Chosin of Joseph, whom he toke to wive,

Unknowyng hym, *childing* by miracle——

This is the proper epithet of autumn, and not *chiding*.

WARR.\*

*By their increase.*] That is, *by their produce*. Sir T. H. reads falsely, *inverse*.

JOHNSON. & REVISAL.

L. 20. *Heichman.*] Page of honour. The office was abolished by Queen Elizabeth.

GRAY.

L. 30. *Which she with pretty and with swimming gate*

*Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)*

*Would imitate*——] *Following* what? she did not follow the ship, whose motion she imitated: for that failed on the water, she on the land. If by *following* we are to understand *imitating*, it will be a mere pleonasm——*imitating would imitate*. From the poet's description of the actions it plainly appears we should read

FOLLYING———

*Would imitate*

i. e. wantoning in sport and gaiety. Thus the old English writers——*and they beleeven follyly and falsely*——says Sir J. Maundeville, from and in the sense of *folâtrer*, to play the wanton. This exactly agrees to the action described——*full often has she gossip by my side—and when we have laugh'd to see.*

WARR.

*Ibid.*] The foregoing note is very ingenious, but since *follying* is a word of which I know not any example, and the favourite might, without much licentiousness of language, be said to *follow* a ship that sailed in the direction of the coast, I think there is no sufficient reason for adopting it.

The coinage of new words is a violent remedy, not to be used but in the last necessity. JOHNSON.

*Ibid.*] If the reader ever hath seen a ship scudding before the wind, with its fore-sail grown *big-bellied*, as the poet expresses it, with the swelling breeze; he must recollect that in such a case, the sail projects so far forward, that it seems to a spectator on the shore, to go in a manner before the rest of the vessel; which for the same reason, appears to *follow*, though closely, *after*, with an easy swimming motion.—This was the image, which the fairy's favourite, taking the hint from, and the advantage of her pregnancy, endeavoured to imitate; and this she did, by wantonly displaying before her the convexity of her swelling belly, and moving after it, as the poet describes "with pretty and with swimming gait."—Such being the sense of the passage, the text is easily ascertained by pointing and reading thus:

Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait

Following her womb, then rich with my young squire,

Would imitate.

KENRICK.\*

P. 102. l. 16, ——— *Thou remember'st*

*Since once I sat upon a promontory,*

*And beard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,*

*Urring such dulcet and harmonious breath,*

*That the rude sea grew civil at her song;*

*And certain stars shot madly from their spheres*

*To bear the sea-maid's music—]* The first thing observ-

able on these words is, that this action of the Mermaid is laid in the same time and place with Cupid's attack upon the Vestal. By the Vestal every one knows is meant Queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reasonable then to think that the Mermaid stands for some eminent personage of her time. And if so, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of satire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this person was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to speak openly, either in praise or dispraise. All this agrees with Mary Queen of Scots, and with no other. Queen Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her successor would not forgive her satyrise. But the poet has so well marked out every distinguished circumstance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave



no room to doubt about his secret meaning. She is called a Mermaid, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom situated in the sea, and 2. her beauty and intemperate lust,

—Ut turpiter atrum

Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

For as Elizabeth for her chastity is called a Vestal, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a Mermaid.

3. An antient story may be supposed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epistle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are Mermaids) contended for precedency with the Muses, who overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the same cause, and the same issue.

WARB.

*Ibid*] — “ Ut turpiter atrum

“ Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne.”

which those who do not understand Latin, will perhaps think, is a proof of what Mr. W. asserts; or at least something to his purpose.—Not to take notice of the sameness of the *cause*; if what Mr. Warburton says of the *issue* be true, then *heads* and *wings* are the *same*; for Queen Mary lost her *head*.

CANONS.\*

—*On a dolphin's back.*] This evidently marks out that distinguishing circumstance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, son of Henry II.

*Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath.*] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while she was in that court, she pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the L'ouvre, with so much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

*That the rude sea grew civil at her song.*] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders; and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greatest justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms.

*And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,*

*To hear the sea-maid's music.*] This concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres*: By which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagin'ry. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion Shakespeare alludes in his Comedy of Errors,

O train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakespeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse, which we may well fancy to be like what,

—Olim Fauni Vatesque canebant.

WARRE.

L. 26. *Cupid all-arm'd*;] Surely, this presents us with a very unclassical image. Where do we read or see, in ancient books, or monuments, Cupid arm'd more than with his bow and arrow; and with these we for ever see him arm'd. And these are all the arms he had occasion for in this present action; a more illustrious one, than any, his friends, the classics, ever brought him upon.—The change I make is so small, but the beauty of the thought so great, which this alteration carries with it, that, I think, we are not to hesitate upon it. For what an addition is this to the compliment made upon this Virgin Queen's celibacy, that it *alarm'd* the power of love? as if his empire was in danger, when this *Imperial Potress* had declared herself for a single life: so powerful would her great example be in the world.—Queen

Elizabeth could not but be pleased with our author's address upon this head. WARE.

*Ibid.*] *All-arm'd*, does not signify *dressed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might say *all-booted*. I am afraid that the general sense of *alarmed*, by which it is used for *put into fear or care by whatever cause*, is later than our author. JOHNSON.

P. 103. l. 6. *And maidens call it love in idleness.*] This is as fine a metamorphosis as any in *Ovid*, with a much better moral; intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. WARE.

L. 25. — *I am invisible.*] I thought proper here to observe, that as Oberon and Puck his attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering; they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interposition, without being seen or heard, but when to their own purpose. THEOB.

P. 104. l. 1. *The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.*] Thus it has been in all the editions hitherto: but Dr. Thirlby ingeniously saw, it must be, *The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.* THEOB.

*Ibid.* *The one I'll slay; the other slayeth me.*] There is not the least foundation for imputing this bloody disposition to Demetrius. His real intention is sufficiently expressed in the common reading,

*The one I'll stay; the other stayeth me.*

‘I will arrest Lyfander, and disappoint his scheme of carrying off Hermia; for it is upon the account of this latter that I am wasting away the night in this wood.’ I believe too another instance cannot be given, wherein a lady is said to *slay* her lover by the slight she expresses for him. The verb, *slay*, always implies violence, and generally by some kind of weapon. REVISAL.\*

L. — *Wood within this wood.*] Wode, or mad, wild, rav- ing. POPE.

P. 106. l. 4.] All the old editions have,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine.

On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *lusb woodbine*, which I think is right. JOHN. S.

L. 22.] A *Roundel* is a dance in a ring. GRAY.

*Ibid.*] From *round* comes *roundel*, and from *roundel*, *roundellet*. The first, the form of the figure; the second, the dance in the figure, the last, the song or tune to the dance.

And song in all the *roundell* lustily.

Chaucer's Knight's Tale, 1531. GRAY.

L. 23. *Then for the third part of a minute hence.*] So the old copies. But the Queen sets them work, that is to keep them employed the remainder of the night; the poet, undoubtedly, intended her to say, Dance your round, and sing your song, and then instantly (*before* the third part of a minute) begone to your respective duties. THEOB.

*Ibid.*] Then for the third part, &c. CAPELL.\*

*Ibid.*] We should read *third part of the midnight*. The common reading is nonsense. Possibly Shakespeare might have used the French word *Minuit*. WARB.

*Ibid.*] The common reading, says Mr. Warburton, is *nonsense*. And so, because he does not think the third part of a minute long enough, he would read *midnight*; i. e. for the third part of an instant, an indivisible point of time. But his *fatal* French led him into this blunder. "Possibly Shakespeare might have used the French word *minuit*." He seems to be very little acquainted with Shakespeare; who could make such a nonsensical conjecture. CANONS.\*

L. 28. —our *queint* Spirits—] We should read *sports*.

WARB.

*Ibid.*] Dr. Warburton reads against all authority *queint sports*. But Prospero in the Tempest applies *queint* to Ariel.

JOHNSON.

P. 108. l. 16. *O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;*

*Love takes the meaning in love's conference.*]

Here, by some mischance or other, *innocence* and *conference* have been jumbled into one another's places, and thereby deprived a very sensible reply of all kind of meaning. Restore each to its right place, and the sense will be this:—when she had interpreted his words to an evil meaning, he replies,

O take the sense, sweet, of my *conference*.

i. e. Judge of my meaning by the drift of my whole speech, and do not pervert the sense of an ambiguous word to a meaning quite foreign to the discourse. Besides, says he,

Love takes the meaning in love's *innocence*.

i. e. The innocence of your love may teach you to discover the innocence of mine. These are the sentiments, which were quite lost in this awkward transposition. WARE.

*Ibid.*] I am by no means convinced of the necessity of this alteration. Lysander in the language of love professes, that as they have one heart, they shall have one bed. This Hermia thinks rather too much, and entreats him to *lye further off*. Lysander answers,

O! take the sense, sweet, of my *innocence*.

Understand *the meaning of my innocence*, or *my innocent meaning*. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind.

Love takes the meaning in love's *conference*.

In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *suspicion* but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the sense which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNS.

P. 109. l. 20. *Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.*] Thus, in all the printed editions. But this verse, as Ben Jonson says, is broke loose from his fellows, and wants to be tied up. I believe the poet wrote,

*Near to this kill-courtesy.*

And so the line is reduced to the measure of the other. But this term being somewhat quaint and uncommon, the players, in my opinion, officiously clapped in the other, as a comment; and so it has ever since held possession.

THEOB. & CAP.\*

P. 111. l. 11. *Reason becomes the marshal to my will.*] That is, My will now follows reason. JOHNS.

P. 112.] In the time of Shakespeare there were many companies of players, sometimes five at the same time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of these, some were undoubtedly very unskilful and very poor; and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the

head of a rival house, and is therefore honoured with an *als's* head.

P. 113. l. 5. SNOUT. *By'r laten a parlous fear.*] By our lady-kin, or little lady, as *isakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*. These kind of oaths are laughed at in the First Part of Henry the Fourth, act III. sc. 3. when Hotspur tells lady Percy, upon her saying in good sooth, "You swear like a comfit-maker's wife, and give such farcenet surety for your oaths, as if you never walked farther than Finsbury." JOHNSTON.

P. 115. l. 9. In the old editions,—*stay thou there a while.*] The verses should be alternately in rhyme; but *swear* in the close of the first line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpose. The author, doubtless, gave it, GRAY.\*

————— stay thou but here a *whit*.  
i. e. a little while: for so it signifies, as also any thing of no price or consideration; a trifle: in which sense it is very frequent with our author. THEOB.

P. 116. l. 9.] It is plain by Bottom's answer that Snout mentioned an *als's* head; therefore we should read,

SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art changed; what do I see on thee? *An als's head?* JOHNSON.

P. 117. l. 2—5.] These lines are in one quarto of 1600, the first folio of 1623, the second of 1632, and the third of 1664, &c. ranged in the following order:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,  
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.

This reading I have inserted, not that it can suggest any thing better than the order to which the lines have been restored by Mr. Theobald from another 4to, but to shew that some liberty of conjecture must be allowed in the revival of works so inaccurately printed, and so long neglected. JOHNSTON.

L. 10. ——— glee.] Joke or scoff. POPE.

P. 118. l. 8. ——— the fiery glow-worm's eye.] I know not how Shakespeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail.

JOHNSTON.

L. 13.] There are but three fairies that salute Bottom ; nor does he address himself to more, though four had entered before, whom the queen had called by name, and commanded to do their courtesies. In short, I cannot tell what is become of monsieur Moth, unless he be prudently walked off, for fear of cavalero Cobweb : for we hear no more of him, either here or in the next act, where the queen, Bottom, and fairies are introduced again. GRAY.

L. 28. ——— *patience*.] The Oxford edition reads, *I know your parentage well*. I believe the correction is right. JOHNS.

P. 119. l. 13. ——— *patches*.] *Patch* was in old language used as a term of opprobry ; perhaps with much the same import as we use raggamuffin, or tatterdemalion. JOHNS.

L. 21. — *nowl*.] A head. Saxon. JOHNSON.

L. 23. — *minnock*.) This is the reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minneken*, now *minx*, is a nice trifling girl. *M.mnock* is apparently a word of contempt. JOHN.

L. 25. — *fort*.) Company. So above, that barren *fort* ; and in Waller, A *fort* of lusty shepherds strive. JOHNSON.

P. 120. l. 4. *And at our stamp*.) This seems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never represented stamping or of a size that should give force to a stamp, nor could they have distinguished the stamps of *Puck* from those of their own companions, I read,

And at a *stump* here o'er and o'er one falls.

So Drayton,

A pain he in his head-piece feels,  
Against a *stubbed tree* he reels,  
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels ;  
Alas his brain was dizzy.—

At length upon his feet he gets,  
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,  
And as again he forward sets,  
And through the bushes scrambles ;

A *stump* doth trip him in his pace,  
Down fell poor Hob upon his face,  
And lamentably tore his case,  
Among the briars and brambles.

JOHNSON.

*Ibid.*) I apprehend the stamp of a fairy's foot might operate to the full as strongly on this occasion, as the stump of a tree. STEEVENS.

L. 9.) *Some sleeves, some hats.*) There is the like image in Drayton of Queen Mab and her Fairies flying from Hot-goblin.

Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,  
'Gainst one another justling;  
They flew about like chaff i'th' wind,  
For haste some left their masks behind,  
Some could not stay their gloves to find,  
Th' re never was such buffing.

JOHNSON.

L. 27. *Being o'er shoes in blood.*) An allusion to the Proverb, Over shoes, over boots.

JOHNSON.

P. 121. l. 6. *Her brother's noon tide* with *tb' Antipodes.*) She says, she would as soon believe, that the moon, then shining, could creep through the centre, and meet the sun's light on the other side the Globe. It is plain therefore we should read

— i' *tb' Antipodes*, i. e. in the Antipodes where the sun was then shining.

WARB.\*

*Ibid.*) Excellent Grammarian, as well as Philosopher! Why noontide with (i. e. *among*) the Antipodes, will not mean on the other side the globe, (which is all that the context and Mr. Warburton want it to mean) is utterly unaccountable.

But in the Antipodes, is a very inaccurate expression; for the Antipodes means not a place on the globe, as Mr. Warburton's explanation, in the Antipodes *where*, necessarily implies; but the people inhabiting that place. CANONS.\*

P. 121. l. 8.] Old copies read *so dead*, in my copy some reader has altered *dead to dread*.

JOHNSON.

L. 21. *O brave touch.*) *Touch* in Shakespear's time was the same with our *exploit*, or rather *stroke*, *A brave touch*, a noble *stroke*, un grand coup. 'Mason was very merry, pleasantly playing both with the shrewd *touches* of many curst boys, and the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters.'

Ascham.

JOHNS.

L. 25. — *mispris'd.*) Mistaken; so below *misprision* is mistake.

JOHNSON.



P. 124. l. 4. *Taurus' snow.*) *Taurus* is the name of a range of mountains in *Asia*. JOHNSON.

L. 7. — *seal of bliss.*) He has elsewhere the same image, But my kisses bring again  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain. JOHNSON.

L. 13. *Can you not bate me, as I know you do, But you must join in souls to mock me too?*) This is spoken to Demetrius. The last line is nonsense. They should be read thus,

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But must join *insolents* to mock me too?  
meaning Lysander, who, as she thought, mocked her when he declared his passion for her. WARBURTON.\*

*Ibid.*) The text is surely wrong. We may read, *join in* scorns, or *join in* scoffs. JOHNSON.

*Ibid.*] For *in souls*, read *ill souls*. OBS. & CONJ.\*

L. 20. *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize.*) This reproach, in the form of it, seems extremely to have the cast of that, in the 1st. *Æneid*;

Egregiam vero laudem, & spolia ampla refertis:  
Una dolo, Divum, &c. THEOB.\*

L. 24. *Extort a poor soul's patience.*) Harras, torment. JOHN.

P. 125. l. 3. *My heart to her.*) We should read,  
My heart *with* her, but as guestwise, sojourn'd.

So Prior. No matter what beauties I saw in my way,  
They were but my visits, but then not my home. JOHN.

L. 21. — *all yon fiery O's.*) I would willingly believe that the poet wrote *fiery Orbs*. JOHN. O's. CAPELL.

L. 27. — *in spite of me.*) I read, *in spite to me*. JOHN.

P. 126. l. 19. *Two of the first Life, coats in Heraldry, Due but to One, and crowned with one Crest.*) The true Correction of this Passage I owe to the Friendship and Communication of the ingenious Martin Folks, Esq;—Two of the *first, second, &c.* are Terms peculiar in Heraldry to distinguish the different quarterings of Coats. THEOBALD.

P. 127. l. 17. — *such an argument.*) Such a *subject* of light merriment. JOHN.

L. 26. *Tby threats have no more strength than her weak praise.*) This line is certainly but an enlargement upon, or rather a variation in terms of the sense of the preceding line. But,

in that, there is a design'd Antithesis between *compel* and *intreat*: this contrast of terms is wanting, in *threats* and *praise*; wherefore we need make no difficulty of substituting *prayers*. Indeed, my suspicion is, the Poet might have coin'd a substantive plural, (from the verb, to *pray*) *prays*; i. e. *praying, entreaties, beseechings*; and the indentity of sound might give birth to the corruption of it into *praise*. But I have chosen the known and familiar word.

THEOB.\*

*Ibid.*] Weak *prays*.

CAPELL.\*

P. 130. l. 20. You *Minimus*.—) Shakespear might have given it,

You *Minim*, you,——i. e. You *Diminutive* of the Creation, you *Reptile*, as in Milton.

THEOBALD.

P. 131. l. 6. *My legs are longer, though, to run away*.) After this line Mr. Pope hath added the following one from the first edition. *I am amazed, and know not what to say*. For what reason Mr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson hath rejected it, I cannot comprehend.

REVISAL.\*

L. 14. —*so fort.*] So happen in the issue.

JOHN.

P. 132. l. 1. —*virtuous property.*] *Salutiferous*. So he calls, in the *Tempest*, *poisonous dew*, *wicked dew*.

JOHN.

L. 25. *Ev'n till the eastern gate, all fiery red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,*

*Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.*] The epithets *fair blessed* are an insipid unmeaning expletive. Shakespear, without doubt, wrote,

*Far-blessing beams;*

i. e. whose genial rays have the most extensive influence. A corruption of the same kind we meet with in *Timon*,

*Thou blessed-breeding sun.*

which should be read,

*Thou blessing-breeding sun,*

i. e. who giveth blessings wherever it shines.

WARB.\*

P. 134. 6. —*buy this dear.*] i. e. *thou should pay dearly for this*. Though this is sense, and may well enough stand, yet the poet perhaps wrote *thou shalt 'by it dear*. So in another place, *thou shalt aby it*. So Milton,

*How dearly I abide that boast so vain.*

JOHNSON.

P. 135. l. 17. *Naught shall go ill.*] We should read, *nought*.

REVISAL.\*

*Ibid.* ACT IV.] I see no good reason why the 4th act should begin here when there seems no interruption of the action. In the old quarto of 1600 there is no division of acts, which seems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the first folio, and may therefore be altered at pleasure. JOHNSON.

L. 20. —*do coy.*] To *coy* is to sooth. JOHN.

P. 136. l. 14.] *Neise.* (Yorkshire) for *sift*. POPE.

L. 18. *Nothing good, monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch.*] Without doubt it should be *Cavalero Peaseblossom*: as for *Cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure. ANON. GRAY.

P. 137. l. 7. —*and be all ways away.*] In the former editions, —*and be always away.* What! was she giving her attendants an everlasting dismissal? No such thing; they were to be still on duty. I am convinced, the Poet meant,

————— *and be all ways away.*

i. e. disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your watch, that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOB.

*Ibid.*] Mr. Upton reads,

And be away—away.

JOHNSON.

*Ibid.*] I should imagine Shakespeare might have written, Fairies, begone, and be *always i' th' way*. That is, be still ready at a call. I am the rather inclined to think this may be the true reading, as the fairies here spoken to are evidently those very fairies whom the Queen had above, appointed to attend peculiarly on her paramour. REVIS.\*

L. 8. *So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle,*

*Gently entwist; the female ivy so*

*Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.*] What does the woodbine entwist? The honey-suckle. But the woodbine and honey-suckle were, till now, but two names for one and the same plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by *woodbine* or *bonnie-suckle*. We must therefore find a support for the woodbine as well as for the ivy. Which is done by reading the line thus:

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,

Gently entwist the *maple*; Ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

The corruption might happen by the first blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became

*male*. A following transcriber, for the sake of a little sense and measure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then attached it as an epithet to Ivy. WARB.

Mr. Upton reads,

So doth the *woodbine* the sweet honey-suckle,  
for bark of the wood. Shakespeare perhaps only meant so the leaves involve the flower, using woodbine for the plant and honey-suckle for the flower; or perhaps Shakespeare made a blunder. JOHNSON.

*Ibid.*] A very small alteration merely in the pointing, to wit, a comma only after *entwist*, and another after *enrings*, will render any further change unnecessary. For then the construction will be thus, 'So the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle, doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, so the female ivy enrings the same fingers.' Where the different manner in which the honey-suckle and the ivy avail themselves of the support of the elm branches is very aptly and naturally expressed by the two different verbs, *entwist*, and *enring*, the former gently and loosely twisting round them, the latter adhering to them with a stricter embrace.

REVISAL.

P. 138. L. 9.] *Dian's bud, or Cupid's flow'r.*] Thus all the editions. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby gave me the correction, *o'er Cupid's flower*. THEOB.

L. 18. These *five* the sense. VULG. *fine* the sense.

THEOB.

L. 28. *Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And blest it to all fair posterity.*] We should read,  
————— to all *far* posterity.

i. e. to the remotest posterity.

WARB.

P. 139. l. 3. *Then, my Queen, in silence sad.*] Why, *sad*? Fairies, according to the received notion, are pleased to follow night. For that reason, and for bettering the rhyme, I think it very probable that our author wrote—in *silence fade*; i. e. vanish, retreat. In which sense our author has elsewhere employed this word. As in *Hamlet*, speaking of the ghost's disappearing,

*It faded* at the crowing of the cock.

THEOB.

*Ibid.*] Mr. Theobald says, why *sad*? Fairies are pleased to follow night. He will have it *fade*; and so, to mend the rhyme, spoils both the sense and grammar. But he mis-

takes the meaning of sad ; it signifies only grave, sober ; and is opposed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the singing of the morning lark.—So Winter's Tale, Act 4. " My father and the gentleman are in *sad* talk. For *grave* or *serious*."

WARR.

P. 139. l. 12. *Our observation is performed.*] Meaning the observance of the time prescribed for their nuptials. HAN.

*Ibid.*] The honours due to the morning of May. I know not why Shakespeare calls this play a Midsummer-Night's Dream, when he so carefully informs us that it had happened on the preceding May day.

JOHNSON.

L. 24. *The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near,  
Seem'd all one mutual cry.*] It has been proposed to me, that the author probably wrote *mountains*, from whence an echo rather proceeds than from *fountains* : but as we have the authority of the ancients for *lakes, rivers, and fountains* returning a sound, I have been diffident to disturb the text.

THEOB.

*Ibid.*] I believe the true reading is *mountains*. WARR.

L. 28.] *So fanded.* So marked with small spots. JOHN.

P. 141. l. 14. *Fair Helena in fancy following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*, as before.

Sighs and tears poor *Fancy*'s followers.

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in his *fancy*. *Flower fancier*, for a florist, and *Bird fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNS.

P. 142. l. 11. *And I have found Demetrius like a jewel.*

*Mine own and not mine own.*] Hernia had observed that things appeared double to her. Helena, replies, *so methinks* ; and then subjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to some thing which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property sure of a *jewel* : or, if you will, of none but a false one. We should read,

And I have found Demetrius like a *gemell*,

Mine own, and not mine own.—

From Gemellus a Twin. For Demetrius had that night acted two such different parts, that she could hardly think them both played by one and the same Demetrius : but that

there were twin Demetrius's like the two Sofia's in the farce. —From Gemellus comes the French, Gemeau or Jumeau, and in the feminine, Gemelle or Jumelle: So in Maçon's translation of the Decameron of Boccaccio—" Il avoit trois filles plus agees que les males, des quelles les deux qui estoient jumelles avoient quinze ans. Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3.

WARR. THEOB. & CAP.

*Ibid.*] This emendation is ingenious enough to deserve to be true.

JOHNSON.

P. 142. l. 28. *Patch'd fool.*] That is, a fool in a parti-coloured coat.

JOHNSON.

P. 143. l. 7. In the former editions: *Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing at her death.*] At whose death? In Bottom's speech there is no mention of any creature, to whom this relation can be coupled. I make not the least scruple; but Bottom, for the sake of jest, and to render his Voluntary, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, said;—*I shall sing it after death*—He, as Pyramus, is killed upon the scene; and so might promise to rise again at the conclusion of the interlude, and give the duke his dream by way of song.—The source of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *fin* after being sunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyist might write it from the sound,—*a'ter*: which the wise editors not understanding, concluded, two words were erroneously got together; so, splitting them, and clapping in an *b*, produced the present reading—*at ber*.

THEOB. & CAP.

L. 21.] *A tbing of nought*, which Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a tbing of naught*, is a good for nothing tbing.

JOHNSON.

L. 24. *Made Men.*] In the same sense as in the Tempest, any monster in England makes a man.

JOHNSON.

P. 144. l. 24. &c.] These beautiful lines are in all the old editions thrown out of metre. They are very well restored by the later editors.

JOHNSON.

P. 145. l. 16. *That if he would but apprehend*—] The quarto of 1600 reads, *That if it*—i. e. the imagination; and this is right.

WARR.

L. 23. *Constancy.*] Consistency; stability; certainty.

JOHNSON.

P. 146. l. 6. —*Call Philostrate*] Call Egæus, edit. 1632,

and Egæus answers to his name there, and every where else in that old edition.

GRAY.

L. 13.] This is printed as Mr. Theobald gave it from both the old quartos. In the first folio, and all the following editions, Lyfander reads the catalogue, and Theseus makes the remarks.

JOHNSON.

P. 146. l. 21. *The thrice three Muses, &c.*] This seems to be intended as a compliment to Spencer, who wrote a poem called the "The tears of the Muses." He seems to have paid his friend another, in the second Act, where he makes the queen of fairies say to the king,

———— But I know

When thou hast stoll'n away from fairy land,

And, in the shape of Corin, fate all day

Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love

To am'rous Phillida,—— intimating that the pastorals of that poet were so sweet, that it was a superior being under the disguise of a mortal who composed them. WAR.

L. 22. *Beggary.*] I do not know whether it has been before observed that Shakespeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled, "The Tears of the Muses," on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece first appeared in quarto, with others, 1591. The oldest edition of this play, now known, is dated 1600. If Spenser's poem be here intended, may we not presume that there is some earlier edition of this play? But, however, if the allusion be allowed, at least it serves to bring the play below 1591.

WARTON.

L. 28. *Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?*

*That is bot Ice, and wondrous strange Snow.]*

The nonsense of the last line should be corrected thus,

That is, hot Ice, a wondrous strange shew! WAR.

*Ibid.*] Read, not improbably,

And wondrous strange *black* snow. UPTON and CAP.

P. 147. l. 20. *Unless you can find sport in their intents.]*

Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent*, I suspect a line to be lost. JOHN.

P. 148. l. 1. *And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect*

*Takes it in might, not merit.]* What ears have these poetical editors, to palm this line upon us as a verse of Shakespeare? 'Tis certain, an epithet had slipped out, and I have ventured

to restore such a one, (*poor willing duty*), as the sense may dispense with; and which makes the two verses flowing and perfect.

THEOB. and CAPELL.

*Ibid.*] *And what poor duty cannot,*

*Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.*

The sense of this passage, as it now stands, if it has any sense, in this. What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful generosity receives as an act of ability though not of merit. The contrary is rather true: What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance.

We should therefore read,

And what poor duty cannot do,

Noble respect takes not in might, but merit. JOHN,

L. 23.] *We do not come as minding to content you,*

*Our true intent is all for your delight,*

*We are not here that you should here repent you,*

*The Actors are at hand; &c.*) Thus Mr. Pope,

deviating from all the old copies, has, unfortunately pointed this passage; for the whole glee and humour of the prologue is in the actor's making false rests, and so turning every member of the sentences into flagrant nonsense.

THEOBALD.

P. 149. l. 22. *Which Lion bight by name.*) As all the other Parts of this Speech are in alternate Rhyme, excepting that it closes with a Couplet; and as no Rhyme is left to, *name*; we must conclude, either that a Verse is slipt out, which cannot now be retriev'd: or, by a Transposition of the Words, as I have placed them, the Poet intended a Triplet. THEOB.

L. 29.—*bloody blameful blade.*) Mr. Upton rightly observes that Shakespeare in this line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of

The raging Rocks

And shivering Shocks.

Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation.

JOHNSON.

P. 150. l. 10.] *Snow* by name. VULG. *Flute* by name.

THEOB



P. 151. l. 19.) Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNSON.

L. 29.) *Thes. Now is the Mural down between the two Neighbours.*

Dem. *No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wifful to hear without warning.*) Shakespear could never write this nonsense: we should read——“to rear without warning.”

i. e. It is no wonder that walls should be suddenly down, when they were as suddnly up;——“rear’d without warning.”

WARBURTON and CAPELL.

P. 152. l. 7. *Here come two noble beasts in a Man and a Lion.*) I don’t think the Jest here is either compleat, or right. It is differently pointed in several of the old Copies, which, I suspect, may lead us to the true Reading, viz.

Here come two noble Beasts——

in a *Man* and a *Lion*.

immediately upon Theseus saying this, enter Lion and Moonshine. It seems very probable therefore, that our Author wrote,

——in a *Moon* and a *Lion*.

the one having a Crescent and a Lanthorn before him, and representing the Man in the Moon; the other in a Lion’s hide.

THEOBALD.

P. 153. l. 5.) An Equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON.

P. 155. l. 13. *And thus she means——*) Thus all the Editions have it. It should be, thus she *moans*; i. e. laments over her dead Pyramus.

THEOBALD.

L. 20.) *These lilly Lips, this cherry Nose.*) All Thisby’s Lamentation, till now, runs in regular Rhyme and Metre. But both, by some Accident, are in this single Instance interrupted. I suspect the Poet wrote;

These lilly Brows,

This cherry Nose,

Now black Brows being a Beauty, lilly Brows are as ridiculous as a cherry Nose, green Eyes, or Cowslip Cheeks. THE.

P. 156. l. 28. In the old copies: *And the Wolf beholds the Moon.*) As ’tis the Design of these Lines to characterize the Animals, as they present themselves at the Hour of Midnight; and as the Wolf is not justly characteriz’d by saying he beholds the Moon; which all other Beasts of Prey, then

awake, do : and as the Sounds these Animals make at that Season, seem also intended to be represented ; I make no Question but the Poet wrote ;

And the Wolf behowls the Moon.

For so the Wolf is characteriz'd, it being his peculiar Property to howl at the Moon. (Behowl, as bemoan, bescem, and an hundred others.)

WARBURTON.

P. 157. l. 15. *I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.*

Cleanliness was always necessary to invite the residence and favour of Fairies.

These make our Girls their slutt'ry rue  
By pinching them both black and blue,  
And put a penny in their shoe

The house for cleanly sweeping. DRAYTON.

L. 18. *Through this house give glimmering light.*) Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought.

Glowing embers through the room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

Il Penseroso.

So Drayton.

Hence shadows seeming idle shapes  
Of little frisking Elves and Apes,  
To earth do make their wanton scapes,  
As hope of pastime hastes them.

I think it should be read,

Through this House in glimmering Light. JOHNSON.

L. 28.] This speech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the Edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the song. I have restored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the blessing which he intends to bestow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bless it, and his orders to the Fairies how to perform the necessary rites. But where then is the song?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the Scene is this ; after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his Fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another song which is indeed lost like the former, though the Editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his Fairies to the dispatch of the ceremonies.

The songs, I suppose, were lost, because they were not inserted in the players parts, from which the drama was printed.

JOHNSON.

P. 158. l. 28. *Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue.*] That is if we be dismissed without hisses.

JOHNSON.

L. 31. *Give me your bands.*] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applause.

JOHNSON.

*Ibid.*] Of this play there are two editions in quarto, one printed for Thomas Fisher, the other for James Roberts, both in 1600. I have used the copy of Roberts, very carefully collated, as it seems, with that of Fisher. Neither of the editions approach to exactness. Fisher is sometimes preferable, but Roberts was followed, though not without some variations, by Hemings and Condell, and they by all the folios that succeeded them.

JOHNSON.

*Ibid.*] Of this play, wild and fantastical as it is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great.

JOHNSON.

END OF THE NOTES ON A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.



# VARIATIONS

BETWEEN THE TEXTS OF

DR. JOHNSON AND MR. CAPELL.

## TEMPEST.

Dr. JOHNSON.		Mr. CAPELL.
P. 4	1. 1 Cheerly	Cheerly, Cheerly
	16 handle	hand
5	12 from drowning	for drowning
6	18 Creatures	Creature
7	21 no Soul—	no loss
8	28 And Princeſs	A princeſs
9	30 O good Sir	O yes good Sir
10	11 into Truth	unto Truth
	17 hear	hear Girl
11	2 bore	born
	17 cry'd out	cry'd on't
	28 ſet	nor ſet
12	20 being	he being
14	4 boltſprit	boreſprit
	6 Of—thunderclaps	O' the—thunderclap
	9 ſeem'd	ſeem
	11 brave	brave, brave
15	32 made no	made thee no
19	9 honey-combs	honey-comb
	14 and would'ſt	would'ſt
20	1 humane	human
	8 will not	wilt not
	11 did'ſt not	could'ſt not

# VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.		Mr. CAPELL.
P. 20 l.	12 Know	show
21	4 hand	hands
	14 earth	the earth
22	26 goes on	goes
24	5 pow'r	pow'rs
25	5 Garment	Garments
	24 and this	or this
	25 were	are
26	22 give o'er	give him o'er
27	22 <i>Seb.</i> So you're paid	<i>Ant.</i> So you've paid
31	4 the plantation	Plantation
	12 wealth, poverty	poverty, riches
	14 Vineyard, none	Vineyard, olive none
	19 And yet	Yet
32	13 metal	mettle
	17 my good	good my
35	11 Is yours	In yours
	18 sleep	keep
	26 was	were
36	6 where	but where
	9 Ten	Twenty
	15 you	whiles you
37	28 verity	verily
	on guard	upon our guard
40	19 at his nostrils	at nostrils
	30 he never	he have never
41	16 spatter	utter
44	8 trencher	trenchering
	14 but their	and their
48	8 withal	with all
49	12 tell a	tell me a
50	10 dares	dare
	26 go further	go no further
51	23 saw women	saw a woman
53	1 twanging	twangling
	2 sometimes	sometime
54	10 travel	travail
57	3 wroth	wraths
	14 they are	they now are

# VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL.

P. 57	l. 24	base	base
59	5	Asperions	Asperion
	13	'tis now	is now
61	3	pionied and tulip'd	pionied and tilled
62	14	High	High't
63	2	charmingly	charming lay
	14	winding	wind'ring
64	10	you look	you do look
65	1	thou	you
	13	say	well say
66	6	Humanly	humanely
	19	Good,	Good, good
69	9	confin'd	confin'd together
	13	you	your
	17	term'd the	term'd fir the
70	10	doth extend	wrath doth end
71	11	and the best	the best
	17	fellowly	fellow
73	15	Be't thou he	Whe'r thou be't
	21	and if	An if
74	9	faults	fault
	26	late ;	late, fir ;
	30	A Daughter	Daughter
75	7	their daughter	these words
	24	dear	dear't
77	13	In Gold	with Gold
80	1	Liquor	'lixir
	17	'Tis a strange	This is as strange a
82	3	And now	now
	13	For now	now

## ERRATA IN THE TEMPEST.

P. 10. l. 10. read, *my power*. P. 13. l. 3. read, *For't*.  
 L. 13. read, *Fortunes*. P. 23. l. 3. read, *more braver*.  
 L. 28. read, *ungently*.





# MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL,

P. 85	1. 7	night	Nights
86	11	man hath witch'd	hath bewitch'd
87	30	earthlier happy	earthly happier
89	16	nuptials	nuptial
90	22	remov'd	remote
	30	the morn	a morn
92	11	like	as
	13	into	unto
93	20	So he	Lo he
94	19	gallantly	gallant
95	14	you must	Flute you must
96	1	there	here
97	7	more	most
98	1	here	here and there
	19	Or I	Either I
	30	I am———thou	Thou speak'st me aright
		speak'st aright	
99	11	And taylor cries	and rails or cries
	16	we were	he were
	19	Fairies	Fairy
	27	further steep	farthest step
100	9	Perigune	Perigenia
	13	the middle	that middle
	22	Have	Hath
101	11	childing	chiding
	14	Evil	Evils
102	12	Elves	Fairies
104	2	into	unto
	13	thee	you
105	22	I follow	I'll follow
106	23	'fore	for
	25	wing	wings
108	19	you make	we make

# V A R I A T I O N S.

Dr. JOHNSON.		Mr. CAPELL.
P. 108 l. 20	lack-love	
111	4 Helen now	Helena
119	3 weep	weeps
	23 minnock	mimick
120	15 latch'd	lech'd
	19 wakes	wak'd
121	8 dread	dead
	11 and clear	as clear
	19 tell true	tell true, tell true
102	1 he's	he be
	9 thy	the
	15 see	look
	17 coft	cofts
124	22 nobler	noble
125	5 ever	
	6 It is	Helen it is
	8 abide	aby
126	5 sifters	fifter
	8 school-days	school-day
	13 our fides	and fides
	21 rend	rent
127	8 Love	Loves
	26 prayers	prays
128	4 seem	not come—
	5 To break away :	Seem to break loose ; take on
	take on as he	as you
	12 poison	potion
	25 forbid it	forbid
129	1 You jugler ; oh	you jugler you !
131	end fc. vii. —	HER. I am amaz'd and know
		not what to say.
	8 willingly	wilfully
	11 garment	garments
	19 Fog	Fogs
132	2 its	his
	16 church-yard	church-yards
	23 morning light	morning's love
134	4 thou	thou now
	5 come there	come

# VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL.

P. 134	1. 19	make up	makes up
135	4.	sleep found	sleep thou found
	9	Thou tak'st	next, thou tak'st
	18	all be	all shall be
	21	smooth'd	smooth
136	11	should	would
137	10	Enrings	enring
138	1	The Athenian	this Athenian
	2	others	other
	16	this	his
	17	his	this
	21	When thou	now when thou
	29	posterity	prosperity
139	21	bear	boar
141	17	is mettled as the	melted as doth the
	23	Hermia saw	did see Hermia
142	11	Jewel	Gemel
	13	It seems to me	But are you sure that we are <i>well</i> awake, it to me seems
144	10	thing as	thing right as
	20	doubt to	doubt but to
	21	a most sweet	a sweet
	23	what	that
145	7	The madman.	That is the madman. The
		While the lover	Lover
	13	shape	shapes
	16	he would	it would
	17	he comprehends	it comprehends
146	28	strange snow	strange black snow
147	1	play there is	play it is
	15	nuptials	nuptial
148	1	poor duty	poor willing duty
151	31	hear	rear
152	7	Moon	Man
157	23	this song	your song

## ERRATA IN MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S-DREAM.

P. 91. l. 21. read, *your*. P. 92. l. 22. read, *their Counsels*.  
P. 94. l. 27. read, *Cat*. P. 106. l. 4. read, *O'ercanopy'd*. P. 108.  
l. 22. read, *interchained*. P. 123. l. 18. read, *can these things*.  
P. 125. l. 23. read, *O's*. P. 137. l. 7. read, *all ways*.

